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NEIL YOUNG SHAM 69, BOB SEGER — SAHB AND ALEX SWAP INSULTS

The Phantom Stranger plays Hide and Seek

Page 38-39

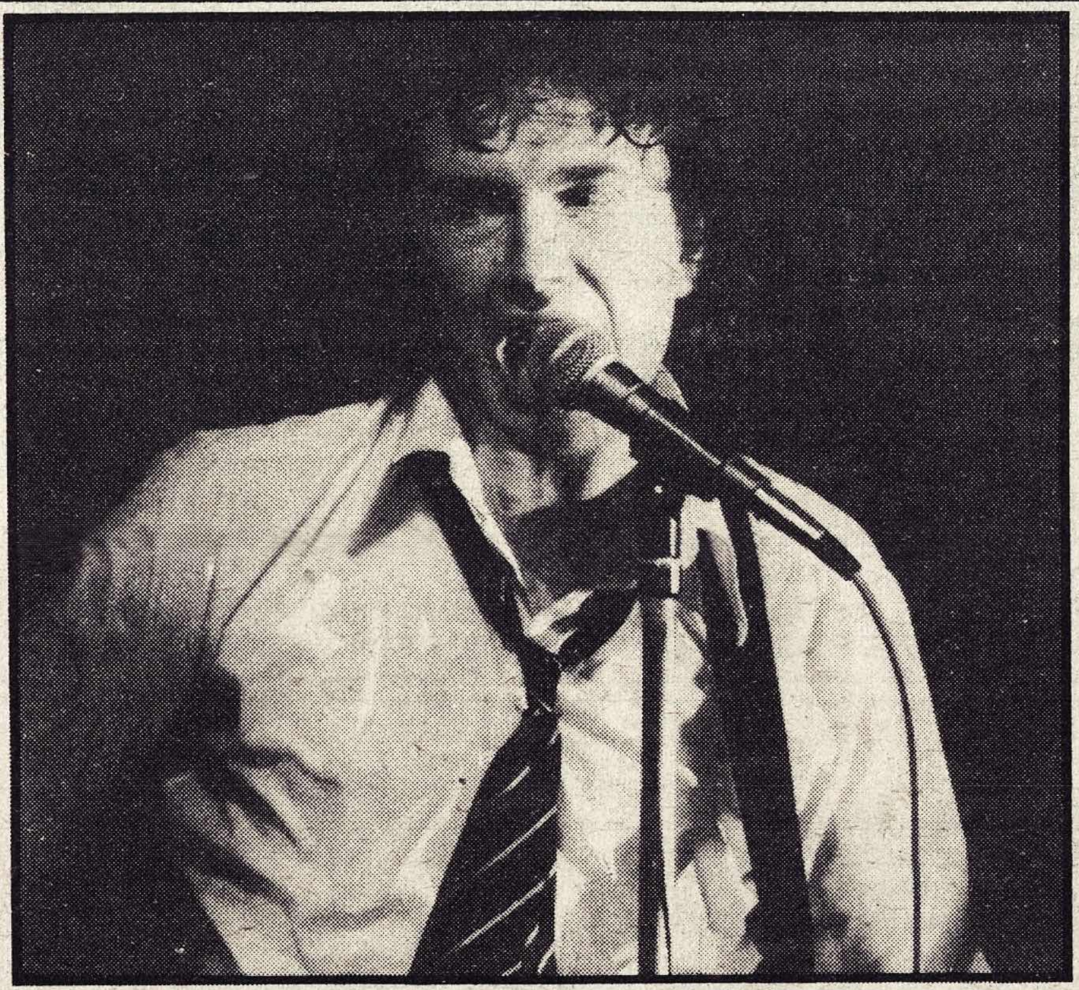
VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

ROBINSON ON TOUR AGAIN



ANOTHER tour by the Tom Robinson Band has been lined up at short notice, due to the outstanding success of their EMI single "2468 Motorway". With more dates being set, their confirmed schedule so far is:

Stirling University (November 18), Glasgow University (19), Dundee University (20), Edinburgh University (21), Salford University (25), Malvern Winter Gardens (26), Croydon Greyhound (27), High Wycombe Town Hall (28), Plymouth Woods Centre (30), Brighton Sussex University (December 2), Loughborough University (3), Stafford Top Of The World (4), London Islington Hope and Anchor (5) and London Strand Lyceum (6).

Lyceum tickets are being kept at the low price of £1.25, at Robinson's request, as a consolation for the many people who've been unable to gain access to the band's gigs elsewhere. The Hope and Anchor date is part of the festival announced below. No Dice are the tour support act.

STRANGLERS IN LONDON PUB-ROCK EVENT

THE HOPE & ANCHOR in Islington, arguably London's foremost pub-rock venue, is staging a three-week festival from November 22 to December 11 — featuring many of the acts who performed there in their early days, before going on to bigger things. The event goes under the banner of "Front Row Festival," with The Stranglers as the opening attraction.

The full line-up for the festival is The Stranglers (November 22), The Pirates (23), Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets (24), Steel Pulse (25), The Saints (26), Tyla Gang (27), Philip Rambow Band probably with Mick Ronson (28), 999 (29), Burlesque (30), John Otway Band (December 1), Roogalator (2), XTC (3), Plummet Airlines (4), Tom Robinson Band (5), The Only Ones (6), Meal Ticket (7), Wilko Johnson (8), Deke Leonard's Iceberg (9) and X-Ray Spex (10).

The event closes on December 11 with a "Surprise Guest" who, for contractual reasons, cannot be named at this stage as they have a major London concert in late November. They are, however, a name band.

Tickets for all shows are limited to £1, irrespective of who is appearing, and they are available at the Hope & Anchor from this Saturday (12). It's understood that London's Capital Radio will be recording most of the shows for subsequent broadcast.

● The Stranglers' first two Irish dates — at Belfast Ulster Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week — were cancelled because, as with The Clash's recent gigs there, the venue was unable to obtain insurance cover. The Irish tour now kicks off in Coleraine tonight (Thursday).

RAT OUSTED BY DAMNED

DRUMMER Rat Scabies is not re-joining The Damned after all and, because they are now having to audition to find a replacement, the first four dates in their British tour — announced last week — have been cancelled.

These were at Middlesbrough (tomorrow, Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Dublin (November 15) and Belfast (16).

Scabies, who walked out of the band during their recent French tour, appeared to have resolved his dispute with the other members and was expected to play with them on the tour. But a spokesman said that, after a meeting last week, it was decided not to use him.

On Monday and Tuesday of this week, The Damned were auditioning 50 drummers, and expect to find a replacement in time for the new tour opening date which has just been slotted in — Middlesbrough Penetration Club on November 17. As already announced, U.S. band The Dead Boys are the guest act on all dates.

THE ADVERTS have added a few dates to their recently-announced British tour. They replace The Damned at Middlesbrough Town Hall tomorrow (Friday), and have extra gigs at Hull University (Saturday) and Birmingham Barbarella's (November 18 and 19). The shows they were due to play last week at Brighton Top Rank and Barnstaple Chequers were cancelled, when guitarist Howard Pickup collapsed and was rushed to hospital with suspected blood poisoning, but they are being re-scheduled for later in the tour.

THE CLASH have added another date to their current tour — it's at Manchester Belle Vue Elizabethan Ballroom next Thursday (15), and it's been specially arranged so that Granada TV can film it for their "So It Goes" series. Also appearing are Richard Hell & The Voidoids and Magazine. The show will be screened in December as "The Clash's Christmas Party". The gig is open to the public, admission 90p. Details of The Clash's London concerts will be announced next week.

PISTOLS PROMOTION BAN

MORE TROUBLE for the Sex Pistols, this time over their current smash hit album. Not only have the Independent Broadcasting Authority banned adverts for the LP, on TV and radio, but the police have objected to it being displayed in shop windows on the ground that the title "Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols" contravenes the Indecent Advertisements Act of 1889!

Virgin Records were planning a £40,000 advertising campaign, due to start this week, and the text of the commercials had already been agreed by TV and radio chiefs. But then the Association of Independent Radio Contractors banned the ads, and the ban was upheld by the IBA, so contradicting their previous acceptance.

What bugs Virgin and the Pistols is that the ban is not connected with the album's title, which the ads did not mention, but is directly aimed at the Pistols themselves. A spokesman for the ITCA said: "It's not the ads but the product itself we object to," to which Virgin countered: "If they're simply objecting to the band's ideology, then we've arrived at a really frightening 1984 situation."

The IBA say it's not an all-time ban, and subsequent albums will be considered on their merits. So presumably the main objection is the inclusion in the album of two controversial tracks, "Anarchy In The U.K." AND "God Save The Queen".

Meanwhile plain clothes police visited Virgin branches in London, at Marble Arch and Notting Hill Gate, where the album was the subject of a prominent window display. An independent shop in East London was also visited. In each case, the police suggested the title contravened the 1889 act.

But Virgin chief Richard Branson insists the displays will not be removed. He said: "We would be hypocritical if we took them down.

Elton quits the stage

ELTON JOHN shook the rock world, and not least the staff of his own company Rocket Records, when he announced last Thursday that he is retiring from live performances. His dramatic statement of intent was made during his charity show at Wembley Empire Pool, and was received in stunned silence by the capacity audience.

He has not performed on a regular basis since late summer 1976, when he said he was going to take a winter sabbatical to concentrate on his chairman duties with Watford Football Club. But he made his comeback after the last soccer season, when he played five nights at London Rainbow in early May.

It was thought that last week's Wembley show might have heralded a full return to the British concert circuit, but it was not to be. He told his audience: "It's been a painful decision for me to come back on the road, but this is going to be the last show. There's a lot more to me than playing on the road."

Although Elton is adamant that he won't work on stage again, he has no intention of giving up recording. He has already cut a new single which is now awaiting release, and there are plans for him to record a new album early next year.

A Rocket spokesman commented: "Elton is getting more and more involved with Watford — it's hard work and it's keeping him very busy, and that's the way he wants it. But he'll still be recording, and probably televising as well. He's not planning to disassociate himself from Rocket and, all things considered, he'll continue to be a considerable force in the music world."

MR. PETER GRANT — AN APOLOGY

In our issue of the 20th August under the heading of "Page Flees U.F.O.'s" we stated that Mr. Grant, the victim of a painful divorce settlement which had given custody of his children to his wife had become a virtual recluse, spending his time either locked in a hotel room or else in the dressing room, morose, unapproachable and delegating most of his duties to assistants.

This was completely untrue as the children are in the joint custody of Mr. Grant and his wife but the children remain in the care and control of Mr. Grant and live happily with him. He has taken them on two occasions on holiday to the U.S.A. when he has been there on business in which he continues to take a very active and constructive part.

We apologise for any distress and embarrassment caused to Mr. Grant.

NME HAS MOVED!

As from today (Thursday) the Editorial offices of New Musical Express are at:

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BAEZ GIGS

JOAN BAEZ flies into Britain early next month to headline six concert appearances, her first in this country for four years. She plays Edinburgh Usher Hall (December 4), Glasgow Appollo (5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (14), Birmingham Odeon (17) and London Hammersmith Odeon (19 and 20). She also has European dates during this period, but there is a possibility of one or two more British gigs being added. Joan will be performing solo, and some of the proceeds are earmarked for charity. As a prelude to her visit, a new Baez single titled "Time Rag" — taken from her recent album "Blowing Away" — is released by Portrait on November 18.

Alessi, Third World tours postponed

ALESSI and THIRD WORLD, both due to start British tours later this month, have cancelled their visits.

Bobby and Billy Alessi were to have begun a string of British dates in Liverpool on November 20, but apparently their backing band has broken up, and they are unable to get a new outfit together in time.

Jamaican band Third World were to have toured here extensively from November 17 until just before Christmas. Official reason for calling off their visit is that they have "unexpected commitments in the States".

Gen X hard at work

GENERATION X have their second Chrysalis single issued on November 18 and, despite many requests for stage favourites, they've chosen a newly-written song called "Wild Youth". As our picture shows, the band are currently hard at work in the recording studios, where they're cutting their first album — with producer Phil Wainman — for New Year release. Left to right: TONY JAMES, MARK LAFF, BOB 'DERWOOD' ANDREWS and BILLY IDOL.

RECORD NEWS

Wings fly again

WINGS are now back in the recording studios, after an enforced break while Linda McCartney was having her baby. They are hard at work on their new album, which they hope to have ready for release early in the New Year.

Meanwhile the band have a new double A-side single rushed out by EMI this weekend. The first side is a Paul McCartney-Denny Laine composition "Mull Of Kintyre", which is a headland on the West Coast of Scotland — and in fact, the track was recorded in that area, with contributions from the Pipes & Drums of the Campbeltown Pipe Band. The coupling — penned by Paul alone — is the rocker "Girls School", recorded at Abbey Road.

It's understood that Wings plan to resume concert appearances in the late winter or early spring, though they haven't yet decided where they'll start.

IS PRESLEY THE QUESTION MARK?

A MYSTERY single issued by Charly Records on November 18, with the artist's name labelled simply as "?", raises speculation as to whether the singer is Elvis Presley. Titled "Don't Cry For Christmas", it's being put out by Charly on the Sun label. If it is, in fact, a Presley track it was recorded in 1953 as a one-off for Big State Records before he actually signed with Sun — which would account for Charly's reluctance to associate it with the Sun logo. NME oracle Roy Carr believes Presley recorded the song in his early days, but a few years later Sun had a Presley "sound alike" recording for them, so there's no guarantee that the artist on this record is Elvis.

DURY SINGLE IS DELETED

IAN DURY'S single "Sex, Drugs And Rock & Roll", which came out in July, has already been deleted by Stiff Records. A spokesman for the company said it's not an uncommon policy for Stiff, as we don't have the facilities for keeping stocks for a long time. He added: "In any case, the song will doubtless go on the live album of the Stiffs tour." And Dury has a new single coming out shortly called "Sweet Gene Vincent".

● The new live **Brand X** album "Livestock", recorded at London Ronnie Scott's Club (1976) and the Hammersmith Odeon (1977), is released by Charisma on November 18. Featuring both founder drummer Phil Collins and guest drummer Kenwood Dennard, it consists of five long tracks, four of them previously unreleased.

● A new company called Rainbow Records Productions is launched this week. Affiliated to London's Rainbow Theatre, its output is distributed by Anchor. First release tomorrow (Friday) is "The Hearbreak Kid" by **Rikki and The Numbers.**

● **Skrewdriver's** debut Chiswick album "All Skrewed Up", due out on November 18, will be issued in two different versions. The first 3,000 copies feature 13 songs, have a running time of 26 minutes, play at 45 rpm and sell at £2.50. Subsequent copies revert to 33⅓ rpm, contain two extra tracks and sell at full price.

● Coinciding with their tour as support to Thin Lizzy, the **Radiators From Space** have a new single "Prison Bars" issued by Chiswick on November 18. Flip side is a live version of "Teenager In Love".

● It's now officially confirmed that the **Sex Pistols** have signed with Warner Brothers in the U.S. and Canada on a long-term basis. Their current album was originally thought to be one-off deal . . . and Scottish band **The Rezillos** have signed with Sire Records.

● **Carole King's** new single, issued by Capitol on November 18, couples two tracks from her "Simple Things" album — they are "Labyrinth" and the title track. Out the same day on EMI is "Please Mr. Please" by **Olivia Newton-John,** while on Tamla Motown **Jermaine Jackson** sings "Take Time" and **Syreeta** duets with **G.C. Cameron** in "Let's Make A Deal".

● **New Hearts** release their debut CBS single on November 18, titled "(Oh No) Just Another Teenage Anthem".

● Among November singles on smaller independent labels are "Teenage Treats" by **The Wasps** (on 4Play Records) and "How Much Longer" by **Alternative TV** (Deptford Fun City Records), plus a four-track EP by **The Pigs** called "Youthanasia" on Bristol's first independent outlet, New Bristol Records.

● Salsa band **Spiteri** are working on a maxi-single for release at the end of this month on an independent label, currently being finalised. Titles are "Quiero Salsa", "Speechless" and "Funky London Town". An album is scheduled for early spring, but meanwhile plans are under way for a live recording of a concert the band are giving in Venezuela on December 14.

● **No Dice** have their first album issued by EMI on November 18, bearing their name as its title. Their debut single "Silly Girl", taken from the LP, has just been issued.

● **Foster Brothers** have their debut album "On The Line" released by Rocket this week. The band are currently undertaking a major British concert series, as guests on the tour by fellow Rocket artists China.

● **Radio Stars** are giving away a free "Greatest Hits" single with the first 10,000 copies of their album "Songs For Swinging Lovers", issued by Chiswick this weekend. The single does in fact feature their two most successful items — "Dirty Pictures" and "No Russians In Russia".

● **Window's** debut single "Bandit" is released this month by Riva Records, who have just announced the renewal of their distributing deal with WEA, and the signing of a worldwide licensing agreement (excluding USA and Canada) with WEA International. And **Rod Stewart** has renewed his recording contract with Warner Brothers.

Blondie maxi

BLONDIE, who play three British gigs during the next few days, have a 12-inch maxi-single rushed out this week by Chrysalis. Titles are "Rip Her To Shreds", "In The Flesh" and "X Offender", all taken from their first album "Blondie".

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Cleminson slams 'saboteur' Alex

ALEX HARVEY has been accused of "disloyalty" and "sabotage", following his shock decision to retire totally from the rock business. A statement issued by Zal Cleminson — guitarist and vocalist with the Sensational Alex Harvey Band, who takes over as front man in Harvey's absence — reveals the bitterness felt by the other members of the outfit towards their former leader. In his statement, Cleminson says:

"I feel it should be made crystal clear just how big a shock this decision was to his fellow musicians. I want Alex Harvey to know he has sabotaged a great band.

ZAL CLEMINSON

"SAHB had just completed 'Rock Drill', which in my opinion is the best album the band has made to date. I have always admired Alex, and he has taught me more about performance than anyone else; but where's the idealism now?

"In reality, Alex Harvey retired a year ago, and the past 12 months have been totally musically frustrating. I want to play electric music, not mind games.

"I have been with Alex for five years, and I expect a hell of a lot more loyalty than he has shown. Since he decided on the spot to walk out of a rehearsal and retire, he has not been in touch with any member of his former band, either to explain or apologise, You don't treat follow members of a band this way."

Cleminson added that he is now going to form his own band, and plans to be ready to go on the road by January. "This will give me the chance to play the music I want and to control my own future", he said. It seems likely that the other remaining SAHB members will join him in the venture.

I'll be back, says Harvey

NME CONTACTED Alex Harvey for his comments on Cleminson's statement. It was the first he had heard of it and, after it was read to him, his first reaction was: "How can Zal say it came as a sudden shock, in the same breath as claiming that I actually retired 12 months ago? And how can he regard 'Rock Drill' as our best album, if the past year has been musically frustrating?"

Harvey added: "I don't mind Zal saying that, and it doesn't really come as a surprise. I wanted to move on and I couldn't do it in this situation. There comes a time when you have to move on, and I had to make a decision, though I didn't feel particularly happy about it.

"I have no complaints about the band. I have been in touch and, besides, they all know my phone number. Everybody seemed to understand at the time. A slanging match won't help and I'm not going to put anybody down. I couldn't sabotage the band, because I really wish them luck, and I'll always be their A-1 supporter.

"Over the past year I've made suggestions to ease the situation, but they weren't really taken up. The were depending on me too much, like I was Spider Man, and I think this will be the best thing for them — as well as for me."

Alex then refuted the suggestion that he had retired completely, insisting that he will return to the rock scene in due course.

He told NME: "I never said I'd never play again — I just said I didn't want to play *this* again. I've got a lot of stuff in my mind, and I'll be back. With what, I don't yet know."

● Alex Harvey's British tour was this week cancelled officially. Ticket-holders should now apply for cash refunds from the point of purchase.

OZZIE OSBOURNE

Ozzie quits Sabbath

IT'S NOW OFFICIAL

AFTER MONTHS of speculation, it has bow been confirmed officially that lead singer Ozzie Osbourne has left Black Sabbath. He has been with them for eight years and now plans a solo career, probably ultimately backed by his own band. A spokesman said that, although the other Sabbath members are disappointed, there is no animosity and the split was very amicable.

Osbourne's departure comes as no surprise, as it has been in the offing for some time. There have even been widespread rumours that former Deep Purple singer David Coverdale may replace him in the line-up.

But this week it was learned that Sabbath have flown in "a possible replacement" from the States, and are already in rehearsals with him, to see if the move works out to everyone's satisfaction.

Sabbath's plans are unaffected by Osbourne quitting. They will be going to Canada to record an album with their new member, whoever he may be. And they will tour Britain in the spring to coincide with the LP's release.

Doctors tour

DOCTORS OF MADNESS start an extensive tour later this month, carrying them through into the New Year, to preview their new Polydor album due out in January. With seven more gigs still to be finalised, 18 of their dates have been confirmed so far. They are:

Doncaster Outlook (November 21), Huddersfield Ivanhoe's (22), Retford Porterhouse (23), Rotherham Windmill (24), Sunderland Mecca (25), London Oxford St. 100 Club (29), Scarborough Ollie's (December 1), Bristol Brunel College (3), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5), Leeds Polytechnic (6), Swansea Circles Club (8), Shrewsbury Bradford College (9), Cromer West Runton Village Inn (23), Sheffield Top Rank (26), London Marquee (27), Plymouth Castaways (28) and Penzance The Garden (29).

CHER, GREGG ON THE BOX

CHER & GREGG ALLMAN are set for a major TV appearance during their short British tour, when they perform in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (15) and another guest is U.S. cult figure Ben Sidran.

Joan Armatrading is showcased in "Sight And Sound In Concert" this Saturday on BBC-2 and Radio 1. Also on BBC-2, Shirley Bassey and Stan Getz are Jack Jones' guests tomorrow (Friday), there's a Paco Pena flamenco special on Sunday and "The Goodies" on Tuesday.

On BBC-1, Barbara Dickson is in Saturday morning's "Swap Shop", and later the same day "The Two Ronnies" return. ITV's main rock highlight is "So It Goes" with Mink Deville (Saturday in London, other regions on Sunday).

Simone one-off

NINA SIMONE pays her first visit to Britain for almost ten years next month, when she plays a solo concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on December 4. This is the last of the present series of "Sundays at the Lane" concerts, presented by Capital Radio in association with John Martin. It's Nina Simone's only date in the U.K. and tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £2.75 and £2.

PARKER AND QUO — EXTRA

GRAHAM PARKER and the Rumour have added another date at London Rainbow to their current British tour itinerary. Their show on November 26 has now sold out completely so they have added a second night at that venue on Sunday, November 27. Tickets are on sale now for the extra gig.

STATUS QUO, whose tour opens this weekend, have added a fourth night at Manchester Ardwick Apollo due to public demand. Already set for gigs there on December 4, 5 and 6, they now also appear at the Apollo on December 3.

PUNK CIRCUS OPENS AGAIN

MANCHESTER's Electric Circus — which was forced to close down in the late summer after pressure from the local authorities, mainly the fire service — has re-opened at a new address. Prior to its closure, the venue was Manchester's leading showcase for new-wave bands, and it is sticking to this policy at its new home. For the time being, punk shows are limited to Wednesday nights and bookings include The Lurkers (November 16), Steele Pulse (23) and Sham 69 and The Slugs (30). But it is hoped to extend this coverage in the near future.

Tubes threat is overcome

THE TUBES tour goes ahead, despite a last-minute scare that it might be banned by some venues. The controversial nature of the band's stage show had been exaggerated by the national press and, as a result, several theatres in their itinerary were having second thoughts about allowing them to appear.

But since the opening night at Newcastle went off smoothly, the crisis has been overcome. The Newcastle gig was attended by representatives of the Birmingham and Portsmouth venues on the Tubes' schedule, as well as observers from Bristol and Manchester, and they were apparently all satisfied with what they saw. The GLC were also apprehensive about the band's upcoming Hammersmith shows but, after being given certain assurances, eventually granted a licence.

Commented promoter John Curd: "The Tubes have toned down their act just enough to keep everyone happy, and have also taken out a couple of the more outrageous nude sequences."

ON THE ROAD

TOP FINNISH BAND HERE

THE HURRIGANES, Finland's top rock band, fly into Britain to promote their first U.K. album "Hurrigane" on the Sonet label. They have **London** dates in their own right at Hammersmith Red Cow (November 19), Covent Garden Rock Garden (21), Kensington Nashville (22) Fulham Golden Lion (23), North-East Polytechnic (26), Oxford Street 100 Club (28), Camden Music Machine (30), and Fulham Greyhound (December 1). The also support British Lions at **London** Middlesex Polytechnic (November 25), **Scarborough** Penthouse (December 2), **Wigan** Casino (3) and **Sheffield** Top Rank (4). The band's Ile Kallio was, at one time, sought by Dr Feelgood as replacement for Wilko Johnson.

BAZOOKA JOE'S VIBRATIONS

BAZOOKA JOE, the band formed as a breakaway by half the original Vibrators line-up, are touring extensively in December. Many more gigs have still to be set, but those confirmed so far are **London Covent Garden** Roxy (December 1), **London Fulham** Greyhound (2), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (4), **Cambridge** Blimps (6), **Scarborough** Ollie's (8), **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (9), **Peterlee** Senate Club (10) and **Barrow** Maxim's (11).

OTWAY WITHOUT BARRETT

JOHN OTWAY plays a series of dates without Wild Willy Barrett, who is taking a break until the end of the year to concentrate on his production work. Accompanied by Scratch, Otway plays **Leicester** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (Saturday), **Maidenhead** Skindles (Sunday), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (November 24), **Liverpool** Eric's (25), **Manchester** Polytechnic (26), **Oxford** Polytechnic (30), **Dunstable** Civic Hall (December 1), **Aylesbury** Friars (6), **London** North-East Polytechnic (10), **Chelmsford** City Tavern (22) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (23 and 24).

MIKE HARDING SOLO SHOWS

MIKE HARDING takes his one-man show on the road, with concerts at **Whitehaven** Civic Hall (tonight, Thursday) **Colne** Municipal Hall (Friday), **Chester** ABC (Saturday), **London Kingsway** Sound Circus (Sunday), **Stockport** Daventry (November 14), **Rochdale** Alder Hill Theatre (15), **Newcastle** City Hall (18), **Bradford** Alhambra (20), **Preston** Guildhall (22), **Bedworth** Civic Hall (24), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (26), **Nottingham Playhouse (27), Leeds** Grand (28), **St Helens** Theatre Royal (30), **Manchester** Palace (December 1 and 2), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (3), **Leicester** Haymarket (4), **Sheffield** City Hall (7), **Royton** Assembly Hall (8), **Liverpool** Royal Court (9), **Grimsby** Leisure Centre (10), **Hull** New Theatre (11) and **York** Theatre Royal (12 and 13).

ADVERTISING FOR NASHVILLE

ADVERTISING, whose first single "Lipstick" is released by EMI this week, have a Tuesday night residency throughout November at **London Kensington** Nashville. They are also set for **Chelmsford** City Tavern (tonight, Thursday), **Swindon** Affair (November 14), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (16), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (17) and **Nottingham** Katie's (24).

RETURN OF MUNGO JERRY

MUNGO JERRY are back on the road, coinciding with the release this week of their new Polydor single "We're OK". They visit **Canvey Island** Monico Club (tonight, Thursday), **London Southgate** Royalty Ballroom (Friday), **Colchester** Windmill (Saturday), **Nottingham** University (November 18), **Leeds** Ace of Clubs (19), **Leeds** Queenswood Club (22), **Huddersfield** Golcar Club (23), **Wigan** Haydock St. Oswald's (24), **Keighley** Variety Club (25 and 26) and **London** Marquee (28). Further dates are being finalised.

EATER DATES PROMOTE LP

EATER go on tour next week to promote their debut LP, titled "The Album", due out tomorrow (Friday). They play **Plymouth** Woods Centre (November 15), **Southampton** Top Rank (16), **Norwich** Sunshine Rooms (17), **Cardiff** Top Rank (18), **Bristol** Bamboo Club (19), **Nottingham** Katie's (20), **Swindon** The Affair (21), **High Wycombe** Newland Club (22), **Dundee** Barrallinard Hotel (23), **Falkirk** Maniqui (24), **Edinburgh** Clouds (25), **Halifax** Good Mood Club (26), **Barrow** Maxim's (27), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (28), **Aberdeen** Fusion Ballroom (29), **Manchester** Roundtrees Corn Exchange (30) and **Scarborough** Ollie's (December 1). The Monotones support on all but the last three dates, with The Maniacs appearing as special guests on November 16, 18 and 28.

PLEASERS BACK IN BUSINESS

THE PLEASERS are back in action after missing a string of dates, when both lead singers Bo Benham and Steve McNerney lost their voices. They play **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (tomorrow, Friday), **London Kensington** Nashville (November 14 and 28), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (15 qnd 29), **Weybridge** National College of Food (18), **Brighton** Polytechnic (19), **Weymouth** College of Education (25) and **Southampton** University (26).

FAIRPORT: ANOTHER THREE

FAIRPORT CONVENTION have added another three dates to their current tenth anniversary concert series — at **Manchester** Royal Exchange Theatre (November 26), **Aberystwyth** University (30) and **Blackpool** Tiffany's (December 20). But their gig originally planned for November 26, at **Redcar** Coatham Bowl, is now cancelled. The band's first Vertigo single "The Rubber Band" comes out on November 25.

FOR MORE TOUR NEWS TURN TO PAGE 70.

John Martyn / One World

His First Studio Album In Two Years

On Tour

NOVEMBER

11th Sussex University, Brighton
12th Bristol University
13th Fiesta, Plymouth
15th Queen's University, Belfast
16th Dublin Stadium
18th Surrey University
19th Essex University, Colchester
21st Rainbow Theatre, London
23rd Reading University
24th Colston Hall, Bristol
25th Rafters, Manchester
26th Leeds University
28th Town Hall, Birmingham
29th Lancaster University
30th Newcastle Polytechnic

ILPS 9492/ Available on Cassette

Produced by Chris Blackwell

BE WARNED

RIKKI AND THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH ARE HERE ON

DJM RECORDS AND TAPES

Cado Belle

have a new single
'Gimme Little Sign'

This is blank because we haven't got anything to put in it YET

CHARISMA

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 7, 1972

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
4	1	CLAIR	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
1	2	MOULDY OLD DOUGH	Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
2	3	DONNA	10c.c.(UK)
8	4	LOOP DI LOVE	Shag (UK)
3	5	ELECTED	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
5	6	IN A BROKEN DREAM	Python Lee Jackson (Young Blood)
17	7	LEADER OF THE PACK	Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
24	8	MY DING-A-LING	Chuck Berry (Chess)
11	9	GOODBYE TO LOVE	Carpenters (A & M)
7	10	BURNING LOVE	Elvis Presley (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 11, 1967

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	BABY NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU	Foundations (Pye)
1	2	MASSACHUSETTS	Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	3	ZABADAK	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
4	4	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
10	5	AUTUMN ALMANAC	Kinks (Pye)
12	6	LOVE IS ALL AROUND	Troggs (Page One)
7	7	THERE MUST BE A WAY	Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
8	8	FROM THE UNDERWORLD	Herd (Fontana)
14	9	THERE IS A MOUNTAIN	Donovan (Pye)
5	10	HOLE IN MY SHOE	Traffic (Island)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 9, 1962

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
1	2	TELSTAR	Tornados (Decca)
3	2	LET'S DANCE	Chris Montez (London)
7	4	SWISS MAID	Del Shannon (London)
4	5	THE LOCOMOTION	Little Eva (London)
5	6	VENUS IN BLUE JEANS	Mark Wynter (Pye)
10	7	SHERRY	Four Seasons (Stateside)
6	8	RAIN UNTIL SEPTEMBER	Carole King (London)
9	9	RAMBLIN' ROSE	Nat King Cole (Capitol)
8	10	SHEILA	Tommy Roe (HMV)

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 12, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	NAME OF THE GAME .... Abba (CBS)	4	1
2	(2)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	1
3	(1)	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE Baccara (RCA)	7	1
4	(5)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	4
5	(7)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS Queen (EMI)	3	5
5	(8)	2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	4	5
7	(4)	BLACK IS BLACK La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	9	2
8	(11)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT Carpenters (A & M)	5	8
9	(6)	HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	6
10	(14)	NEEDLES & PINS .... Smokie (Rak)	4	10
11	(9)	BLACK BETTY .... Ram Jam (Epic)	9	9
12	(10)	SILVER LADY David Soul (Private Stock)	11	1
12	(13)	VIRGINIA PLAIN. Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	12
14	(21)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE Bee Gees (RSO)	2	14
15	(23)	LIVE IN TROUBLE Barron Knights (Epic)	2	15
15	(—)	DANCIN' PARTY Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	15
17	(11)	STAR WARS THEME .... Meco (RCA)	6	6
18	(20)	TURN TO STONE Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	18
19	(22)	I BELIEVE YOU Dorothy Moore (Epic)	3	19
20	(18)	SHE'S NOT THERE........ Santana (CBS)	2	18
21	(15)	NO MORE HEROES Stranglers (United Artists)	7	6
22	(—)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVES Elvis Costello (Stiff)	1	22
23	(28)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE Jonathan Richman (Beserkly)	2	23
24	(25)	MODERN WORLD.......... Jam (Polydor)	2	24
25	(26)	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY Giorgio (Oasis)	7	13
26	(—)	BELFAST .... Boney M (Atlantic)	1	26
27	(16)	LOVE HURTS ...... Nazareth (Mountain)	4	16
28	(—)	GOIN' PLACES .... Jacksons (Epic)	1	28
29	(—)	I WILL................ Ruby Winters (Creole)	1	29
30	(29)	WONDROUS STORIES... Yes (Atlantic)	8	8

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SHOO DOO FU FU OOH — Lennie Williams (ABC); DADDY COOL — Darts (Magnet); LOVE BUG — Tina Charles (CBS); FLORAL DANCE — Brighouse Rastrick Band (Logo).

ALBUMS

Week ending November 12, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title / Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(15)	SOUND OF BREAD .... Bread (WEA)	2	1
2	(2)	40 GOLDEN GREATS Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	2
3	(1)	20 GOLDEN GREATS.......... Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	10	1
4	(21)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	4
5	(3)	NO MORE HEROES Stranglers (United Artists)	7	2
6	(4)	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	38	3
7	(—)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	7
8	(9)	THUNDER IN MY HEART Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	8
9	(8)	SECONDS OUT..... Genesis (Charisma)	4	8
10	(5)	HEROES.................. David Bowie (RCA)	3	5
11	(11)	GOING FOR THE ONE..... Yes (Atlantic)	17	1
12	(7)	OXYGENE Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	13	1
13	(10)	A STAR IS BORN...... Soundtrack (CBS)	31	1
13	(16)	PASSAGE............... Carpenters (A&M)	6	6
15	(6)	HOME ON THE RANGE Slim Whitman (United Artists)	6	4
16	(—)	MOONFLOWER .... Santana (CBS)	1	16
16	(14)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 Elton John (DJM)	4	14
18	(23)	NEWS OF THE WORLD..... Queen (EMI)	2	18
19	(30)	OUT OF THE BLUE ELectric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	19
20	(20)	SOUL CITY .... Various (K-Tel)	3	20
21	(—)	FEELINGS..................... Various (K-Tel)	1	21
22	(29)	ELVIS IN CONCERT Elvis Presley(RCA)	2	22
23	(18)	PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.......... David Soul (Private Stock)	8	9
24	(—)	ONCE UPON A TIME Donna Summer (GTO)	1	24
25	(23)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY Donna Summer (GTO)	20	2
26	(12)	LOVE YOU LIVE Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	7	6
27	(17)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS.. Abba (Epic)	72	1
28	(—)	30 GREATEST HITS Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	1	28
29	(13)	MOODY BLUE........ Elvis Presley (RCA)	12	1
30	(22)	BAD REPUTATION. Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	8	7

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
LIVE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM — Bing Crosby (K-Tel); ECHOES OF THE 60's — Phil Spector (Phil Spector); BLACK JOY — Soundtrack (Ronco); LET THERE BE ROCK — AC/DC (Atlantic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 12, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone
2	(2)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
3	(4)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
4	(5)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
5	(7)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle
6	(4)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
7	(6)	BRICK HOUSE	Commodores
8	(12)	IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME	Barry White
9	(10)	HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas
10	(11)	JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU	Firefall
11	(13)	BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE	Chicago
12	(15)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge
13	(18)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt
14	(20)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
15	(17)	HELP IS ON THE WAY	Little River Band
16	(8)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
17	(19)	WE JUST DISAGREE	Dave Mason
18	(9)	KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
19	(25)	SEND IN THE CLOWNS	Judy Collins
20	(26)	ISN'T IT TIME	The Babys
21	(27)	DAYBREAK	Barry Manilow
22	(30)	IT'S SO EASY	Linda Ronstadt
23	(29)	YOUR SMILING FACE	James Taylor
24	(—)	YOU MAKE LOVING FUN	Fleetwood Mac
25	(—)	GOING TOO FAR	England Dan & John Ford Coley
26	(—)	MY FAIR SHARE	Seals & Croft
27	(24)	THE KING IS GONE	Ronnie McDowell
28	(22)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
29	(—)	SWINGTOWN	Steve Miller Band
30	(16)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

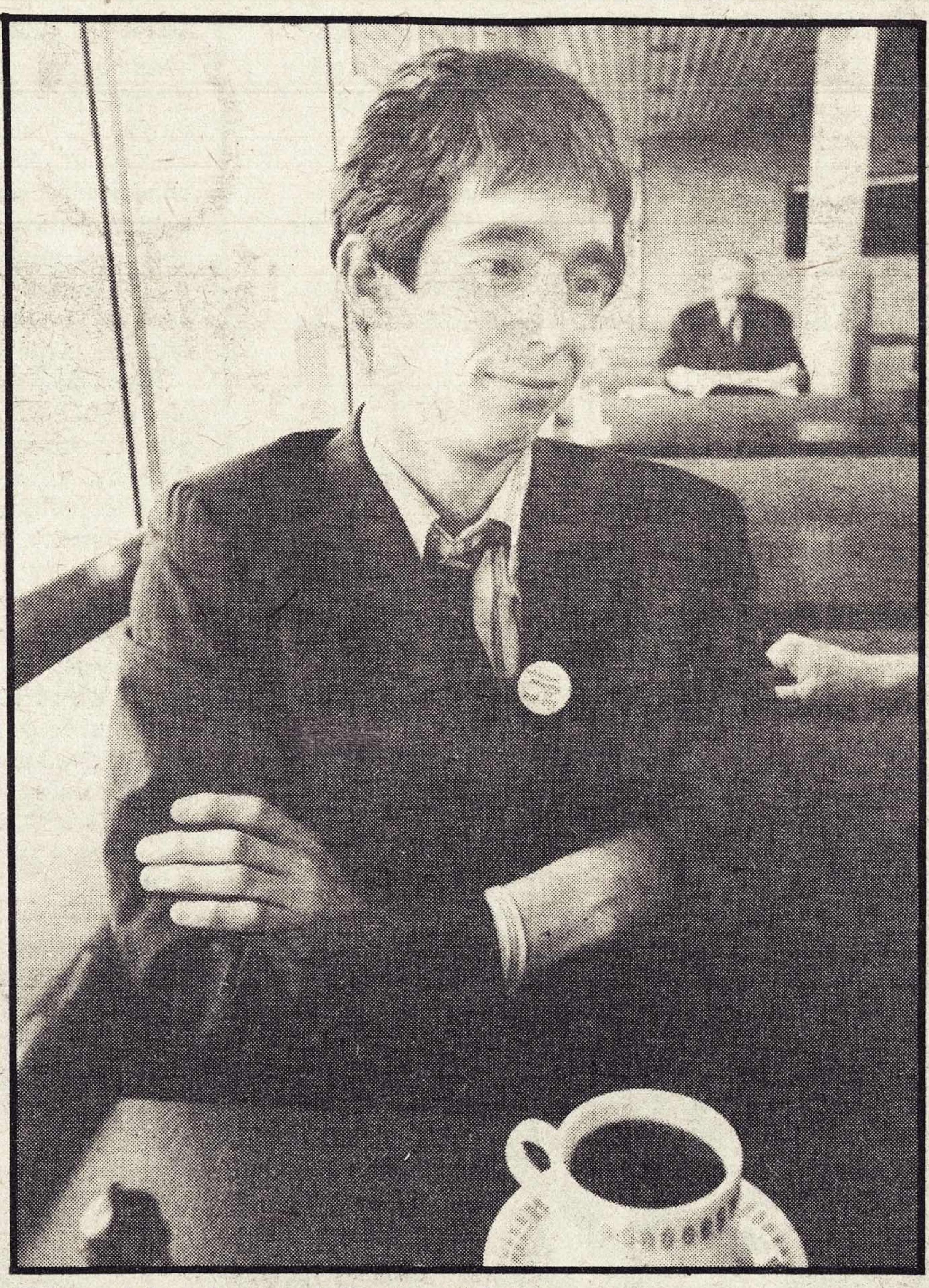
Week ending November 12, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt
3	(5)	CHICAGO XI	Chicago
4	(4)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
5	(8)	AJA	Steely Dan
6	(3)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
7	(7)	LOVE YOU LIVE	The Rolling Stones
8	(6)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	Doobie Brothers
9	(19)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley
10	(9)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
11	(13)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE	Barry White
12	(12)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
13	(14)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
14	(16)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE	Heatwave
15	(24)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II	Elton John
16	(18)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce
17	(17)	FOGHAT LIVE	Foghat
18	(26)	LET'S GET SMALL	Steve Martin
19	(29)	POINT OF NO RETURN	Kansas
20	(20)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
21	(10)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
22	(11)	COMMODORES	Commodores
23	(30)	BABY IT'S ME	Diana Ross
24	(25)	BRICK	Brick
25	(—)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
26	(15)	STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK	Meco
27	(27)	IN CITY DREAMS	Robin Trower
28	(22)	JT	James Taylor
29	(23)	BEAUTY ON A BACK STREET	Hall & Oates
30	(21)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash

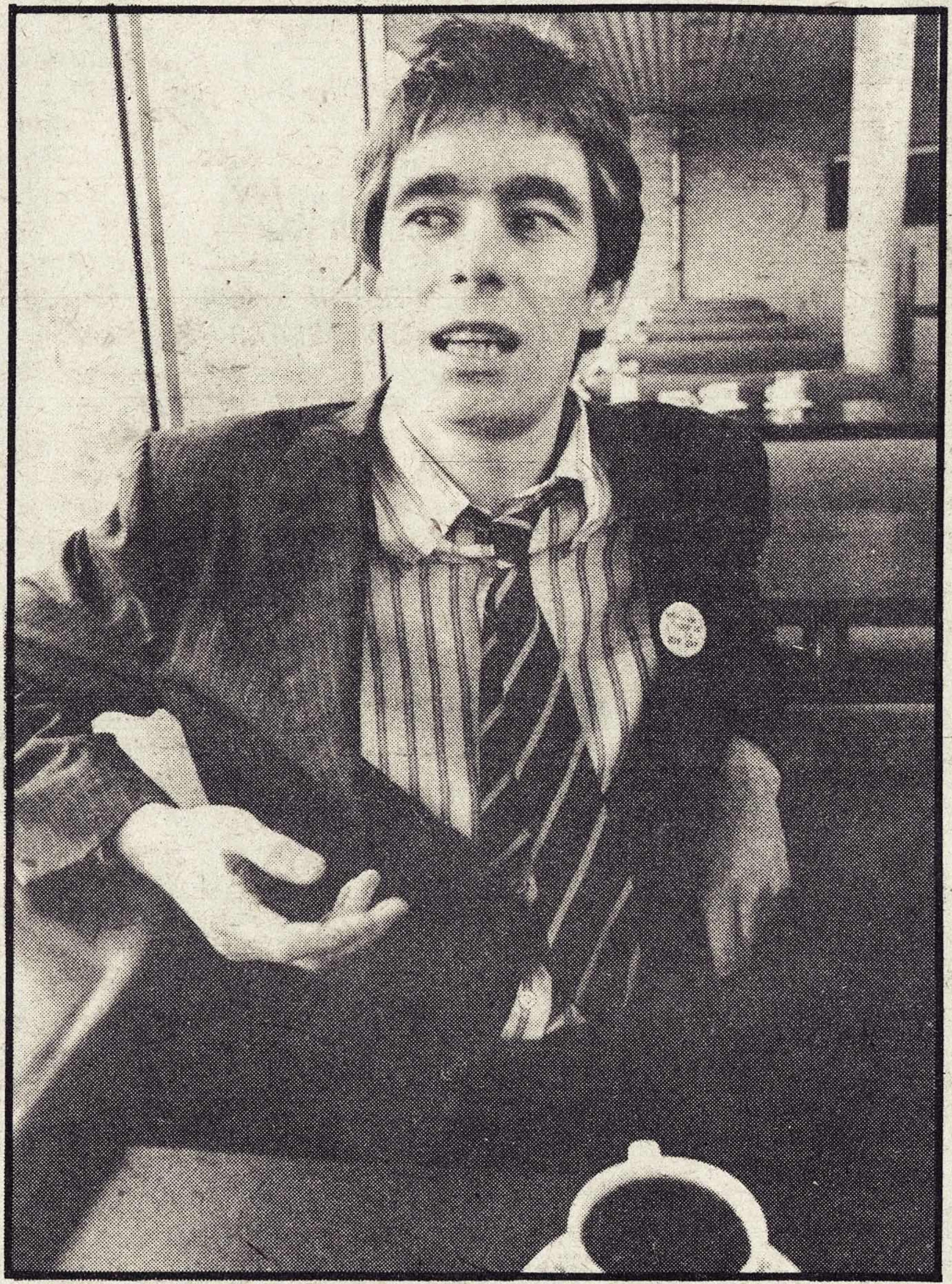
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DON'T FOLLOW LEADERS

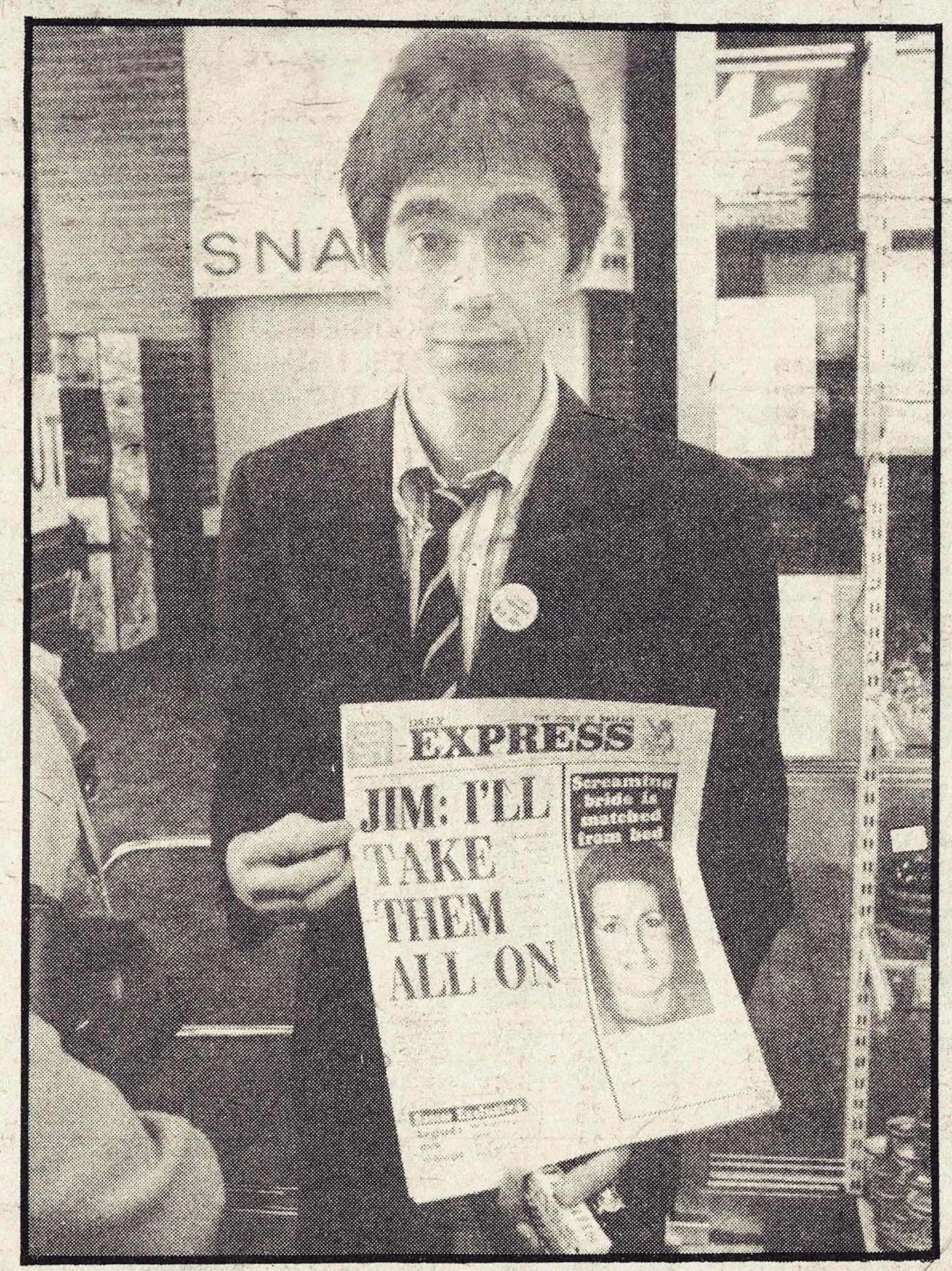
This week: JIMMY PURSEY, Sham 69, in the 'Screw You' seat. PAUL MORLEY hears him out.



The National Front hate me.



The Communists hate me.



I can't bloody win (says Jim cheerily)

Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

JIMMY PURSEY bursts upon you. He is a natural. A natural natural. Distortion in the media can colour reputations wrongly, especially the reputation of fulsome extroverts such as Pursey. A falseness can be created which, if it doesn't exactly ruin can bruise. Writers' attitudes wash over mass-readership and get taken at face-value as truth. Papers feed out segments of self-information that can create harmful images that are reluctant to melt.

The last few months have expanded this: new(er) bands rocket straight into sloppy paper spreads with only one record and few gigs; consumer builds picture from a hustling hack's words. In minor cases it doesn't matter, in Sham 69's case it does. They're important and dangerous.

The way it works is your average rock consumer (Modest Young) absorbs several pieces about Sham 69 and specifically singer/spokesperson Jimmy Pursey, dating from a misrepresented and reported ultra-naive interview, and decides this guy is a prat. Aimless, obnoxious . . . a prat.

But then, I get a chance to meet Jimmy Pursey.

"When I was a kid, I used to hate pop music, when I was eleven or twelve I used to think 'How can you like this shit?' The first record I ever bought when I was 13 was the Small Faces — I loved Steve Marriott. I'll tell you how it all started for me; I used to go to this disco in my home town Walton on Thames and get up on stage and mime to the records, Gary Glitter and things, in front of about 500 people. They even started miming competitions after what I did. It gave me confidence. Now I could go on stage in front of 30,000 people at Wembley and not be scared."

A ROOM IN LEEDS

A CHEAP £4.50 a night bed-basin-breakfast. Early evening T.V. lounge; hi; my name is . . . and this is Jimmy Pursey. Suprisingly small, he looks older than he is. He curls amusedly watching *Top of the Pops*. This is a room in Leeds, and tonight Jimmy Pursey with Sham 69 play Leeds Polytechnic, their first gig in the north. We drink beer, hiccup searching pleasantries: his the warming pleasantries of a happy confident man, mine the slowly easing responses of the wary-one gradually discovering he's not what I initially thought. We get on well. It's hard to think of anyone not getting on with Jimmy Pursey.

A PUNK-RISE

SHAM 69 have been gigging for around a year now, their line-up shuffling, settling on Pursey, Dave Parsons on guitar, Dave Kermit on bass and Doidie Cain on drums. It's a good settle. They're a good, young wreckless rock 'n' roll group and in late 1977 — a time of shallowness/lost causes/confusion, those who transcend the pointless, arrogant negativity and sustain being positive are worthy, like Robinson, Shelley-Devoto, Pursey. And Sham 69 do transcend: they've worked hard, been spontaneous, frank, idealistic, necessarily self-centred.

Their single, "I Don't Wanna" produced by John Cale on Step Forward, foundered after some poor distribution and back-up work. Then the group got a deal with Polydor incorporating better distribution of "I Don't Wanna", which was followed by the misconstrued, blown up Vortex Cafe roof top appearance / arrest, more gigs / publicity / spreads and the inevitable backlash and attendant pressures. Things to live up to. Before their first gigs in the north.

SO MUCH FOR SO FEW

THE THURSDAY gig at Leeds had been cancelled up until four o'clock on the day, the result of some typical Sham misfortune. The previous night the Polytechnic had held a disco and four idiots masquerading as Sham 69 had caused havoc, with the result the gig was called off. When the real Sham turned up Thursday afternoon and cleared their name, the gig was re-instated, though few punkers found out in time.

The messy support group Neon Hearts play to little more than single figures. Pursey stalks about, a bit upset but his grin and cockiness remain. The audience are few but that doesn't disrupt Sham 69's pure commitment. Slumped in chairs in a backstage graffiti-hanger room the band mumble and mutter, a direct opposite to their eventual onstage attitude; they are a band for the stage.

They attack, taunt, and pummell. They play unengineered rock music, with that extra-special English cheekiness / plainess. "Allo; there's enough room, you might as well all sit crosslegged on the floor," says Pursey with intimidation. Pursey often plays the accuser, but the few at Leeds Polytechnic soon fall for his common touch and the unimaginative but thrilling Sham 69. They win, they're brought back for more. They encore with a genuine updating / re-working of "My Generation" — "The Generation" — which has Pursey grappling in typically plain language with the perpetual 'uniform' youth-trap (any trap). To give so much in front of so few. The group are pleased. There's unwinding / nervous giggles, playing around, making up on lost guzzling time.

Pursey's energy remains. He's surrounded by the usual fans and fanzine people, firing him with the embittered questions we know so well. Pursey deals with them calmly and emphatically. A musician's freshness (ohh!) fights the typical modern day fanzine cynicism. Eventually everyone piles in the Transit with the few extra people that have materialised, and after cruising in a circle three times we pull up outside the Poly. The band are thirty-five pounds short. Pursey charges out, makes sure the money will arrive at the hotel by ten a.m. the next day, settles satisfied back in the van next to some flesh and we rattle via slimy-battered fish and chips back to the hotel.

TO LIVERPOOL . . .

THE FIRST service station out of Leeds. Up a ramp, join a queue of hair and cotton and buy some coffee. Kids shriek, cutlery jangles, and undulating conversation mixes seamlessly with the endless-loop tinny brass muzak for some polythene-dub result.

Pursey philosophises. No; he talks . . . simple as in straight forward, ingenuous as in frank with hard gems of insight. His eyes flick, hands dart abruptly from the elbow, his face grips. Alert and strangely articulate, touchingly aware of predicaments, his own and others, Pursey thinks as he speaks and speaks as he thinks. There's no need for prompting.

"All the time I want to express myself and say exactly what I think. If somebody asks me I always tell 'em like, and I won't beat about the bush. The only time I feel like telling a lie is when ya gotta help somebody out — like you tell your mate's mum he's gone swimming when he's with some bird — as long as it's only a white lie, where it won't hurt anyone, but I can't stand anyone who tells lies to hurt somebody.

"Why go out on stage and say things I don't really mean? S'like our set lasts thirty minutes or summat, that's because when I write a song . . . look, I can go home and write twenty songs in one night but it won't be anything to do with what I'm about . . . because I can only write songs from situations I've been in or how I feel at that time.

"I know I'm not gonna change the world — if I ever believed I was gonna change the world I'd be a complete nutcase. All I can do is get out on that stage, sing about it and make people enjoy it at the same time as listening to it. I'm not a politician, I'm not a leader, all I am is a bloke who gets on stage and sings rock 'n' roll.

"Obviously I never sat down and said wot I'm going to do is get a band so I can put all my political views across . . . I never dreamed of it that way!

"The thing about the stage, it's a place where you can get up and say exactly what you think, you can use it that way.

"Once when we was supporting there was only twelve people at the gig and I had six of them pogo-dancing, and that to me meant more than going in the Marquee and seeing everyone pogoing blindly. If you get across to six out of twelve people that means you're getting over to 500 out of a thousand, and it's harder to get over to a few people in a bloody great room than it is to get over to 500 that are all crushed up, 'cos when there's twelve you think 'oho' my neighbours gonna think I'm daft if I start dancing.

"Another thing, an audience can put you there, but an audience can send you back from where you came from, so that's why I never take any notice of what's going on, 'cos now you know they're going 'Waaa great!!' they could turn round and say 'What a lot of shit . . .' It happens.

"Something else, people are getting at me at the moment 'cos I'm not a Communist, but when I sing political songs I sing against politics, I detest leaders. I believe that anyone in power is going to be a dictator, and I'm not going to change my mind 'cos someone thinks I should, or doesn't like my politics 'cos I ain't got no politics . . ."

Pursey is outspoken with emphasis. He has a well arranged ambition. "Life is a life to live," he says, and he

Continues over

DON'T FOLLOW PISTOLS

Jimmy Pursey

From previous page

enjoys it. The Transit wobbles to Liverpool, Sham rest and read. Pursey sings songs, shouts out of the window to bemused passing cars. There's a stop off in Manchester for something to eat/drink, a call in Virgin Records for Pursey to write on the cover of the twelve inch Step Forward single "Don't buy this — Jim Pursey", and some photos by the Mayor's car.

He's somewhat taken aback at some of the sights of regimented downtown Manchester: his neck cranes forward, his eyes soak — "Never knew it was like this" — first time up north, some new experiences / outlooks. He's alert, passionate, friendly-funny and above all paradoxically introverted.

"I tell you something," he says, "I haven't got a real friend, someone I could trust with my life. I got mates, the boys in the band are me mates, but not a real friend." He needs a bodyguard, because his no-pretend, extrovert ways are the type that alienate most of the prize bigots. "The National Front hate me, the Communists hate me, I can't bloody win," he says cheerily.

LOUT WITH A GIFT

LIVERPOOL: THE usual city-centre internal turmoils of hills, awkward lights, people, sharp turns, one way streets, taxis, cops and building societies. We have to ease backwards up a one way street to get to tonight's venue Eric's (a fab club!).

Roadies are already in camp and, as seems usual, have some worrying news for Jimmy. There's no cash for a hotel tonight, one of the roadies needs paying . . . it's Pursey that sorts things out. Albie, one efficient roadie who used to be Sham's bassist, babbles about the security tonight; "I tell you, you're numbered as the next Pistols," he says. In the end, the security is the same as usual.

Then there's no support band and somebody has suggested Sham doing two half hour sets. No way. Jimmy's voice is rough, he's been lickin' honey all day, and, anyway, that would mean repeating a set.

Jimmy, er, sorts things out.

"You have to check these things out," he asides after words with Eric's very cute supremo Roger Eagle. "We once played a set in Coventry and the management refused to pay us 'cos they said our set was too short. Caused a bit of bother."

The gig at Eric's probably typified what Jimmy Pursey is all about — a man of the people. That sounds a little too unadorned, but that's what I am, Jimmy is, and you should be. Before the set he was totally jiggered, deflated, his throat was rough, he wasn't fit. On cue he flowered dramatically, bounded on that stage and HIT!

The riffs are ancient, the playing will occasionally flounder and Pursey will be the first to admit it. His language is pointed and definitely not complex — none of this 'Belsen' quasi-poetic c'mon; his communication with the audience is with them, for them, and they realise and appreciate that. He introduces the songs with snappy explanations, never condescending, just hinting that he WANTS the audience to hear / listen / respond.

They went down a storm, and I hate using that word. Again they perform "The Generation", improvising, crushing, pushing. Pursey grabs hold of a fire extinguisher: the music ascends manically into fury / cacophony and he lets rip: he's talking to us. Rock 'n' roll music was meant to be like this. "All I am," he kept saying to me, with juddering understatement, "When it boils down to it, is a rock 'n' roll singer."

"The Generation" the riff of the anthem stripped, the words harsh over the top from Pursey, improvised; "I've been wanting to write a song about the futility of uniform/fashion tracking for ages. This just fell together, it was like there was a cassette in my head, I was lucky it came out good."

Pursey's lyrics are written in language that's open, accesible, easy. Like on "Ulster": "Those kids, now *they're* really suffering. I want to do a gig in Belfast more than anything else, I'm thinking about borrowing one and a half thousand pounds from our manager and going over there. My dad thinks I'm mad but I don't care if I'm shot. I used to be scared, but not anymore."

Or the single, "I Don't Wanna": "That's just . . . *'I don't wanna work in a factory/I don't wanna retire when I'm 65/I don't wanna do this, do that, habit. . .*"

Pursey's language is abrupt/identifiable/straightstreet . . . just words, no silly abstractions. Positive, and like he says, from personal experience/situation. And Jimmy Pursey, aside from his unique articulatory gift/frantic mode of expression, must be typical: a lout with a gift.

INITIATION NOT IMITATION

OVER CHEESE on toast in a local crummy cafe we'd talked again prior to the gig. He rambled occasionally, confused / lost, but there was honesty. Jimmy Pursey should not let us down.

You seem to dislike intensely injustices, to anybody, yourself, other people . . .

"That's right . . . that's because . . . well, that's the main thing that comes from kids lives, right, people being unjust all the time, often from yer mum and dad. I tell you, I'm really worried about the uniform thing. It really worries me, every uniform, having to identify yerself with somebody, to prove to everybody that you are somebody, that you are different from them. That's not being anti-society at all, that's being anti-kids.

"What gets me about these kids who wear these uniforms, they're not fighting anyone who's really putting them down, they're fighting people who are the same as them. When they go to work in the morning they're not wearing punk clothes, or teddy boy clothes or hippy clothes, but when they go out at night they put the full battle regalia on. I've been through it, I wuz a skinhead when I was young, I've experienced it. I know there's no point, I'm not preaching, I'm just trying to say, 'Hey! . . . . look'."

What else worries you?

"Meself."

For what you've become or what you are?

"Yeah, what I've become, I feel, though I know I shouldn't, that I have got a responsibility to some people for the things that I've said and I believe in. When I say the things that I say and do the things I do the people out there are seeing themselves. When they see me on stage they're seeing what they want to be, what they want to do, and all I am doing is acting as a voice box for others. That's all I am, that's all I want to be, so that their minds are connecting with mine and I'm bamming it out. The thing that worries me is that I don't want to do that for the rest of my life, I don't want to have to keep being a spokesperson. People should use their own initiative. Other bands should come out. What I want to see is seven or eight other Tom Robinson Bands or Sham 69's who should get out there and really say . . ."

Something like that has been said before with horrible results . . .

"Yeah, but when Johnny Rotten gets on stage he's treated as a hero and he never tries to denounce that."

So you don't want to be a hero?

"I don't want to be a leader."

How can you stop that happening?

"By, everytime I do an interview, saying that."

Will that work?

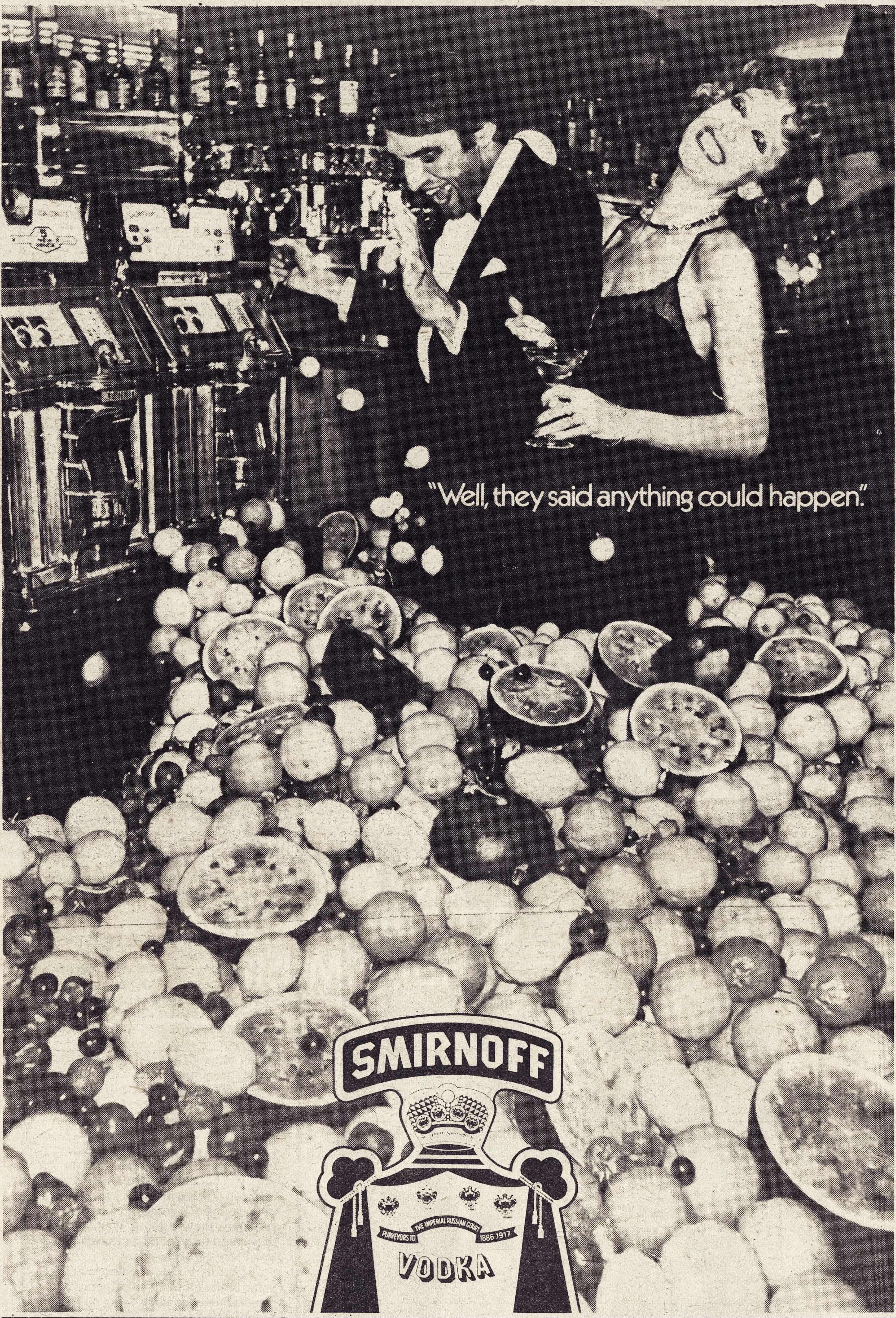
"People will respect me at least. I don't want to be Moses, I just want to be Jimmy Pursey. When I say other bands should come in I'm not saying that I want other bands to be just like Sham 69, they can play two tin cans if they want, I just want them to get up there and say and be what they really want to, not pretending. See, what you got from the Pistols was loads and loads of pretend groups, all imitation, that's not what it's all about . . ."

Initiation not imitation.

"There's very few and far between people who ever want to do something . . . they say if I was *really* anti-political I would get dynamite and try my hardest to blow the Houses of Parliament up, but that would make me insane and I'm just a rock 'n' roll singer. Please the kids. All they want is entertainment . . . that's what it boils down to in the end. I could say to an audience, c'mon let's go down Oxford Street and show people what we really feel, but only one or two'd turn up. Cos, y'see, people know where they're better off.

"Really, in my opinion, a punk is a kid in Glasgow, Liverpool, London, Southampton, who lives in a little grimy industrial estate, wears an old anorak, dirty jeans, pumps, goes out at night, has a game of football on the green, throws a couple of bricks through a window for a bit of cheek, a kick. He likes the things he likes, no fucking about . . . they're the punks, they're the kids that THIS was supposed to get over to. The day those kids come to one of my gigs I know I have won . . . 'cos that is the day that rock 'n' roll is at its element.

"They're the kids I want to reach, though I know I probably won't, but I won't give up 'cos that would mean I'm a defeatist and I'm not . . ."



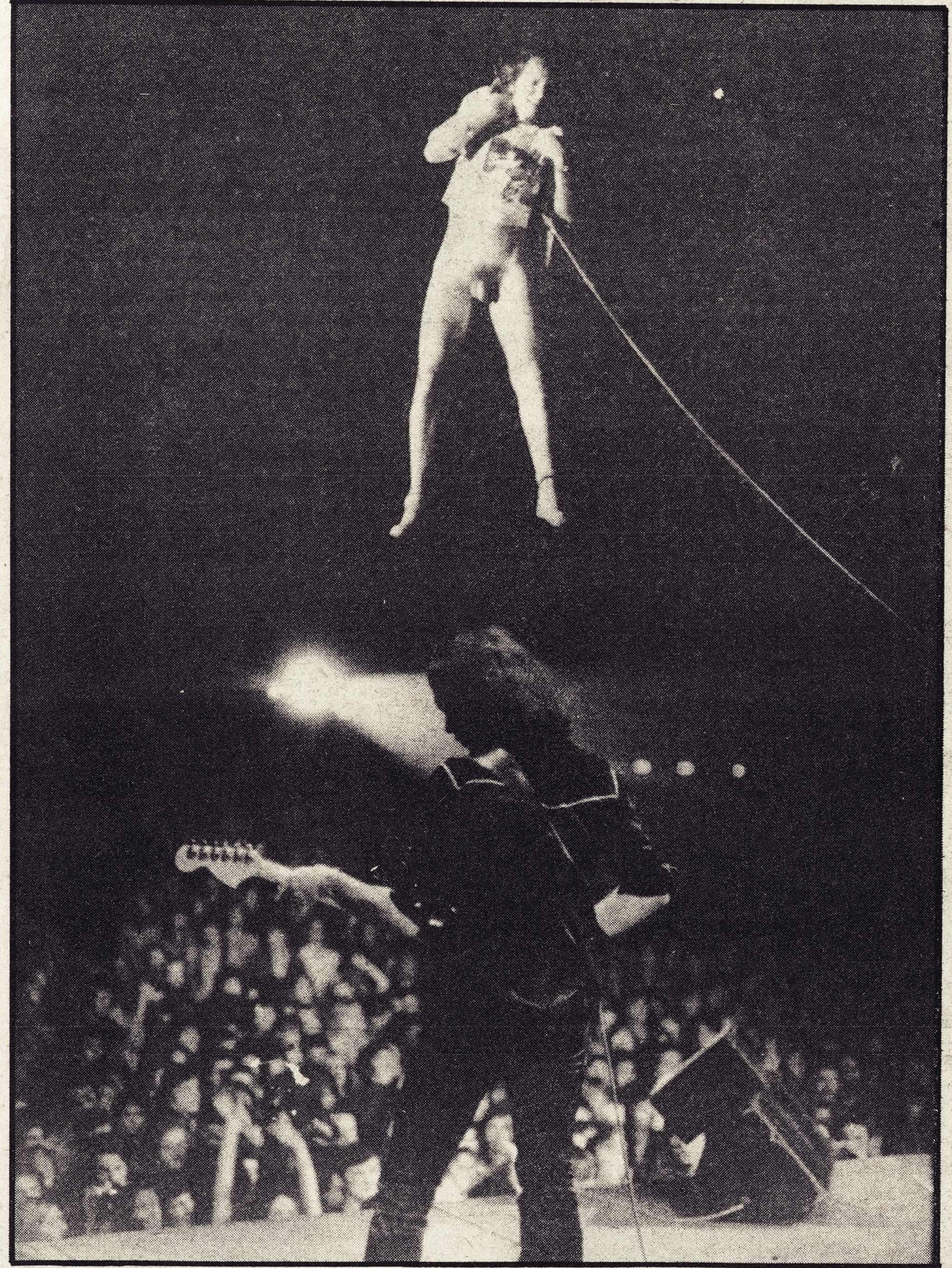
the file series
THE SEARCHERS
2 record set

THE GREATEST...
"The Seger Sensation
THANK you, BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND, for the two INCREDIBLE ROCK CONCERTS staged at Hammersmith last weekend. Wow!! So full of energy! Thanks also to the splendid audience, nct one broken seat. Could it be THE SHOW OF THE YEAR? Philip Leivers, (Manager), Odeon Theatre, Hammersmith."
Melody Maker
"He was, in short, magnificent, presenting a show so finely honed that the old Stones/Who dispute about 'the greatest rock 'n roll band in the world' seems just a little beside the point"... "Absolute magic – and a better man than I, Gunga Din!"
N.M.E.
"All the songs have that throbbing mainline that keeps your limbs jerkin'..."
Sounds
"It was a remarkable effort both by performer and by his audience, who were roused to a fever pitch of enthusiasm by the time the burly figure emerged from the wings for the second of his three encores."...
"His songs are simple but none the less emotive and his Silver Bullet Band is a model of tightly knit energy."
Daily Telegraph
"A rock 'n roll giant at last. And a rare one."
Evening News
"He performs onstage with a driving intensity, nobly assisted by his slick and exuberant Silver Bullet Band."
Melody Maker
"If you missed Bob Seger on his tour, you can kick yourselves, suckers. He puts out just about the best rock and roll of the year..."
"This band is first-rate on every level."
N.M.E.
...ROCK 'N ROLL SHOW YOU'VE EVER HEARD!
'Cos it's now on record. If you saw the show you know what we mean, if you didn't, you can still catch the excitement and sound on his new live 3-track single featuring:—
TURN THE PAGE
GET OUT OF DENVER
HEAVY MUSIC
CL 15956
Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
'LIVE' BULLET
Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
Night Moves
Beautiful Loser
E-ST 11378
'Live' Bullet. Double album
E-STSP 16
Night Moves
EA-ST 11557
available on tape
Capitol

"Tenth Rate Shit" – Daily Dog

THRILLS

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS



EXCLUSIVE

ANIMAL WARFARE

THE EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT you see below is a list of the "major hits" perpetrated by the "strike commando units" of the Animal Liberation Front. It has never been published in full before today.

In last week's *Thrills* feature "Barbarians In The U.K.", Julie Burchill described the work of the anti-blood sports groups such as the Hunt Saboteurs. She also mentioned the most radical animal protection group of all, the Animal Liberation Front.

This week *Thrills* features a complete rundown on the A.L.F. by Dick Tracy (see pages 15 & 16), including interviews with its leading members.

The A.L.F. claims to have caused at least £275,000 worth of damage to "exploiters of animals" in the past year alone. Our own investigations tend to confirm their estimates. The British Field Sports Society, for example, agreed that A.L.F.'s figure of £12,000 damage when their offices were turned over in March was "totally correct".

In a companion document to the lists below, A.L.F. states:

"As well as these we can account for 21 fur shop windows, 28 circus windows, 16 butcher shop windows, and 4 saddlers windows.

"We believe that by inflicting financial damage on animal exploiters we can inhibit the expansion of these traders and ultimately force them out of business.

"It is stressed that the Animal Liberation Front is made up entirely of vegetarians and vegans, and all of its members have the utmost respect for all forms of life."

As it is dated September 1977, it is reasonable to surmise that the figure of £275,000 is now obsolete.

ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT HIT LIST 1976-1977

Date	Place/Company/Hunt	Details of damage	£ Damage
July '76	Charles Rivers (UK) Ltd. (Breeders of Lab animals)	Van smashed	2,000
July '76	Pfizers Ltd. (Pharmaceutical company)	3 Pregnant beagles rescued (They had 11 pups)	800
Aug. '76	Col. Storey-Pugh (Breeder & Experimenter)	Offices wrecked	1,000
Aug. '76	Essex Union Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, vans immobilised (Cub hunt called off as result)	1,000
Sept. '76	Wilton Fox Hunt & Courtenay-Tracy Otter Hunt	Kennels raided, van wrecked	1,000
Oct. '76	Dalconzi Mink Farm (Fur farm)	1,500 Silver foxes released into the wild	90,000
Nov. '76	Research Defence Society (Experiment protectors)	All files taken	500
Nov. '76	OLAC Capel Isaac (Lab animal breeders)	14 Beagle pups rescued	800
Dec. '76	Old Berkshire Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, tack destroyed	3,000
Jan. '77	West Kent Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, tack destroyed	2,500
Feb. '77	Earlsbrook Stud (Lab animal breeders)	14 Beagles rescued	800
March '77	British Field Sports Society (Hunt protectors)	Offices wrecked, files taken	12,000
March '77	Evans Ltd., Carshalton (Lab animal breeders)	Mice rescued, offices wrecked	2,000
March '77	Warwickshire Fox Hunt, Mollington	Point-to-point wrecked (Called off as a result)	6,000
March '77	Malvern Research Station	25 Dogs & 40 cats rescued	3,000
April '77	Shipton Ltd. (Game bird breeders)	Pheasants released, pens smashed	10,000
April '77	Evans Ltd., Carshalton (Lab animal breeders)	Mice rescued, offices wrecked (Again)	500
May '77	Billy Smart's Circus	Booking caravan burned	1,000
June '77	Gerrad & Sons (Biological suppliers, lab animal breeders)	Toads, salamanders, frogs & snakes rescued, offices wrecked	1,000
June '77	Exeter abattoir	Lorries wrecked	2,000
June '77	Sutton Bridge, Lincs.	2 Seal-culling boats burned	10,000
June '77	Sutton Bridge, Lincs.	Fishery Protection Vessel (that was to aid cullers) wrecked	5,000
June '77	Mixbury	5 Empty battery broiler houses burned	3,000
Aug. '77	Hambledon Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, vehicles damaged	250
Aug. '77	Col. Storey-Pugh (Breeder & experimenter)	Offices wrecked (again), files stolen	1,000
Aug. '77	Gilbertson & Page (Hunting printers)	Offices wrecked	1,500
Aug. '77	Worthing, Sussex	Fishing boat gutted by fire	7,000
Aug. '77	Shamrock Farms Ltd. (Lab animal breeders)	Offices wrecked	3,000
Aug. '77	Dartmoor Otter Hunt	Van burned	1,000
Aug. '77	Blackmoor & Sparkford Vale Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, vehicles damaged	500
Aug. '77	Cotswold Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, tack destroyed	2,000
Aug. '77	Cattistock Fox Hunt	Kennels raided, vehicles damaged	500
Aug. '77	Orchards Farm, Great Missenden (Chick breeders)	Property damaged	500
Aug. '77	Tucks Ltd. (Lab animal breeders)	Buildings (not containing animals) burned	20,000
Aug. '77	Froxfield Rabbits (Breeders for lab & fur trade)	500 Rabbits released, 50 rescued, vehicles damaged, offices wrecked	3,000
Sept. '77	Consultox Ltd. (Taxicologists & cosmetic testing on animals)	Offices & labs wrecked, files destroyed	75,000
		Grand total : over	£274,000

BARGAIN OF THE WEEK

THE RISE of the 12-inch disco single means it's now possible to shove four cuts on a platter and flog it for about a quid.

However, most record companies still insist that singles, especially 12-inchers, are not as commercially viable as albums — so maybe it was only a matter of time before some bright spark decided to *sell a 12-inch single for the price of an album.*

That, it appears, is precisely what DJM have just done, with the release this week of America's top gay disco hit, "Village People" by, uh, The Village People. With a playing time of fractionally over 11 minutes per side (the shortest album we can recall offhand, The Beach Boys "Friends", clocked 25 minutes in total), *Thrills* was interested to hear DJM's justification of its £3.49 selling price.

"Well, that's all they've recorded," said embarrassed DJM press officer Didy Lake. "Anyway, this album has been the biggest selling import for the last few months, with people paying £7 or £8 a copy. Now they can get it for the normal price."

Our own enquiries have revealed it's been selling around the five quid mark on import. Anyway, DJM don't envisage any controversy about the LP's sparse playing time. "Have you heard it?" Ms Lake asked. "It's shit-hot music!"

Quite. So that's what the Queen's Award to Industry is all about!

ROY CARR

THRILLS

OVER THE RAINBOW

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, but the man pictured above — the one dangling stark naked over the stage of the Paris Palais de Sport, in full view of a capacity crowd there to see Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow — is an extremely lucky man.

Certainly Rainbow's European promoter, Eric Thompson, had no idea that he would be making an unannounced but spectacular appearance at the gig — but his fate, after foolhardily combining numerous snipes at Rainbow's proud reputation as "wild men of rock" with a couple of blunders in handling the tour, could have been considerably worse.

According to tour manager Bob Adcock, the original, far more outrageous, plan was to get the promoter unconscious on booze and drugs, strip him, shave his head, and then dump him in the back seat of his own car — which would then be driven to a French port and put on a ferry to Iceland.

Imagine Thompson's horror on awakening to discover he was halfway to Iceland with a one-way ticket.

Adcock didn't explain why this plan was dropped — but under the circumstances, Eric Thompson should consider himself lucky indeed merely to have been grabbed by Rainbow's road crew, stripped on the spot, trussed up in a harness, and suspended elegantly over the Rainbow! ***(Think I'd rather go to Iceland! — Ed.)***

TONY STEWART

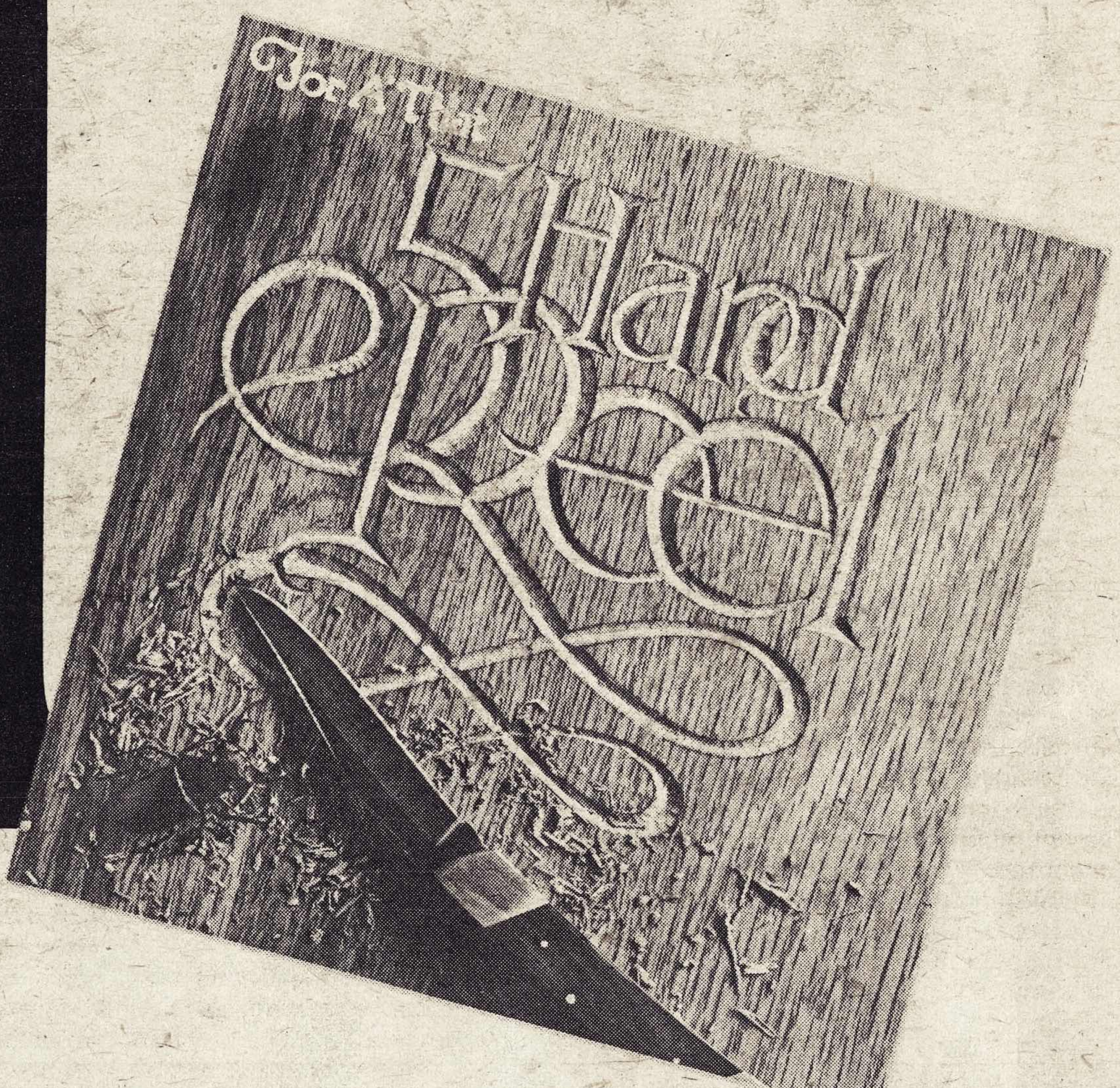
THRILLS

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.15/16: Terror tactics in the animal world.
P.18: Hell's movie, TV rules.
P.20: Space crusader gets hitched
P.22/23: Special Norbiton payola corner with Jonathan Richman and Sean Tyla.

The Lone Groover BENYON

The reel thing



FIVE HAND REEL: FOR A' THAT

'This band is so bloody good, they should be made illegal.' JOHN PEEL

'There doesn't seem to have been much good electric folk music around for the past year ... so it's a pleasure to come across a streak of high class stuff from Five Hand Reel.' RECORD MIRROR

'It's electric folk but it's done with all the subtlety of an acoustic band and with just as much respect for the original tune.' SOUNDS

'Five Hand Reel ... can match the songs with an instrumental empathy that other electric folk bands may simply aim for.' NME

'Five Hand Reel have put excitement and credibility back into electric folk.' MELODY MAKER

'... when the Sex Pistols are up collecting their OBEs, Five Hand Reel and other groups will still be making good albums demonstrating the variety of traditional music for fresh generations tired of the whims of rock and roll.' NME

FIVE HAND REEL ON TOUR

'What with all the singing along and dancing and clapping, it no longer mattered what label the music carried. It was very good for a' that.' DAILY MAIL

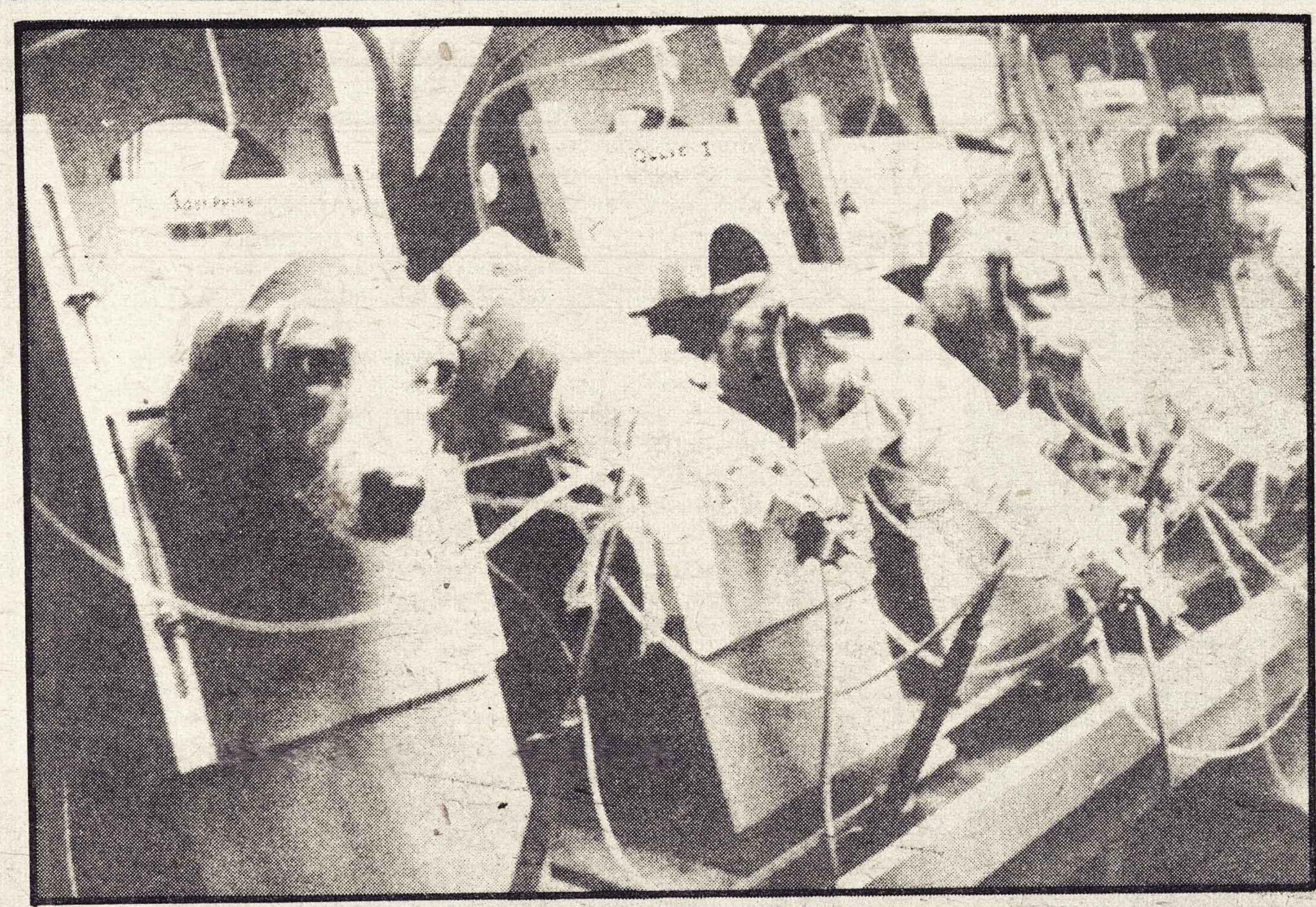
NOVEMBER

9th ... Marquee, London.
10th ... Leeds Polytechnic.
11th ... Sheffield Polytechnic.
12th ... Nottingham University.
14th ... Belfast Festival.
15th ... Belfast Festival.
18th ... Oxford, Westminster College.
19th ... Hitchin College.
20th ... Liverpool, Eric's Club.
21st ... Barrow-in-Furness, Civic Hall.
23rd ... St Andrews University.
25th ... Edinburgh, Herriott Watt University.
26th ... Bradford University.
27th ... Lancaster, Redwell Inn, Carnforth.
28th ... Carlisle, Crown & Mitre.
29th ... Newcastle, University Theatre.
30th ... Norwich University.

DECEMBER

2nd ... London, Goldsmith College.
3rd ... Folkestone, Leascliffe Halls.
4th ... Portsmouth, Centre.
7th ... Bristol, Victoria Rooms.
8th ... Churchill, Churchill School.
9th ... Bath University.
10th ... Wolverhampton Polytechnic.
11th ... Manchester, Royal Exchange Theatre.
12th ... Blackpool, Jenkinson's Club.

5 hand Reel RCA
PL 25066
Also on cassette



THE UNDERGROUND WARFARE OF THE ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT

By Dick Tracy

"MY INTENTIONS WERE to prevent suffering. I did not do it out of hatred and I am not sorry for trying to save weak and helpless animals from death and torture.

"I have not come to beg for mercy for myself, I ask for justice for those animals, creatures who are so brutally treated by the human kind. There are some of us who will not stand by while defenceless creatures are cruelly exploited. Whether inside or outside prison, this struggle will go on."

Ronnie Lee, co-founder of ALF, 1975, on trial for wrecking animal vivisection laboratories.

IN BRITAIN in 1975 there were over 5 million experiments on live animals: 86% of them conducted without anaesthetic.

Monkeys are turned into junkies through morphine experiments; young dogs are fitted with black rubber masks and made to smoke cigarettes; kittens' eyes are stitched up in an experiment designed to test how sight develops in the young.

In November 1976 the RSPCA asked for an urgent report from the Ministry of Defence on experiments being conducted at its highly secret establishment at Porton Down. Press rumours claimed that sheep were being used as test targets for rubber bullets and high-powered water cannons, the same equipment used on the Belfast streets.

In 1976 it was revealed in the press that Douglas Appleton, a solid member of the dog Establishment (Kennel Club, Crufts, etc), had sold out his ownership of the largest dog breeding station in Europe for £30,000 to Oxford Laboratory Animal Colonies, OLAC for short. He claimed that his kennels at Capel Isaac, Carmarthenshire, had supplied 4,000 puppies a year to laboratories for medical experiments, and that this operation had earned him enough money to retire.

"This is just a small part of a massive industry," he claimed.

Within a year OLAC had gone bankrupt and the RSPCA had to carry out the biggest rescue operation in its history in order to try and save 1,000 animals from being destroyed. They rehoused most, but still had to leave 76 beagles and 110 cats behind to die.

This is the emotional backdrop to the activities of a clandestine radical group called the Animal Liberation Front.

Since late 1975 the ALF have been conducting an undercover campaign against the people responsible for the abuse of animals.

Laboratories and offices have been wrecked, vans damaged, and files stolen. While others talk, ALF have acted in an unprecedented direct action camp.

As a result, ALF are currently under investigation by the Special Branch *and* the Terrorist Squad (did you know that Britain had a Terrorist Squad?). No wonder ALF members cultivate a low profile.

Telephone conversations were the order of the day when *Thrills* contacted them last week. Our first contact was Derek Cowell, who lives in Birmingham, publicly admits his ALF membership, and has the Special Branch round his house more often than the landlord.

ALF, he told us, are organised in small groups around the country with a contact man in each area keeping in touch with the national leaders. Each job is planned to the last detail, and there's a strict code of conduct which states that nothing is to be stolen for personal gain.

How do you apply for membership, I asked. "You earn the right to be in."

We talked about Ronnie Lee, whom Derek described in glowing terms as "100% pacifist" and a "wonderful bloke". Conversation with Lee himself was impossible, however, as he's currently beginning a one-year sentence for ALF activities.

Ronnie Lee and an ALF team hit the Evans Laboratory, a mice-breeding establishment at Carshalton, Surrey, in March 1977. They broke in, rescued 150 mice, daubed slogans on the wall, stole photos and damaged a van outside. The next day, police raided Lee's house, found the mice and arrested him.

The mice were subsequently returned to Evans Laboratory — and gassed.

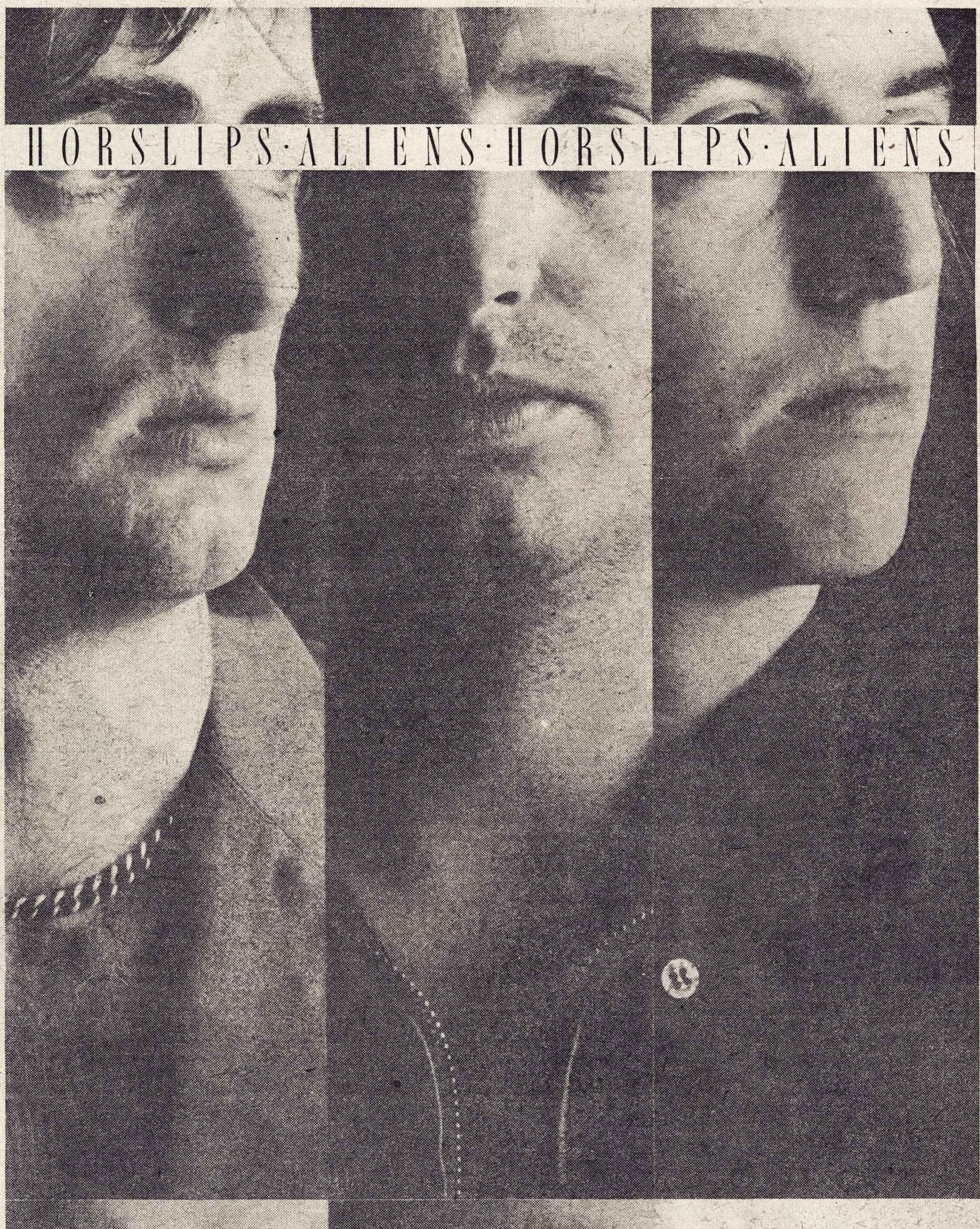
● *Continues over-page*

BAND OF MERCY MILITANTS JAILED

Ronnie Lee Cliff Goodman Robin Howard

From HOWL magazine, May 1975

HORSLIPS NEW ALBUM

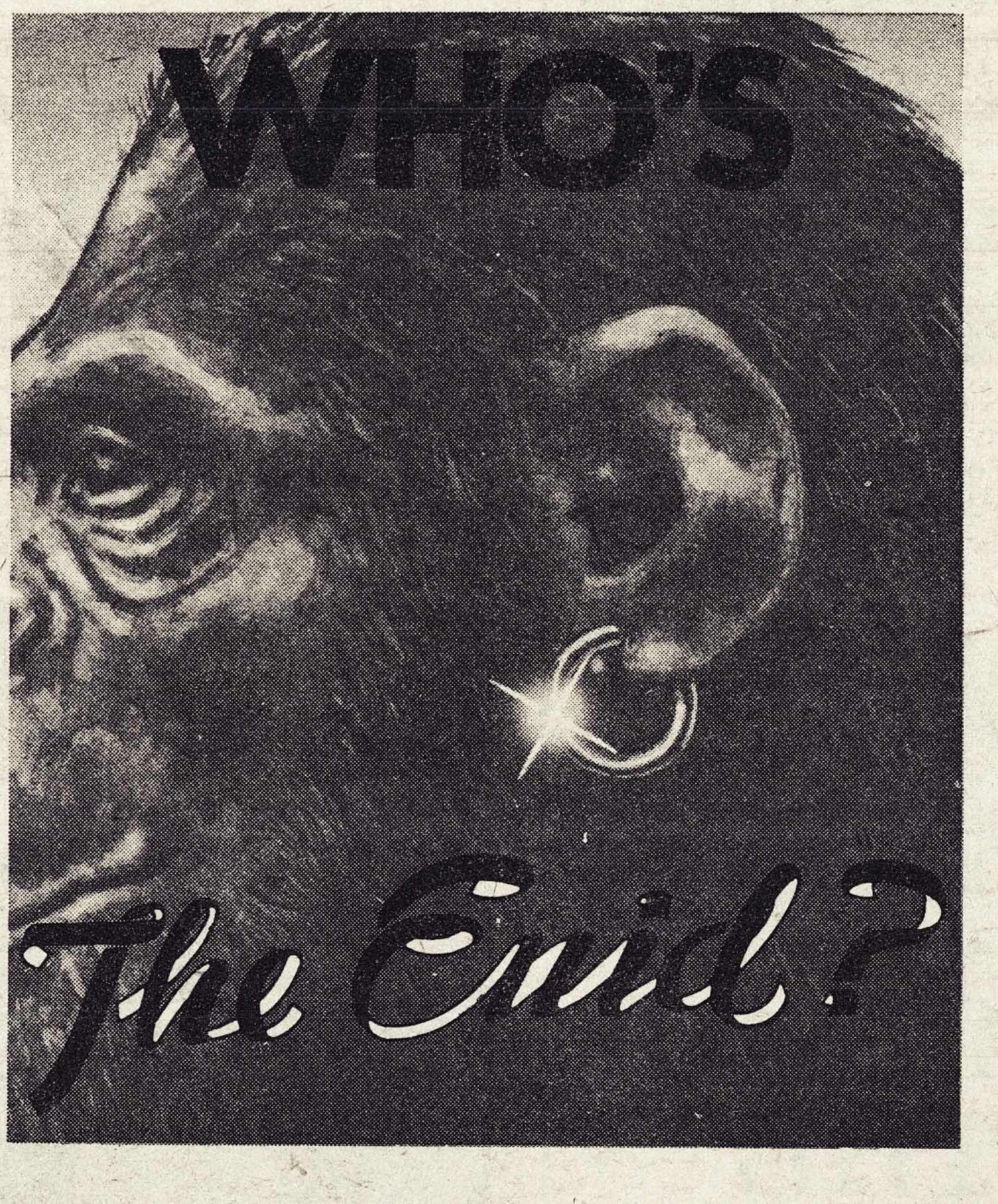


FEEL THE POWER OF CELTIC ROCK!

See Horslips on their 1977 U.K. Tour.
Major Dates in November

SHEFFIELD–16th (Sheffield Polytechnic)
LEEDS–17th (Leeds University)
BIRMINGHAM–18th (Hippodrome)
REDCAR–20th (Coatham Bowl)
KEELE–23rd (Keele University)
GLASGOW–24th (Apollo)
LIVERPOOL–25th (Empire)
MANCHESTER–27th (Palace Theatre)
LONDON–29th (Rainbow)

DJM RECORDS AND TAPES
DJM RECORDS LIMITED, JAMES HOUSE, 71-75 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1DP.



● *From previous page*

Ronnie Lee appeared at Snaresbrook Crown Court in North London, pleaded guilty to stealing the mice and damaging the building and a van, amd received six months on each charge, two of the sentences to run concurrently.

Lee is no stranger to the police or to prison.

At the end of 1973 he and a Northampton engineer named Cliff Goodman founded the Band of Mercy, the forerunner to ALF. During the next nine months, they carried out a number of actions against animal breeding establishments, causing a total of £57,000 worth of damage.

More than two-thirds of this total was accounted for by two separate raids on the laboratory of the West German drug firm Hoescht Pharmaceuticals at Walton, Bucks, which was under construction at the time.

The end result of the Band of Mercy raids was that Lee, Goodman and Robin Howard, a 20-year-old from Brighton, were charged with 14 incidents of arson. On March 24, 1975, Lee and Goodman were sentenced to three years apiece, of which they eventually served a year before being paroled.

Security reasons forced the Band of Mercy to dissolve after that.

Goodman admitted in conversation with *Thrills* that they also had to institute changes in policy. Fire was out from now on.

From out of the ashes of the Band of Mercy came the Animal Liberation Front, to continue their attack on animal breeders and experimenters. Within the last year alone, ALF claim to have caused £275,000 worth of damage (see page 13).

One of the most spectacular raids was on ICI.

The giant chemical firm announced that they were using beagles for smoking experiments. Pictures published in the press stirred a national outcry — and then, on June 22, 1975, Michael Huskisson and John Bryant broke into the ICI labs and rescued two of the beagles, Major and Noddy.

ICI was furious, but public opinion was definitely with the raiders — even though their tactics were deplored, The two men, described to *Thrills* as ALF *supporters*, not members, were bound over to keep the peace for two years.

Then in an interview with the science correspondent of the *Evening News* in December 1976, accompanied by a photo of heavily disguised ALF members sitting round a table plotting their next raid, one member, "Guy Fawkes", claimed: "There are some places we can only get at by burning. We have set up a laboratory to make timing devices and incendiaries."

For the first time, they had allowed themselves to be set up as another radical group. for paranoid commuters to worry about.

Thrills spoke to Clifford Goodman, ALF co-founder, on the phone. Clifford answered all our questions fairly, honestly and unemotionally.

He said he joined the Hunt Saboteurs in 1964, but soon became interested in direct action against all other cruelties inflicted on animals. The ALF policy was to hit breeders rather than labs, so "attacking the problem right at the source."

But isn't it essential to use animals for some medical experiments? After all, how else could we have discovered new wonder drugs to kill disease?

Clifford thought long on this. "I would have to agree that there is a need for some experiments on animals, but there are far too many — and, in some cases, alternatives are available."

Isn't there a risk, in attacking labs, of rescuing animals that might be infected with something?

"We rarely take animals," he said. "There is difficulty in rehousing them."

All the animals that are taken are apparently passed on to good homes.

What sort of police action does he get?

"Every time an ALF action occurs the police are straight round." Clifford claimed that in the early days it was the local police, but now it's the police from the area concerned *and* Special Branch. He refuses to assist them in any way.

What about your motives?

"We are trying to achieve a better deal for animals." Goodman firmly believes that every kind of protest should be going on at the same time. He sees ALF as the direct action pressure group in the protest spectrum, complementing the work of the other, legal, protesting groups.

Of the more than five million live experiments on animals in Britain in 1975, over 400,000 were cancer tests, and more than 1,000,000 were for drug tests. But almost 4,000,000 were tests for things like cosmetics, weedkillers, food dyes and floor polishes.

There are more than 6,000 research establishments using live animals, and 18,000 license holders.

The government issues permits under the 1976 Cruelty to Animals Act — which even the RSPCA claim has been outdated by the huge technological growth in medical research. They have just *fourteen* inspectors to ensure that these archaic rulings are adhered to.

That leaves a great deal of scope for abuse.

The Animal Liberation Front are not fanatics. They are a group of people who have chosen direct action as a means of drawing public attention to the real facts about animal cruelty.

Agree with their tactics or not, their cause cannot be ignored.

THRILLS

Hawkwind nuptials — Simon King, Bob Calvert and his bride Pamela, manager Tony Howard in background. See story on page 20.

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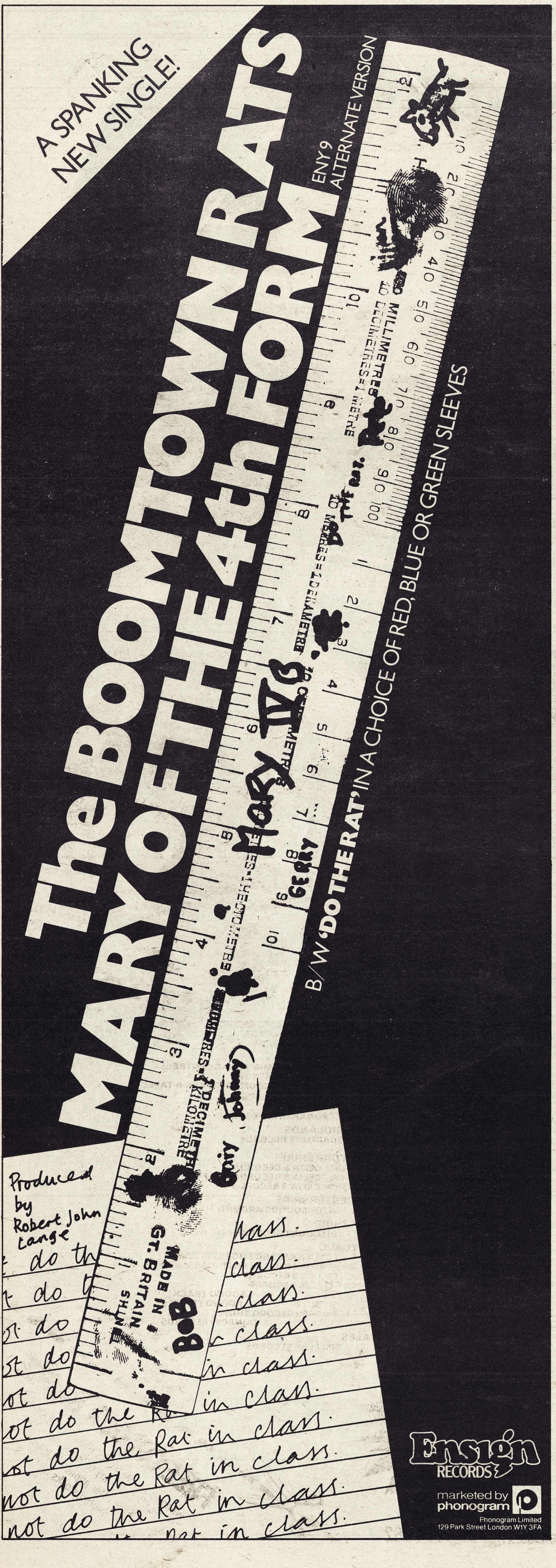


"Hey, Richard, can I be ya leading lady?" — "Sorry, Joey, but I owe Tom a favour . . ."

Pic: JOE STEVENS

DID RICHARD HELL KILL BAMBI?

ULLI LAMAL is a German New Wave (no, really) film director who has in the past been responsible for love story movies about Anna Karina and a chimpanzee and Marlene Dietrich and Hitler. Now he's preparing to start shooting Richard Hell's celluloid debut.

It's due to go into production next January, the toad-eyed poet revealed last week over *petit pois* and Marlboroughs amidst the ornate, neo-Baroque splendour of a hotel restaurant in downtown Newcastle.

"I play a punk in New York who's bored and listless," Richard tells *Thrills* promisingly. "Life holds no meaning until I meet a beautiful girl who's a *straight*, a hippie, and I get totally hung up on her and follow her to India where she gets into all that mystical shit."

Your *Thrills* man contemplates the fag-burns that embellish the Void-boy's arms but settles for the ashtray. Happy ending, is there, Dick?

"Eventually I give up on the girl and return to New York where I form a band — played by the Voidoids — and we take off into the whole punk-rock movement."

What's the movie called?

A frown passes across his bulge-bulb visage . . .

"I forgot to ask," he confesses.

Maybe it's just as well.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

DANGEROUS VISIONS

CHECKING THE HOLLOW stump today to see if any of my network had come up with paydirt — no, Number 7, photos of Kermit's spawn are unprintable — my hand encountered a bulky file. It was! None other than the near-legendary *Guide To ITA Regulations For Producers & Directors*, that Howard Hughes among documents with a reputation for autocracy that puts Moses' tablets back under the cotton wool stopper!

Employing the usual anti-surveillance measures — a double-bluff around the Brussels sprouts, exchange jackets with a King Edward — I regained the safety of my room, the precious document furled around the shin in my wellingtons. It was the work of a moment to nail planks across the window, strew potato crisps in the hall and turn Lord Grade's photo to the wall.

The Guide began by summarising the restrictions balls and chains of the 1964 Television Act: nothing must be shown which offended against good taste and decency, incited crime or disorder, offensively represented living persons, furthered the interests of any political party — except for Party Political Broadcasts — or let down the high general standard of quality. The news was to be presented with accuracy and impartiality, and balance was to be preserved where points of view were expressed.

If this went some way to explain why the switching on of my set was synonymous with sleep, the ITA's lengthy appendix administered the goodnite kiss on the cheek, and checked that the hands were outside the blanket.

With mounting outrage I read Point 6: "No hangings, nor preparations for hanging of any sort (whether or not they include ropes, nooses and gallows) should be shown in programmes starting before 9.30." Gosh! Clearly discriminatory against one of our political parties, the edict also stunts our children's liberty to build a healthy, vital outlook towards justice and morality.

Had I ever seen any hangings on TV, I wondered? I dimly remembered a late-night chat show about capital punishment. "Bring back the noose!" thundered a backwoods politician, and the patrician Gore Vidal leaned forward helpfully: "You mean between consenting adults, of course?"

If ever there was a cause worth lobbying for, here it was! We want an early evening family entertainment hanging show. Buck up Tyne, Tees & Tyburn! Possible titles swarmed through my indignant wig — *Trapdoor, Noose At 7*, or even a re-tread for *Blue Peter*.

Point 15 made me drop the Winalot biscuit with which I was crowning the cairn atop my terrier's nose: "People who train or exhibit performing animals — this includes conjurors who use birds or rabbits — must be registered with a local authority." Little chance of a licence — much less a post-9 spectacular — for Dirtyneck Rollo, who beguiled an East End boyhood by biting the heads off ferrets for a pint . . .

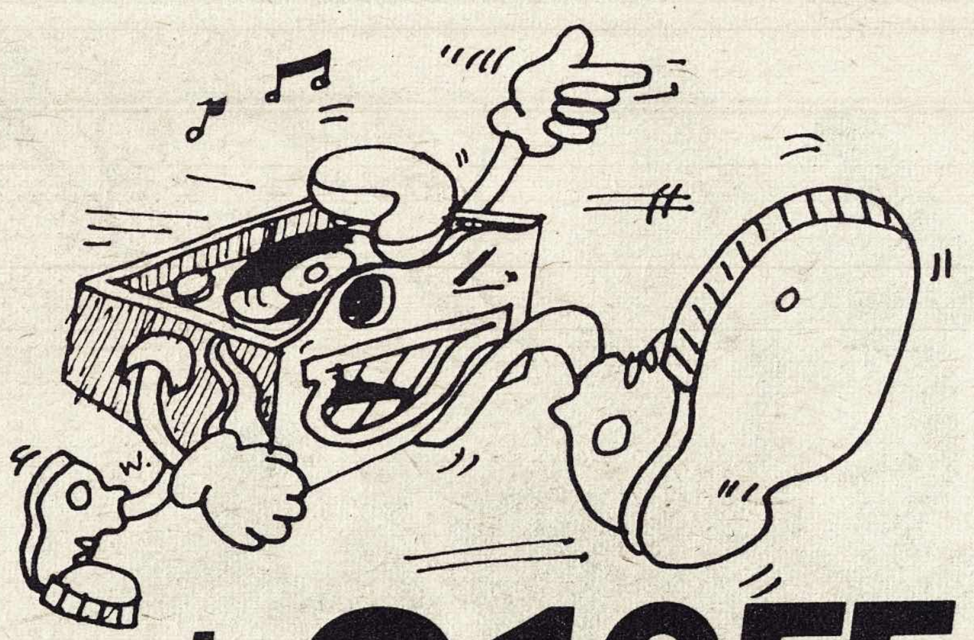
Surreal goosebumps rose as I read Point 17 (e): "If a person or organisation refuses to appear in a discussion programme, they are not to be represented by an empty chair." Too tempting for the hangers, I guessed, or the unregistered amateur lion-tamer that lurks in the undergrowth of the blandest panellist.

"All appearances by candidates as actors, variety entertainers, musicians or singers, or in a subsidiary capacity, may continue throughout an election period." Assuming that balance was still at a premium with the ITA, who could possibly stabilise Mr Heath's musical performance on *Oscar Peterson Presents?* Mr Healey rhythm logs, Mr Steel Widow Twanky, Mr Jordan — with the prior approval stipulated in Point 10, regarding his TV appearances — Fun With Sheets.

There were multiple swizzes involved in the Quiz Game regulations. Point 32 (vii) required that "programmes in which prizes are won by pure chance are not allowed." Things like that ought to be left to the House of Lords to decide, I mused. A scale of prizes followed, topped by a maximum of £1,000 for individual contestants, with the niggardly £5 maximum for the adult viewer in the front room, and £1 for his child. Hardly worth furrowing the brow over.

● Continues overleaf

BRIAN CASE WATCHES TV



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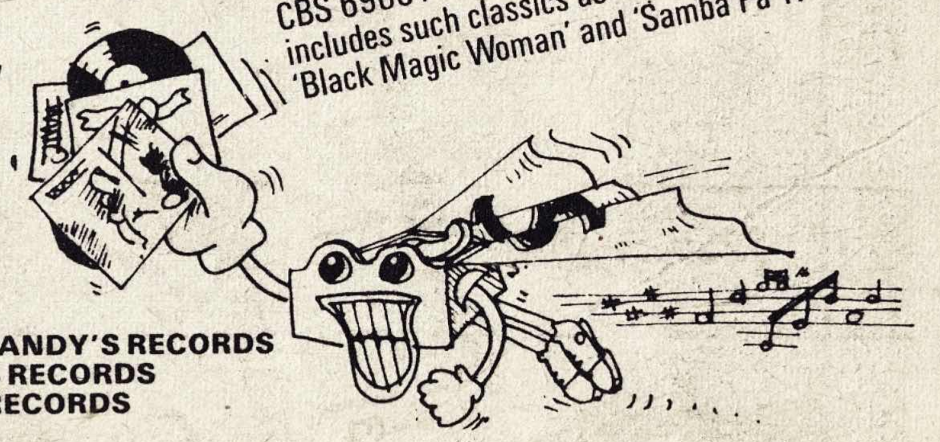

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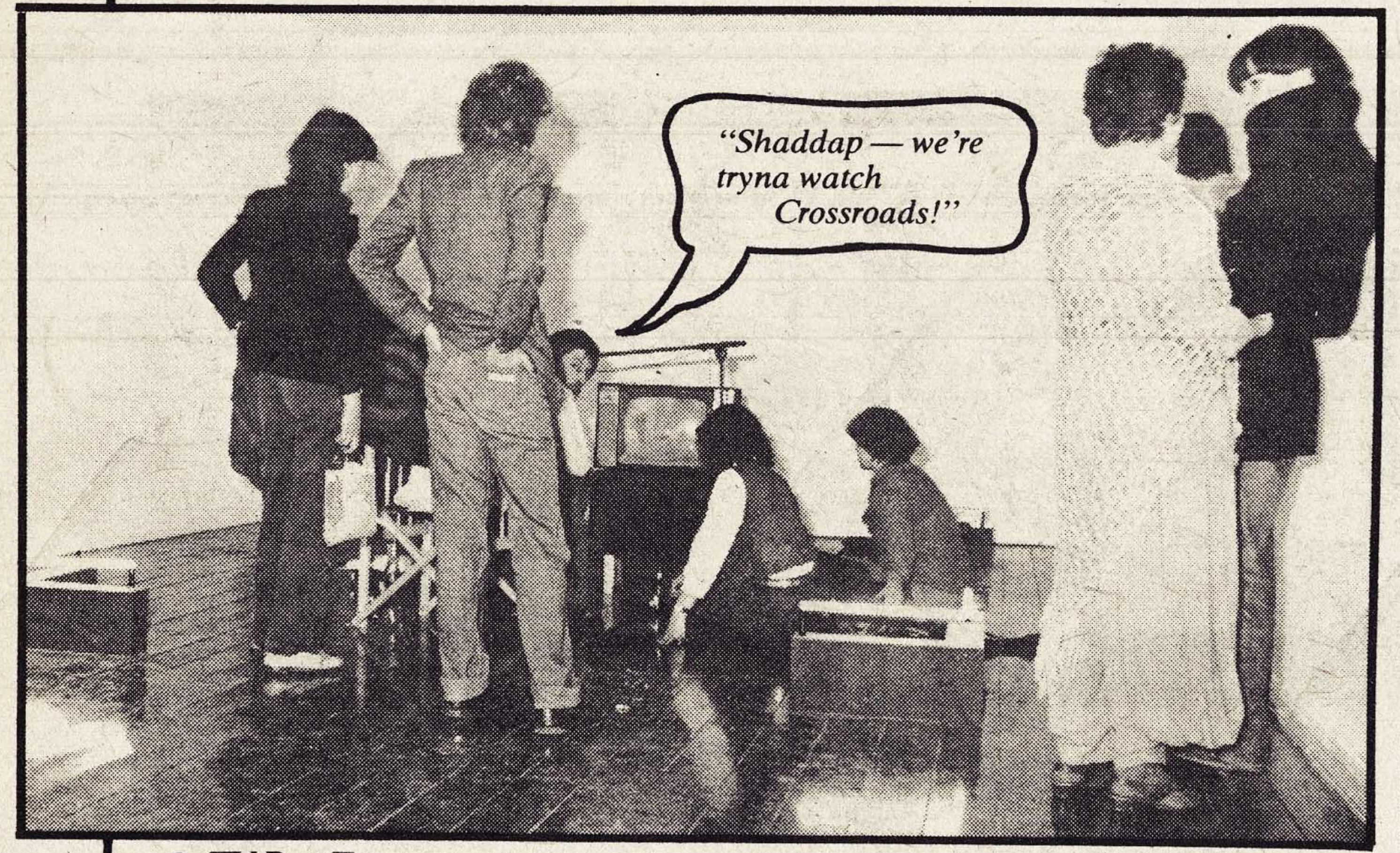


● *TV Part Two*

Gossamer shackles, these, compared to the sailors-knots and sheep-shanks that sought to bind and define the "natural break." For Drama & Entertainment Films, "no break will be regarded as natural unless there is a clearly marked and dramatically significant lapse of time in the action." Any viewer who has been annoyed to find a coal-chute of Mars bars, Daz and garage accessories shot into his favourite Western, can rest assured that it's all as natural as nature intended, Jean-Jacques Rousseau notwithstanding.

Of course there'll be some bloodless intellectual to carp about the exact definition of time lapses in *Last Year At Marienbad* or "a significant break in the continuity of action" when applied to *Psycho* or *L'Aventura*, but you'll always get an Awkward Squad.

Sport leaves a little more lee-way. The state of the game must be taken into account, and in cricket, for example, "the point of this is to avoid a break occurring at the end of an over which might coincide with a moment of great tension." Religion and Royalty, uninterrupted, get all the breaks. No adverts should be inserted in any broadcast of a religious programme, and none should even follow the epilogues.

A definition of the British Royal Family followed, which effectively left Caliphs, Grand Viziers, King Rats, Pearly Queens, Nabobs, Presidents, Emperors and Emirs out in the bleachers and up for grabs. Nobody messes with Our Lot. No advertisements are allowed to detract from the solemnity of any formal bun-fight or apple-ducking, and a cordon sanitaire of at least two minutes ropes off the beginning and end of Royal transmissions from the vile clamour of commerce. This is Liege-Lagging on the widest scale since Chilpruf first scored a "By Appointment" from King James during the Cold Snap of 1609.

Safe in the knowledge that good presentation and decency were tops with the commercial channels, I switched on, left an empty chair to represent me, and went off to work out a natural break for a hanging. Which leaves only the problem of finding a good home for a pierrot suit, no epaulets, with a built-in ballet pump feature, terrier-size, one owner, and a tube of Number 3 theatrical make-up.

THRILLS

HAWKLORD IN KGB WEDDING AFFAIR

SPACE-CADET Bob Calvert threw away his Biggles costume in exchange for a more sober, dapper Noel Coward look when he married writer Pamela Townley at the Caxton Hall registry office in Victoria, London on Nov. 5, 1977.

The bride arrived late. Between Lee Marvin impersonations the good Knightly Calvert assured backstage liggers and family that there was nothing to worry about: "This is just a formality. Everything else has already been done."

Recent whispers from the sci-fi pop group suggested that Calvert, singer and poseur extraordinaire, was fired and dumped by his peace & love buddies in Paris a few weeks back. The band blew out three Belgian gigs and flew home, apparently fearing for their lives.

Calvert, it was rumoured, had broken down under the stress of touring. Words like, crazy, manic, dangerous, Frankenstein were used to describe his state. It was said that he had tried to strangle tour manager Jeff Dexter and insisted on travelling through terrorist-blitzed Europe dressed in full combat gear, complete with gas pistol in a holster on his hip.

The Universal Cowboy denied it all: "Dave Brock (guitarist) convinced the others that I was having a nervous breakdown. What nonsense! They dumped me and my bags on the street in Paris. If I had been ill, what kind of mates are they to leave me? Call themselves human beings?

"I was a bit high-spirited — after all, I was going to get married! The truth is that Dave Brock didn't want to do the extra gigs. He wanted to go home to his wife. He was tired . . .

"I have every intention of fulfilling my Hawkwind contractual obligations. One more album and tour. Then I'm off to become a full-time writer."

At the champagne knees-up, Calvert pulled your reporter aside and firmly pointed out: "You know, given a KGB interrogation, only me and Simon King (best man) would survive. Inside I'm ice and steel. The rest of you," his arm swept across the room, "would cop-out, fail. Weaklings . . ."

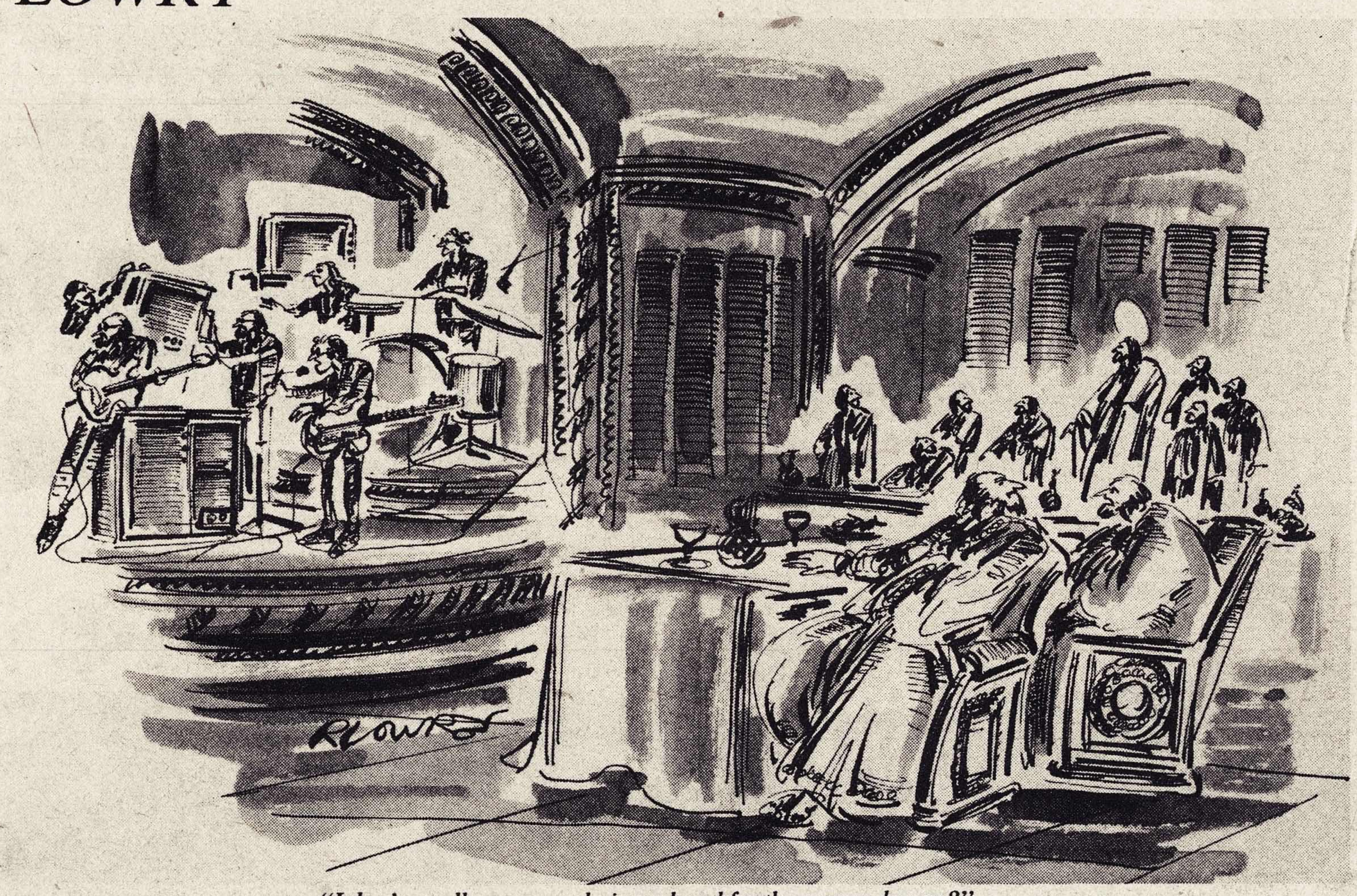
At that I shook the bionic hand and split.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

(For pic of the event, see page 16)

THRILLS

LOWRY



"I don't recall anyone ordering a band for the supper do you?"

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11th	LANCASTER University	22nd	EXETER University
13th	LIVERPOOL, Empire	25th	OXFORD, New Theatre
14th	MANCHESTER, Palace Theatre	26th/27th	LONDON, Rainbow
15th	BRADFORD, St. Georges	28th	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
17th	NEWCASTLE, City Hall	29th	BRIGHTON, Dome

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New

Clinically tested for clearing spots

Available only at your chemist. Starting today, Clean and Clear your skin.

The erstwhile Ducks Deluxe (L-R): Andy McMaster of The Motors, SEAN TYLA, Tim Roper (for further details see upcoming Motors feature), Nick Garvey of The Motors, and Martin Belmont of The Rumour

BESERKLEY BADASS BRAGGADOCCIO?!!

ISN'T THIS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS?

CONSIDERING HIS ability to bully life into even the most apathetic audience, Sean Tyla is unusually quiet. *Pensive,* even.

His usual dry pessimism is replaced with the relieved optimism of someone who has finally managed to parlay himself into a position of strength. This could be because The Tyla Gang has recently signed to Beserkley Records (in whose Norbiton offices we are now ensconced). Their first album is due out shortly.

But the notorious Tyla ego is still evident. As he assails the reputation of certain record companies, I ask if he feels the music business owes him a living.

"Oh yeah, sure I do," he says, "mainly because I've been subservient to it for so long. But that's my choice, I guess."

Sean Tyla may well be boisterous, bellicose and sometimes even obnoxious. He may also be an egomaniac. Right now, though, he's showing uncommon humility.

"If I'm to continue just being me, which I probably will anyway," he admits, "something very real like finance is going to cripple me — sooner or later it's going to shoot me down."

Once a member of the star-crossed Ducks Deluxe — a fondly remembered band but a commercial turkey — Tyla seems to have a natural capacity for refusing to lie down.

He couldn't have been standing up in the right places, though, because since the Ducks' demise some two years ago little has been heard from him. Two singles on the French Skydog label, one on Stiff and one track on the "Bunch Of Stiffs" album is all.

Whilst fellow Ducks members aligned themselves to better destined ventures (Martin Belmont to The Rumour and lately Nick Garvey and Andy McMasters as The Motors), Tyla has been through some hefty soul-searching and two false starts in his efforts to assemble the now watertight little aggregation known as The Tyla Gang.

He describes The Tyla Gang's history as having two parts; one part folly, the other part rescue.

"When I left the Ducks I really didn't know what I wanted to do," he recalls. "At least one thing was clear, though — I wanted to do something of my own making, and not a decision by four people about what the band was to be.

"But I got it really wrong from the start, because I was never sure of what it was going to be."

The Gang's first line-up lasted for six weeks, eventually stabilising as a four-piece and remaining that way for a year. "Well . . ." he says, "that was the tightest band I've ever been in, but I didn't like it."

Both he and the band members began to lose faith. Tyla also lost £7,000 when they disintegrated mid-way through last year.

"I just moped around all last summer and played cricket. Then Stiff released 'Styrofoam' and it made me want to do somethnig again. I thought, this time I'm going to do it from the most left-field angle I can think of, I'm going to get hold of a load of definite mysteries — and I did."

He knew Brian Turrington and Michael Desmarais from their days as The Winkies' rhythm section. Bruce Irvine was the caretaker at a rehearsal studio, where Tyla found him fumbling around a guitar.

'Bruce is consistently brilliant." His face beams at the thought — then he grins. "Whereas I'm consistently bad. I mean, at least you know what I'm going to do every night; play out of tune from the seventh number on."

The band shaped up on borrowed money throughout the autumn, touring with AC/DC and Pat Travers. Around Christmas they went into the studio to cut an album for Stiff.

"Jake asked me if I wouldn't mind trying to complete it in five days and keep costs below £1,600, citing as an example The Damned, who did theirs in two days for four hundred."

A look of incredulity crosses his face. "I don't think he got hold of the right end of the stick about The Tyla Gang."

The album was never completed, though one track, "The Young Lords", did surface on "A Bunch Of Stiffs". Borrowing yet more money, they recorded an album themselves during the early part of this year.

"Then, with our necks resting firmly on the chopping block, we tried to get a deal. We decided the best way to do it was to use the old Ducks format, stay in London and play four gigs a week. Everyone said it was madness, but I seriously believed somebody would walk up and offer us a deal."

And so they did. Two firm offers from major companies resulted, but Tyla held out. He explains hesitantly:

Part of my personal make-up is that my sole motivation comes from people's belief in me, because it's a catalyst. But the most important thing is that I have to believe them. I don't know anyone — and I know almost every A&R man in this country — that isn't a bullshitter. The ultimate proof is putting your money where your mouth is.

"Now I know that Beserkley runs on this house's mortgage." He indicates our whereabouts by glancing round the room. "I know that Jonathan Richman's publishing money was our advance. I can dig that. It means a lot to me."

About The Tyla Gang he is equally sure and optimistic. "I've never before experienced such will-power in people I've been playing with. This band doesn't argue or fight. We're all doing it for the same reasons." And the classic rock raunch of their music resounds with and justifies his confidence.

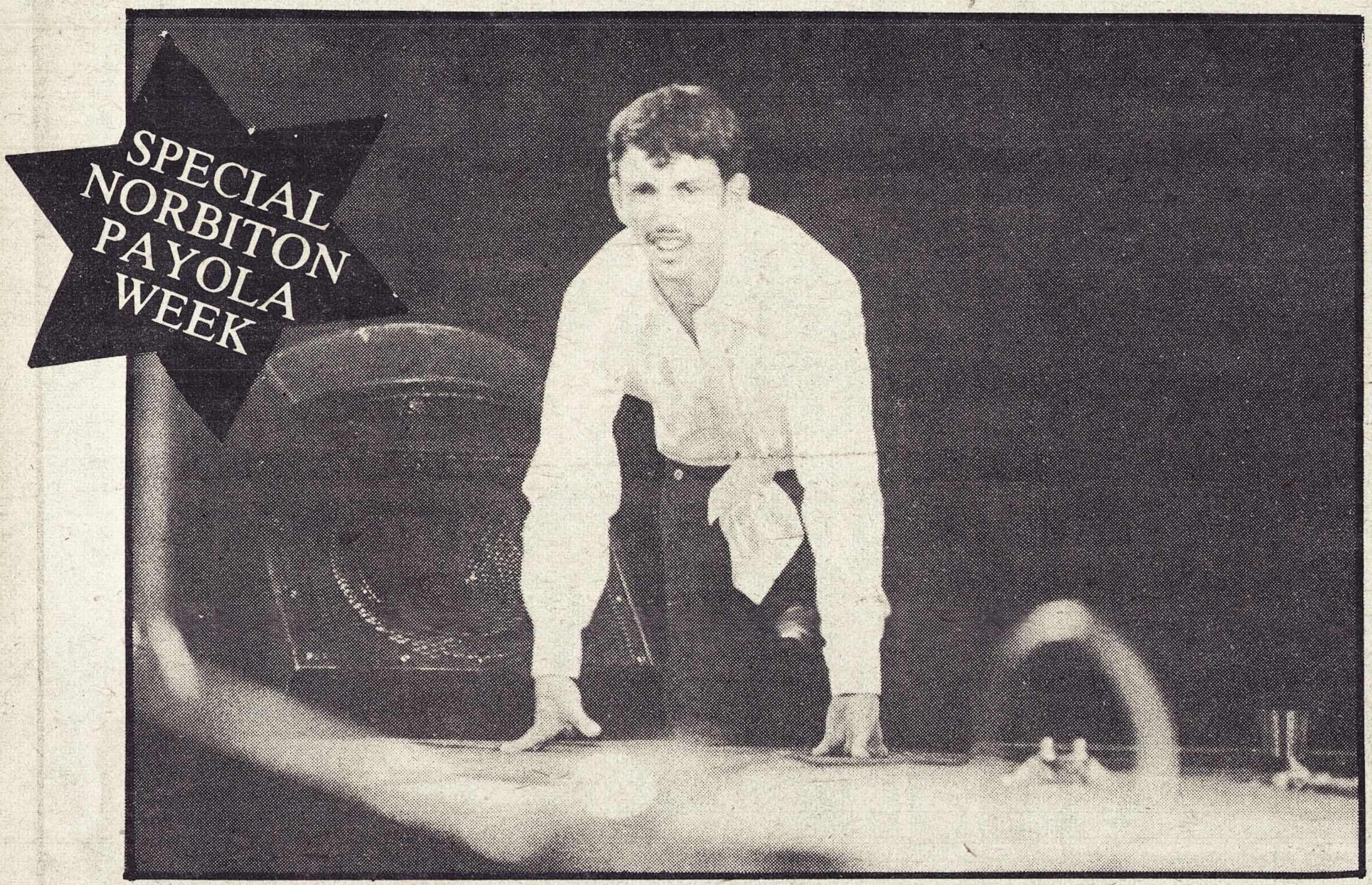
Sean, I ask seriously, do you think baldness has a place in rock'n'roll?

"Sure I do. It helps the lighting guy get in focus."

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

"Don't poke your tongue out at me, buddy, or I'll withdraw my royalties!"



...AND UNPEELING BESERKLEY'S BIG BANANA

(IS THIS MAN → A PRAT?)

COME TO THINK of it, there's really only one question that I want to ask Jonathan Richman — and that's whether of not, as many people suspect, he's a put-on?

Ask him outright and he cunningly evades the issue.

"Here's a stock answer," he drones in his nasal Bostonian twang. "If you wonder about such things, then use your instincts. If I'm a liar, why should I tell you I'm a liar? I'd lie about that too."

Jonathan Richman is the only person who knows what makes him tick — and he's not about to share his secret. In conversation, he talks a great deal but most of it doesn't make for scintillating copy. Attempt to draw him out and he becomes evasive, replying with either a grin or a verbal charade. Occasionally, he dismisses a question outright.

Richman is sitting cross-legged on the floor of the suburban mock-Tudor house in Norbiton which acts as Beserkley Records' British H.Q. He looks less like a cult figure than a college co-ed.

Whether for protection or for some deep-rooted ulterior motive, Richman has always chosen to exist in what one assumes to be a fantasy world of his own. Though his stance is often compared to that of Kaspar Hauser, for me Richman is better compared with Potsie, the inoffensive fall-guy from *Happy Days* — forever caught in an emotional crossfire of his own making and redeeming his credibility by self-consciously fronting the local sock-hop garage band.

I don't feel it coincidental that conceptually the Modern Lovers owe more to the '50s than the '70s.

The antipathy of techno-flash, a return to the roots of rock, call it what you will, but Richman's predilection for performing *au naturel* is about the nearest thing to making up inane little songs whilst splashing about in the bath tub.

Aware that the charisma of rock's earliest stage performers wasn't due to how much wattage they had at their disposal, but their own natural energy, Richman works with what seems to be just sufficient juice to operate an electric toothbrush.

"Electricity," he reckons, "only gets in the way. The voice is where it's at, and if I can get away with it I'll dispense with the mike altogether."

Richman appears to be obsessed with persistently putting both himself and his audience to the test.

"How?" he drones. "By seeing just how long I can get away with it? But isn't it obvious that I love to sing and entertain? I'm just getting my rewards for all those years when people didn't take notice of me.

"I don't have to feel that people are suspicious of me — I know it . . . and those people aren't shy about saying it. They haven't been for the last ten years."

Surely one can't be immune to criticism?

"Depends who says it. I try not to read too much of that stuff," insists Richman — who once doubled as a rock critic. "But then, there's a real difference between the people who write those articles and the fans who come to see me."

So whose criticisms *does* he take seriously?

"Women. Most of the people who say that stuff are men. Ever since I was little, I've always enjoyed hangin' round with women more than men."

In fact, by his own admission, he was the loneliest kid he ever knew.

"A lotta people think I'm eccentric — well, they always thought so.

"Frustration," he blurts, "wasn't the word." The smile vanishes from his boyish features. A look of terror permeates his stare.

"I was lonely. Loneliness is a killer, and I was in serious trouble."

Richman's original ambition to become a baseball star diminished when, at the age of 15, he clutched a guitar, and six months later confronted an audience.

"Some people would run out with their hands over their ears. Others stuck around and listened. I just wanted to see what would happen. See, when you think you've got something beautiful, you wanna share it."

On one occasion the entire audience staged a mass walk-out.

"It may happen again," he says without too much concern.

To play with the Velvets was Richman's unfulfilled ambition — and the Velvets-influenced "The Modern Lovers" remains the yardstick by which all Richman's outpourings will forever be measured.

"I really wanna leave that one alone," he muses when attempts are made to delve into that period. "It's *not* an album. It's a collection of tapes. Demo tapes. It represents a record company (Warners) demonstrating to *us* what they could do for *us*. It wasn't *us* making a demonstration for *them* of what we could do for *them*.

"If it were an album, I would have rejected each one of those tapes, except for 'Hospital'."

But, like I said, it's still acknowledged as Richman's masterwork.

"Well, that's their privilege — and that applies to my current material. If people don't like you as you are," he concludes, "they don't like you, period. Anyway, bought friends are no friends and they ain't much fun when they're around."

ROY CARR

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

WELL, NO response from the Yes office following last week's highly entertaining shot of Chris Squire, so here it is as promised — Jon Anderson in a suit! The band is The Warriors, and that's young Jon second from the left.

THE peace of our village is shattered each weekend by gangs of youths riding their motor-bikes round the green.

What can we do to get them to keep down the racket?

B. O. F., Chester

A genuine letter from the Daily Mail, 2·11·77. Sent by N. Cadillac of Pontypool.

THE END

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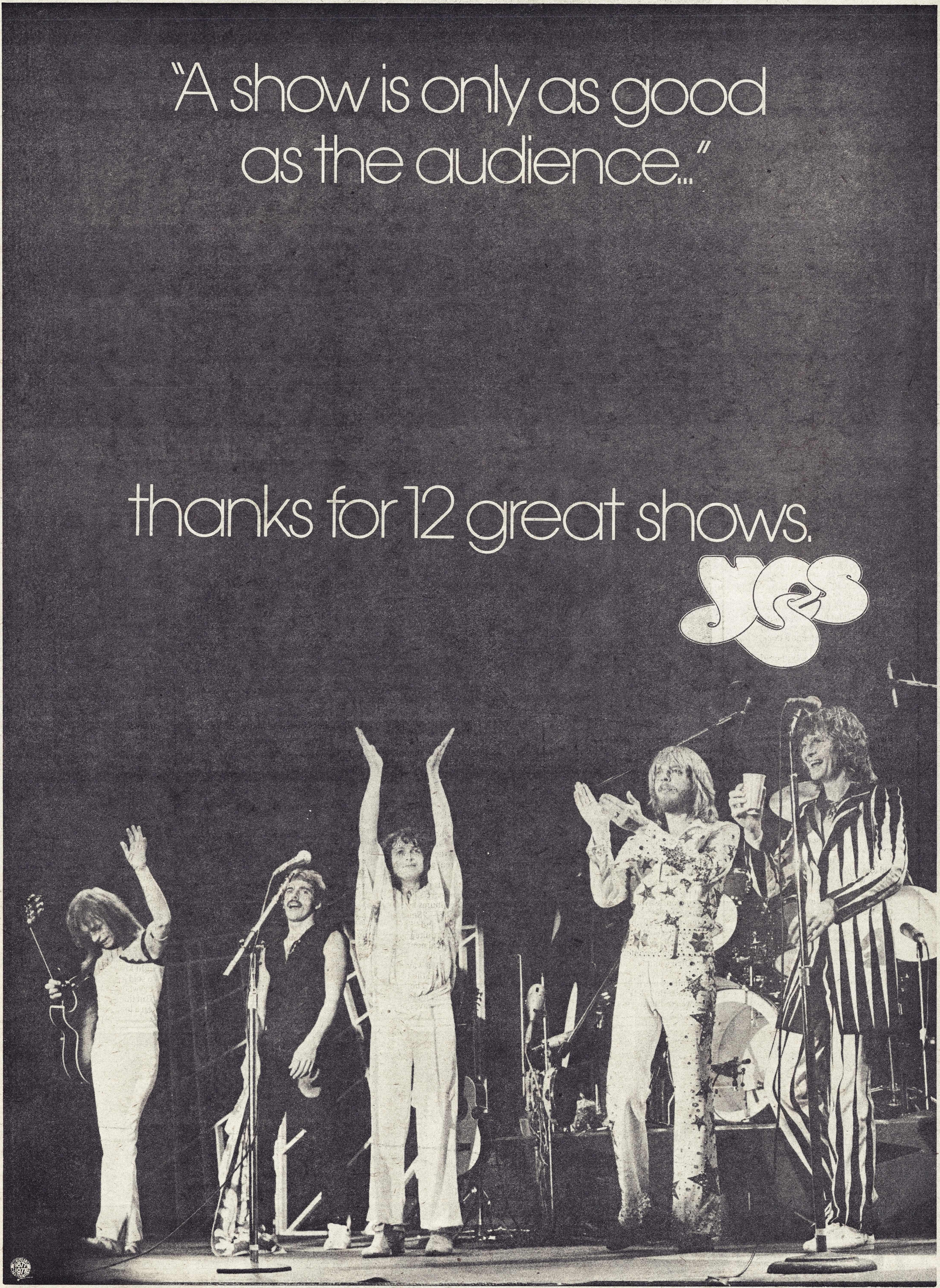
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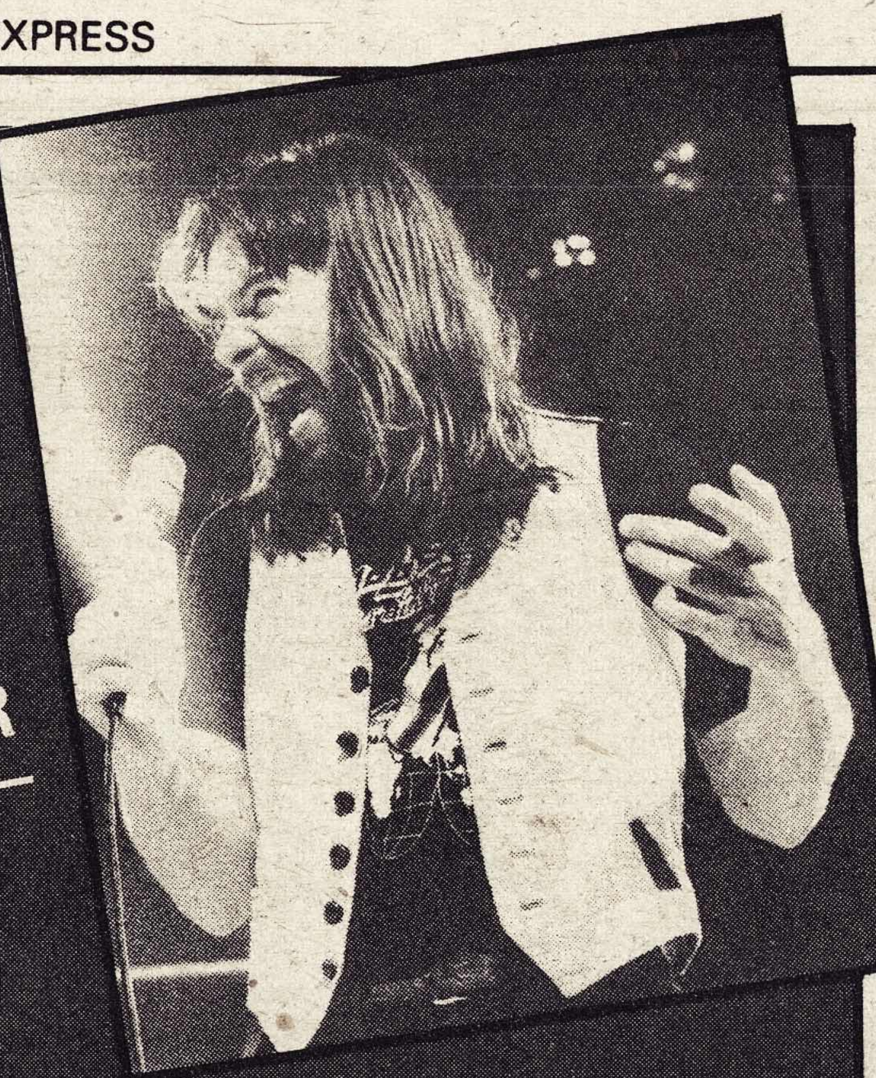

ANDY GILL talks to Mr BOB (Big in the backwoods 'n' getting bigger) SEGER

THE MICHIGAN MARVEL

Pix: PAUL CANTY, KEVIN CUMMINS

ON THE covers of several of Bob Seger's albums there's this curious production credit to "Punch". Many's the time I'd wondered whether this was an oblique hint at the nature of Seger's music — in the same way that Graham Central Station's Larry Graham delegates production to one "God" (whoever *he* is!) — or possibly a reference to some hook-nosed puppet in the control booth with a penchant for club-wielding and messing around with alligators.

Punch Andrews is, in actual fact, Bob Seger's manager from way back, a solidly-built guy with a helmet of curly hair who's seen his boy rise, over the past few years, from the status of minor-league cult hero (with an astonishing local popularity in his home state of Michigan) to widespread commercial success with the "Live Bullet" and "Night Moves" albums.

And Andrews sure as hell knows Seger's worth: he's not about to let him be steamrollered into doing any interview he's not feeling up to, especially with Seger's head riddled with a particularly malicious-sounding cold.

Still, Seger concurs, and where one might expect a grisly bundle of machismo made even less prepossessing by illness, was a warm, friendly bloke glowing with the warmth of a successful performance. Jocular, even. In fact, the only person I've ever met blessed with an almost permanent smile.

But then, he has every reason to be smiling now.

The coincidence of Seger's success with the current redivivus of grass-roots British rock'n'roll is not without its finer irony; it's a coincidence emphasised (with a justice which, if not quite poetic, is more than apt) by The Rods' first flowering with Seger's "Get Out Of Denver". And, although Brit-punks would probably be put off by superficialities like Seger's physical robustness and hirsute appearance, many of the American new wave apparently acknowledge a debt to his unflinchingly gritty stance.

Not that Seger's too bothered; when asked about his position as "precursor of punk", he flips back with "What's 'precursor' mean?", accompanied by the mightiest of guffaws.

"I really haven't heard that much punk music. I've been locked up in the studio for the last three months, and they don't play much of it in Detroit — it's a pretty tight radio format there. I keep reading about it in the papers, but I haven't heard it yet . . . I think they're going back to more, I feel, like the 50s, which is more like what we've got, I think, as opposed to the 50s. Maybe that's the only similarity".

So when did Seger first get stung by rock'n'roll?

"At the beginning, Bill Haley. I'm old enough! Thirty-two . . . Bill Haley was the first, and Little Richard; and Elvis, a little later. But Bill Haley and Little Richard were probably the first . . . Frankie Lymon, those guys".

When Seger first started out, singles were the dominant music form, due mainly to the lack of FM radio at the time. He first struck, consequently, with singles such as "Heavy Music" and "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man". After the latter an album of the same name was **hurriedly thrown together to capitalise on the single's success in true music-biz manner. Seger's far from happy with the result, naturally.**

The only one of the four albums released under his early Capitol contract that he has anything approaching a kind word to say about is "Mongrel", and he's dissatisfied with his own inadequacy as lead guitarist on that one too. His early lack of success he attributes generally to poor promotion:

"We never had a really good agency till we did 'Beautiful Loser', then we got a good agency, started working our way up, 30 minutes opening on three-act shows, then second act, finally headlining last fall.

"Plus, the companies. The first time we were with Capitol, it was rather a square company — they had, like, Glen Campbell and Buck Owens, people like that. They had two bands of merit. Well, three, but The Beach Boys left just about the time we got there. They left, and The Beatles were just beginning to fade, or leave — they had their own label about that time, and the only other one was The Band. Other than that . . . Oh, they had Steve Miller, who was doing about as good as I was at the time.

"Anyway, we went to Warner Brothers and we were totally lost in the shuffle there. But when we went *back* to Capitol there were some younger guys there who knew us and liked us the first time around, and they were now up in the positions of power, so we got a real good push, right off the top".

Seger may dismiss his period at Warners lightly, but there's little doubt that the three albums he produced for the label — "Smokin' O.P.'s", "Back In '72" and "Seven" — are the three which (quite rightly) elevated him from virtual nonentity to cult hero.

Each a classic in its own way, they captured a sound and feel the rock world had long since lost. They were, of course, ignored by the mass of the record-buying public as waves of soporific country-rock and sluggish Southern boogie swamped the music industry.

" 'Smokin' O.P.'s' was the only album I ever did that was a collaboration. I sorta had to prove myself to the other members of the band. The drummer (David Teegarden) — who's with us now, because there was an accident with our own drummer, Charlie (Charlie Allen Martin), who was paralysed from the waist down in a bad auto accident last fall — and Skip Knape were like a jazz duo. They liked soul, music, things like that, and I was rock'n'roll. We sorta fused it together on 'Smokin' O.P.'s. We played together for a year, then made a record of our favourite things and cut it in three days, It's got a really 'live' sorta feel to it".

Since then he's refined that feel over several albums, and eventually did the obvious, recording a live double album in front of a partisan Detroit crowd with his Silver Bullet Band. It's no exaggeration to say that it puts the recent rash of live doubles into somewhat laughable perspective; when Seger makes a yardstick, it measures all of 37 inches.

THE SILVER Bullet Band comprises, besides Teegarden, Chris Campbell on bass, Drew Abbott on guitar, Alto Reed on saxes and Tim Buckley-lookalike Robyn Robbins on keyboards, and earlier in the evening, at Manchester's Palace Theatre, they'd delivered a show which all but outstripped any praise it could be afforded. Real throughbred stuff, neither primitive nor over-embellished.

The only reservation I had, which I put to Seger, was that there wasn't enough of the older material in the show. It is, after all, their first tour this side of the Atlantic, and a more overall perspective might have been in order . . .

"I got a cold, Couldn't do a very long show tonight. In a couple of days we'll lengthen it out, add about 20 more minutes, but now I'm in dire shape."

Why'd it take you so long to get to Britain?

"Well, we couldn't get the timing right. I've been working since 'Night Moves'. I wanted to have an album out within a year — that would've been October 15th, that's around now . . ."

It's today.

"Well, there it is! It's not out today. Like, last week we mixed 110 hours, working on this album, trying to get it out before we left. Couldn't manage it. So we're gonna put it off till January".

What's it like?

"It's called 'Stranger In Town'. It's a little heavier than 'Night Moves', a bit more rocky. Lyrically, it's changing to a degree, 'cos I'm tired of writing songs about the road, y'know, so I've put an end to that for a while. I've tried to find a theme, it's a bit easier that way. But it's not too much of a change.

"There's a song on it called 'Brave Strangers' that's in a similar style to 'Need Ya' — rock gospel, about six or seven minutes long, half fast, half slow. Kinda like Van Morrison, I suppose".

As Seger's music might suggest, he's not a man of great profundity. **He's not given to the potted politicising so a la mode of late, possibly realising he couldn't add much to what's already been said. There's little point searching for hidden meanings in a Seger song: his music goes no deeper than the grooves of the record. Like the man himself, it just *is*. A satisfied man (and who can begrudge him satisfaction after ten years of hard graft?) he's wont to take off to his country cabin in Michigan whenever he has a spare moment.**

Michigan is, of course, Seger's backyard. It's also been his bread and butter during his lean years. His must be the single greatest case of local success ever in the history of rock. Probably in the history of music.

"In Detroit, we get audiences of 70, 80, 90 thousand. We're really huge there. We sell more record there than anybody in the whole world, more than Zeppelin, The Beatles, the Stones . . . The last three albums that we've done are in the top four all-time selling albums in the Detroit market, which encompasses all of Michigan, a bit of Ohio, a bit of Indiana and a little bit of Wisconsin.

"We probably sold half a million records in the Michigan market on 'Night Moves', which is unbelievable. We sold a million and a half everywhere else . . ."

But that million and a half's sure been a long time coming.

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SINGLES

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY PAUL RAMBALI

Honour goes to Hell

SINGLE OF THE WEEK RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS: Blank Generation (Sire). By default rather than design Hell cops the honours this week.

Although "Blank Generation" is an ace track its strength as a single is not great. Also running against it is the fact that the song has already been available on Stiff (in a limited edition, but hands up those of you with copy number one?) and must be by now familiar to all. However, this re-recorded version, fresh from the album of the same name, is considerably superior, and the other title contenders considerably less ace. So it goes to Hell, if you'll excuse the pun.

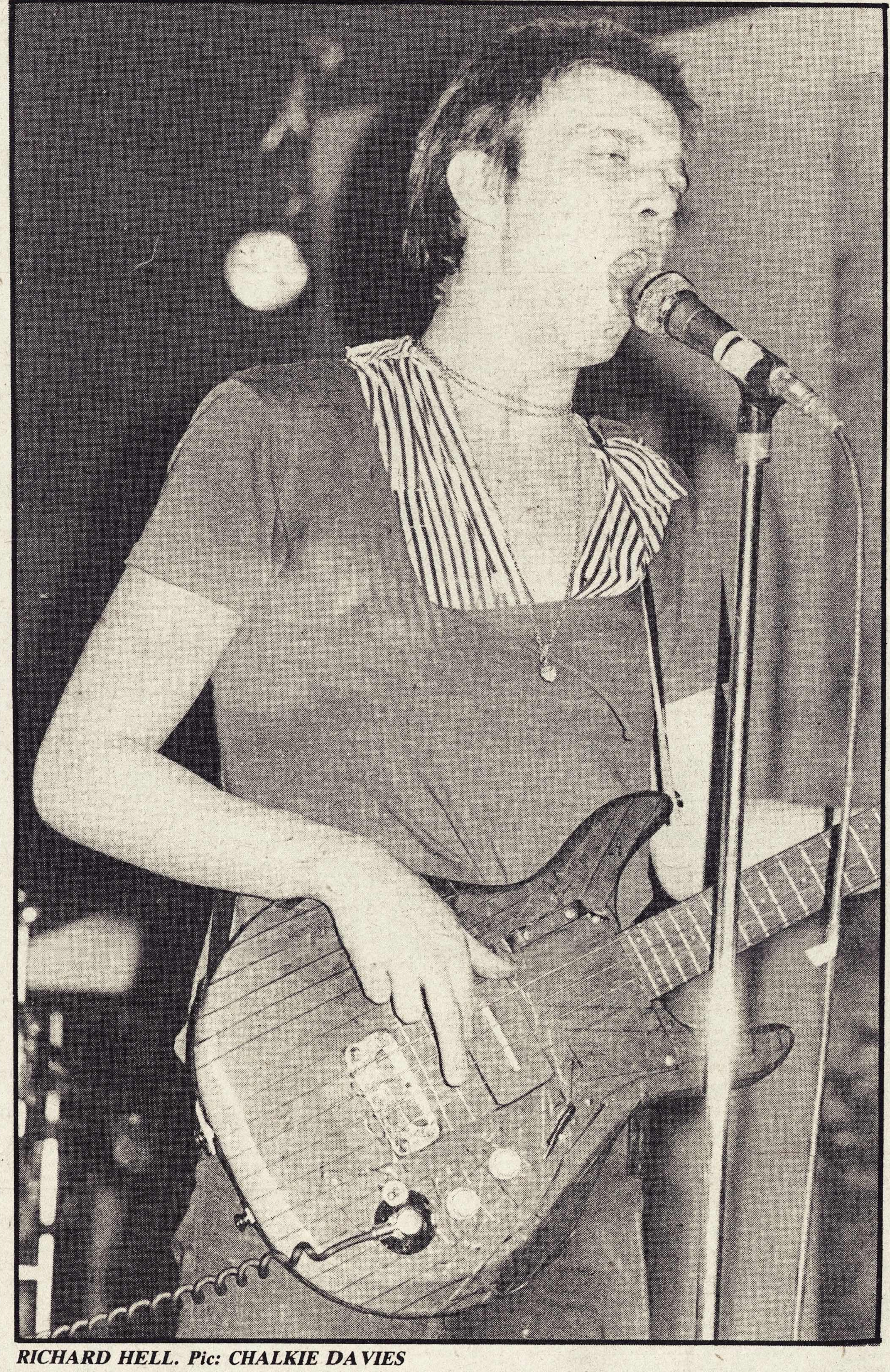
After the Voidoids' spectacularly mis-co-ordinated intro it's a wonder they all come together on the same note, but they do, and Richard spits *"I was saying let me out of here before I was even born"* with a delivery the line deserves, while the band coalesce for a display of New York electrotherapy. Guitars strain at the leash, begging for the twice-given chance to hit that primal Fender scream, and the vocals walk a tight line between cool nerve and nervous camp.

Handled badly, "Blank Generation" could have been simply a camp throwaway, but Hell trancends the joke by singing the things like he means it, something he didn't do on the Stiff version. This gives the song a neat double edge. After all, if he really did belong to the blank generation it would preclude him voicing the fact with such enthusiasm.

Unlimited, un-numbered edition, no pic sleeve, no special B-side, no collectability. Only playability.

THE RUNAWAYS: School Days (Mercury). Considering most rock markets have a balanced, healthy population breakdown, and considering that jailbait and rock'n'roll are such obvious bedfellows, it's only surprising Kim Fowley tood so long to dream up The Runaways. But, as often happens, the idea is better than the actuality. The Runaways sing like clothes-horses, the music is just beefed-up old powerchords and the fun is only fun the first time. This is the first offering from the new depleted line-up and is no different from before, except there's less to look at. It sound fine at eight o'clock on a Saturday night with a blunt stylus and cranked-up autochanger, but by the time the party's over and it's been played six times you're ready to groan. An instant, disposable record, and as such almost single of the week.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR: New York Shuffle (Vertigo). The Rumour's Martin Belmont was probably right when he said Parker writes songs that have been written before as though they never had, but he didn't warn us that Parker would keep re-writing those songs. "New York Shuffle" is at least faster than usual and bounces along at the currently favoured dance pace, otherwise it's a quick run through of Parker trademarks — same chord changes, same hooks, same tough but cute nasal whine. Notable mostly as another of producer Nick Lowe's attempts to re-introduce that cheap plastic organ sound into the mainstream of rock instrumentation.



RICHARD HELL. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

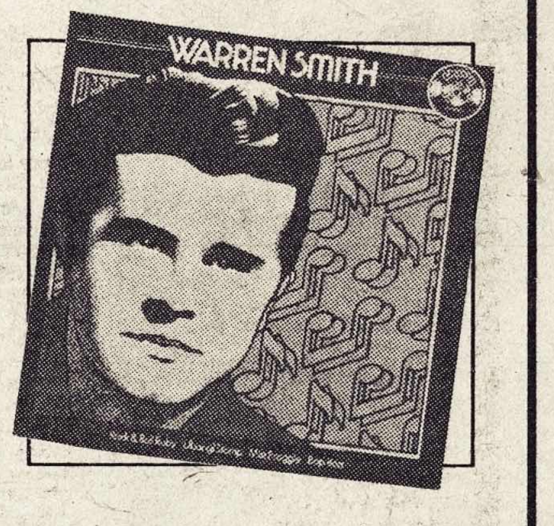
BLONDIE: Rip Her To Shreds (Chrysalis). And from the Vox Continental we move logically to the Farfisa, another step forward for plastic organs coming this time from Blondie's new 12 incher (ouch). Deborah cats her way through the lyrics like a wayward teen queen with the most vicious tongue in the school, while Blondie cut clean and crisp with their eminently transistorized sound. Now that Blondie's year-old debut album is being re-released on Chrysalis, this track has been lifted as a single, It's not as good as "X Offender", but that's on the B-side. So it you haven't yet fallen for this up market bubblegum with up market page three sales gimmick now's the chance.

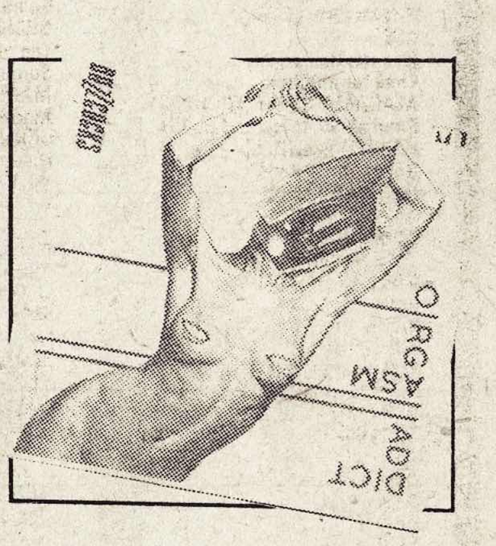
LARRY WALLIS: Police Car (Stiff). Ex UFO and Pink Fairy Larry Wallis adopts the persona of a police car for his first Stiff. A simple Motors-like guitar riff sets the pace at medium rocker. Wallis imitates Nick Lowe's chewing-gum vocal style (taking camaraderie to the borders of incest) and tells of all the things he does during the day's duty. Not an auspicious debut, but improves with play.

THE MORE EXTREME MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SHOVE IT AGAINST THE WALL AND HOPE IT STICKS SYNDROME

TELESCOPE: Bye Byes Ain't Nice (Pentagon). This is all Jonathan Richman's fault. If it wasn't for the Boston bozo showing the way people like Telescope would keep their mondo warpos safely repressed. Not that Telescope have any of Richman's oddball charm, though there's a similarity in that his debut also sounds like it was conceived and executed in less than 20 minutes with a flagrant disregard for all commercial tenets. A bone crunching rhythm and a five-year-old with a synthesiser provide the backdrop for Telescope to reduce the plight of the forsaken lover, usually a fountain of songwriting inspiration, to four simple syllables (see title).

TONY VISCONTI: Mope-itty Mope Stomp (Mercury). Veteran producer Tony Visconti turns to novelty records, which is as good a way as any to make a name for yourself. This sounds like a cross between "Surfin Bird" and "Martian Hop". *"Just got back from outer space, where I met a girl who had no face"* sings Visconti, in what must be the year's first accapella dance





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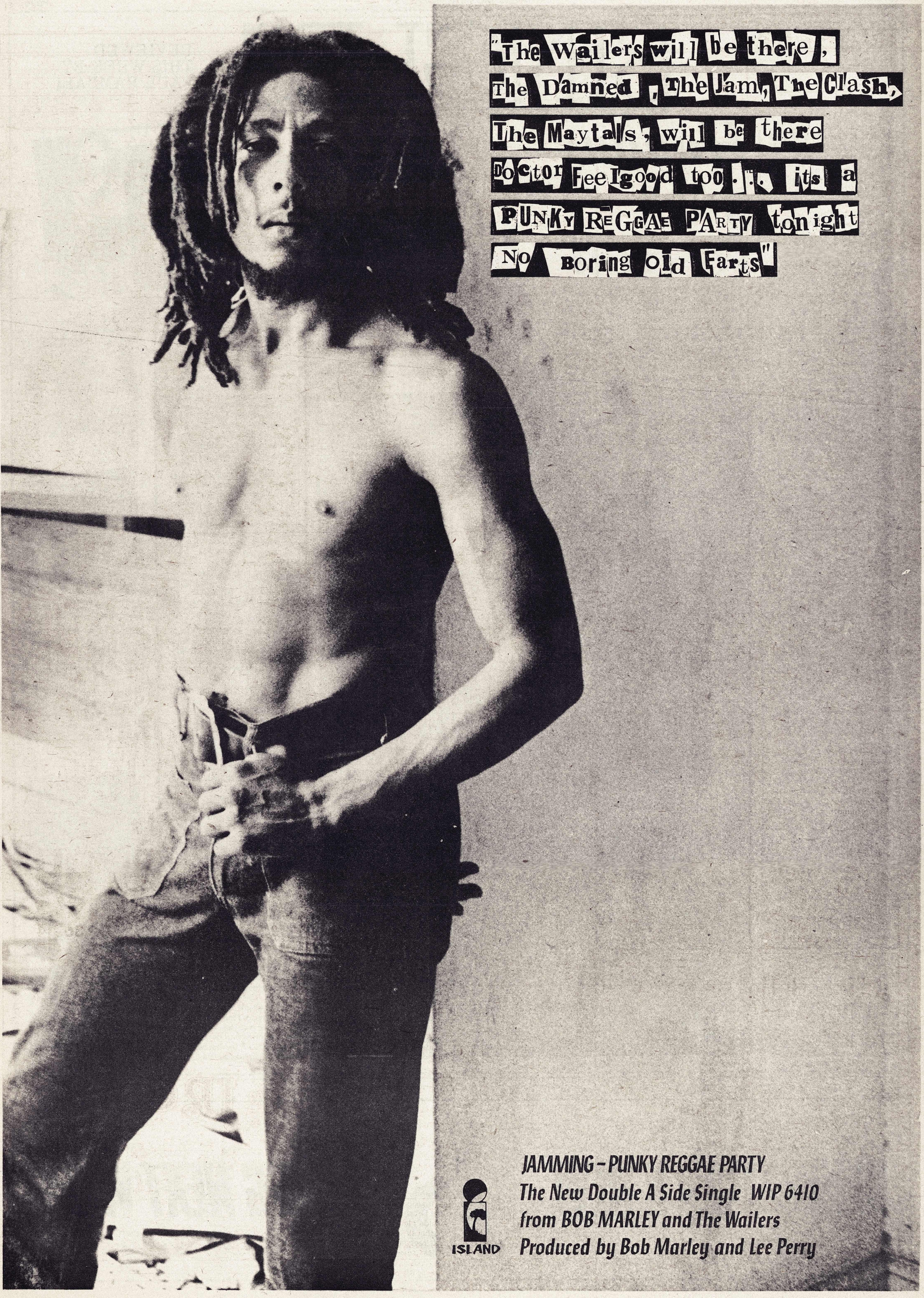
GENERATION X NEW CALLING NEXT WEEK

NME1


"The Wailers will be there,
The Damned, The Jam, The Clash,
The Maytals, will be there
Doctor Feelgood too... its a
PUNKY REGGAE PARTY tonight
No "Boring Old Farts"
JAMMING – PUNKY REGGAE PARTY
The New Double A Side Single WIP 6410
from BOB MARLEY and The Wailers
Produced by Bob Marley and Lee Perry
ISLAND

SINGLES

■ *From page 29*

craze record. The loudest and also silliest one this week.

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT: Really Free (Polydor). Otway's strangely devoted following will have to explain this. I can't.

MEANWHILE BACK ON THE STREETS OF PLANET EARTH

BUZZCOCKS: Orgasm Addict (UA). I sympathise with lyricist Howard Devoto's decision to leave this group because no-one could hear his words. He wrote this song, and the words are inaudible beyond the title refrain, which, considering its inanity, may or may not be a good thing. Whatever, Buzzcocks seem to have arrived on United Artists, who seem to think they did something right when they put The Stranglers in T.W. studios with Martin Rushent and hope to repeat the formula here. Not great, not much more than mediocre, but compulsive and frantic enough.

THE LURKERS: Freak Show (Beggars Banquet). Their second record in two months, evincing no musical maturation whatsoever. Words like minimalism seem insufficient here.

JOE COOL & THE KILLERS: I Just Don't Care (Ariola). Studio assembled punk. More emphatic than simply I don't care, but if that's the case, why bother to say it anyway?

RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH: City Of The Damned (DJM). This lot sounds like Ultravox, replete with moderately obtuse and fanciful lyrics. Art for art's sake I fear.

TRASH: Priorities (Polydor). More youthful frustration makes its way on to disc. All well and good, except it isn't everyone that can express the hopes and fears of a generation in under three minutes. Trash can't, but this doesn't stop them trying.

THE STUKAS: Klean Livin Kids (Chiswick). Pleasant pop inflected r'n'b from London's Stukas that suffers from a flat sound, dull vocals and a deficit of memorable melody. A faintly humorous lyrical twist at the end proves to be both the pitfall of clean living and the only exciting moment of the record.

COCK SPARRER: We Love You (Decca). Politely rocking powerchords and a thick Cockney brogue on the old Stones psychedelic turkey by a bunch of skinheads (who appear to have confused their time continuums) do not a worthwhile 12 inches make. Nor probably seven inches.

RADIO STARS: Nervous Wreck (Chiswick). Daft little throwaway from Radio Stars, who like Cod Sparrer above don't really belong in this category but would look wrong everywhere else too. Destined to miss the charts by miles through an ingeniously off the wall approach to making what they think are pop records. Twelve inches and a pic sleeve if you're quick.

THE PRODUCT OF BETTER NEIGHBOURHOODS

PAUL SIMON: Slip Slidin Away (CBS). I don't much care for this record, but I give it credit for a silky sophistication that will instantly separate it from other brands of consumer fare. Simon's voice curls around the oddly pessimistic lyric and the production softly lulls the listener into a feeling of warmth and security. A reasonable return for 70 pee, presuming all the listener wants is a tasteful palliative.

ALESSI: All For A Reason (A&M). If the listener still wants same and is less discriminating he or she could buy this too. Soothing American contemporary pop, aural candyfloss. Not as good as "Oh Lori", but then I didn't much care for that either.

BAY CITY ROLLERS: The Way I Feel Tonight (Arista). Disappointing turn-out from the tartan terrors. They've gone soft, sorry, matured for their newfound American audience and the result is horribly vacuous. They were always, of course, horribly vacuous, but at least once offered some amusement in the process. Here they sound like David Cassidy, which is perhaps the only thing worse than sounding like The Bay City Rollers.

PETE TOWNSHEND & RONNIE LANE: Street In The City (Polydor). Talking of maturing, the mighty Pete Townshend can here muster only enough will to *"lean back on this wall and pray"*. "Street In The City" is a ballad of resignation and faint hope. A fine song, but not a good single, and sad not only in tone but for many other reasons as well. The spokesman for a generation is now speaking only for himself, or maybe the rest of his generation feel that way too?

LINDA RONSTADT: It's So Easy (Asylum). Less than two months ago Linda released her version of Warren Zevon's "Poor, Poor Pitiful Me". Since the song was an acid put down of L.A. lifestyle with verses about meeting masochists in bars and going to hotels with them, it isn't surprising she bombed out — commercially and artistically. Back in safe territory with yet another Buddy Holly song (she has already covered "That'll Be The Day") and she bombs out again. She ought to accept the offer from *Hustler* magazine to do a centre spread, right now, while she still has credibility left to lose.

JOE ELY: Gambler's Bride (MCA). Credibility is not something this guy's short on though. Joe Ely is the latest name in the new country music, and despite the fact that the genre moves me rarely, this I like. Sounds like "Mexicali Blues", and Ely sings like a tougher Bob Weir.

CLOVER: Oh Senorita (Vertigo). If Graham Parker had a prodigious or at least self-important guitarist he'd sound like this. But he would have to sing like a member of The Eagles and write exceedingly trite songs if he wanted to get really close.

PAUL DAVIS: Medicine Woman (Bang). The least offensive American AM offering this week, which means it's not as bad as the rest but only marginally less so. It could also mean, though, that it's not very offensive and therefore somewhat bland. Actually it's both — bland, but not as bad as the rest.

SHERBET: Magazine Madonna (CBS). This group is a bit of a wonder down under. They've had something like five consecutive number ones and come over like an Aussie answer to Abba. Pop as effluent with words lamenting and at the same time liking the subject of the song. This strange ambivalence towards subject matter is not only an irksome feature of this sort of music, but could one day cause serious psychological damage to the members of the group. Destined to be some DJ's record of the week and thereafter a housewife hit.

WARREN SMITH: Rock'n'Roll Ruby / 3 more (Charly). Along with Billy Lee Riley, Smith's one of Sun's forgotten rockabilly artists. But if it's got that beat, it must be alreet. It has and it is, though Smith's voice is probably the reason why it was forgotten in the first place.

KEVIN KITCHEN: Silver Dream (Ice). The pleasant surprise of the week is this single. I don't know anything about the man apart from him having an odd name and an equally oddly named label, but "Silver Dream" is a fine little song, redolent of Lewis Furey at his least arch moments and Steely Dan at their earliest. This probably means very little to you, but then Kevin Kitchen must mean even less. An undercurrent of bizarreness wi l prevent this being a hit, or maybe not. Intriguing.

HEAVY METAL KIDS: Delirious (RAK). *"Don't take me seriusss"* shouts Gary Holton. As if we did anyway. The Kids still sound like nine-year-old brats trying to make music with their big brothers' guitars. So much so that at the end of the song I expected big brother to snatch his guitar back and give Holton a clip round the ear. No luck, but still an enjoyably snotty record that sounds like The Motors would if they didn't take themselves seriously and comes off the better for it.

HELEN REDDY: The Happy Girls (Capitol). Here's someone else who doesn't want to be taken seriously. After all, linking up with Kim Fowley is not the easiest route to credibility, unless it's punk credibility Ms Reddy's after. She won't get any sort of credibility with this, though. It was supposed to be the ultimate in MOR but in fact it's the ultimate in bad MOR. This, however, is probably a blessing in disguise, she might have turned out like this:

TWIGGY: Tomorrow Is Another Day (Mercury). In one ear and out the other.

DOOBIE BROTHERS: Echoes Of Love (Warner Bros). Ditto.

KLAATU: The Loneliest Of Creatures (Capitol). Klaatu sold a lot of records in America earlier this year because they sounded like The Beatles. Rumours that Klaatu were The Beatles incognito were fuelled by their record company's refusal to confirm or deny the story and the group's lack of personal appearances. This generated much interest and consequently many sales. Here they sound like Queen. Someone should have told them that Queen haven't cracked up yet.

DEBBY BOONE: You Light Up My Life (Warner Bros). Debby Boone is Pat Boone's daughter. Her record is the number one single in America at the moment. It sounds like Linda Ronstadt doing a Carpenters song. Obviously.

AIRWAVES: Nobody Is (Rockfield). A few patched together riffs do not a song make. But if they're patched together well enough and were good ones in the first place then the result shouldn't be too bad. This steals for its chorus the verse of Dave Edmunds' "Here Comes The Weekend", chugs along at about the same meter and isn't bad.

SOUNDER: Get Down On Your Knees (Sonet). An above-average record from another bunch of unknowns. Two rough pop songs that lose points from a weak production job but still come through clear and infectious. The singer's gruff voice lends an air of individuality, as does the presence of a firm dance beat and simple, symmetrical song construction. The B-side, "Bus Stop Romance", is an especially wry song about chatting up lady conductors.

THIS WEEK'S PRINT OUT

DENIECE WILLIAMS: Baby Baby My Love's All For You (CBS). Despite a wordy title, this is a smooth, effectively simple number. The Earth, Wind and Fire team (production and backing) provide succinct funk while Williams sings like a more bearable Minnie Riperton. I predict a good run of hits then the public will tire of her voice, it being slightly on the novelty side. This is one of the hits.

EARTH WIND & FIRE: Serpentine Fire (CBS). Elastic, athletic funk from one of the best assimilators of Sly Stone and James Brown going. Too much of a dance record (though not disco) to be a hit here, which is, I suppose, a compliment. Wesley-type horn lines are a treat.

DIANA ROSS: Getting Ready For Love (Motown). It's not like the old days is it.

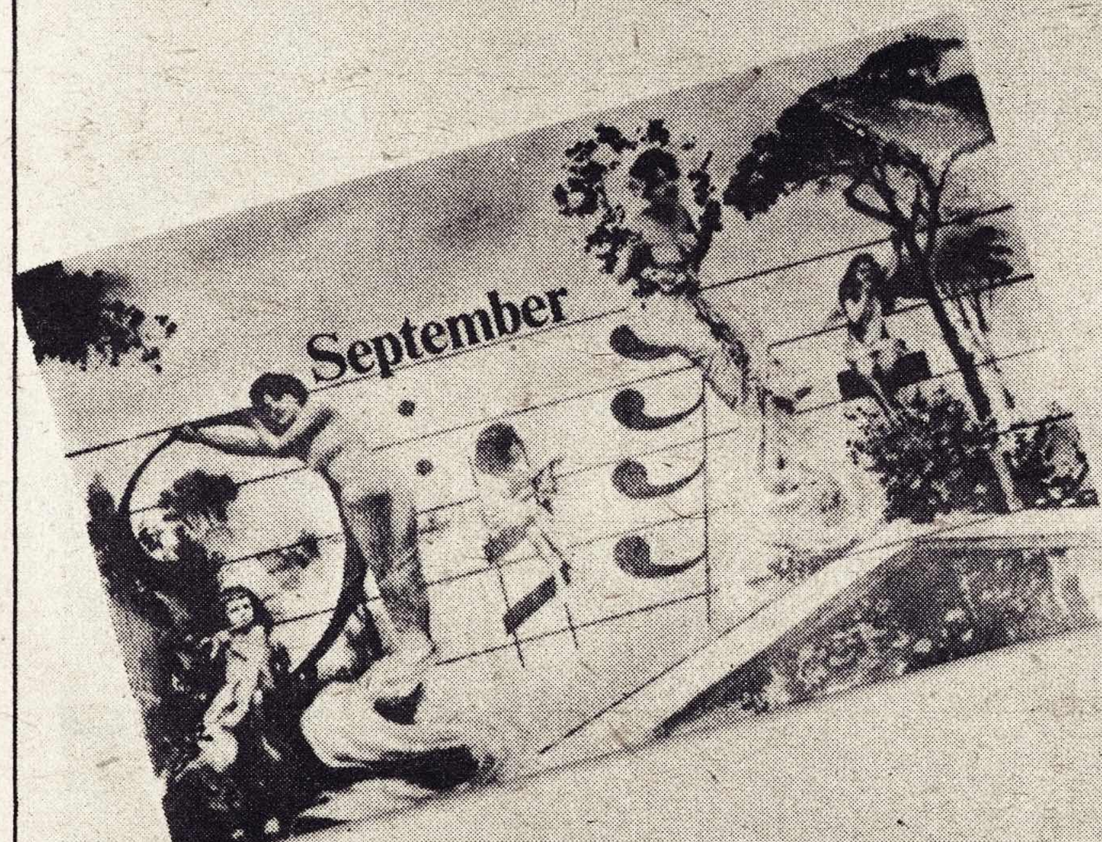
MASS PRODUCTION: I Believe In Music (Cotillion). A very apt name for a group like this.

SKANK OUT IN STYLE

THE SKATALITES: Guns Of Navarone (Island). A Ram Jam club favourite from the mid-60s and later a skinhead moonstomp special. I'd like to say this brings back memories of Brixton Blues, but the only time I ever went to one they wouldn't let me in. Still, it's sad that ska, blue beat and early reggae, some of the dirtiest, sexiest music ever, no loner exists. Dig this now because it's already too late.

Paul Rambali

Cado Belle



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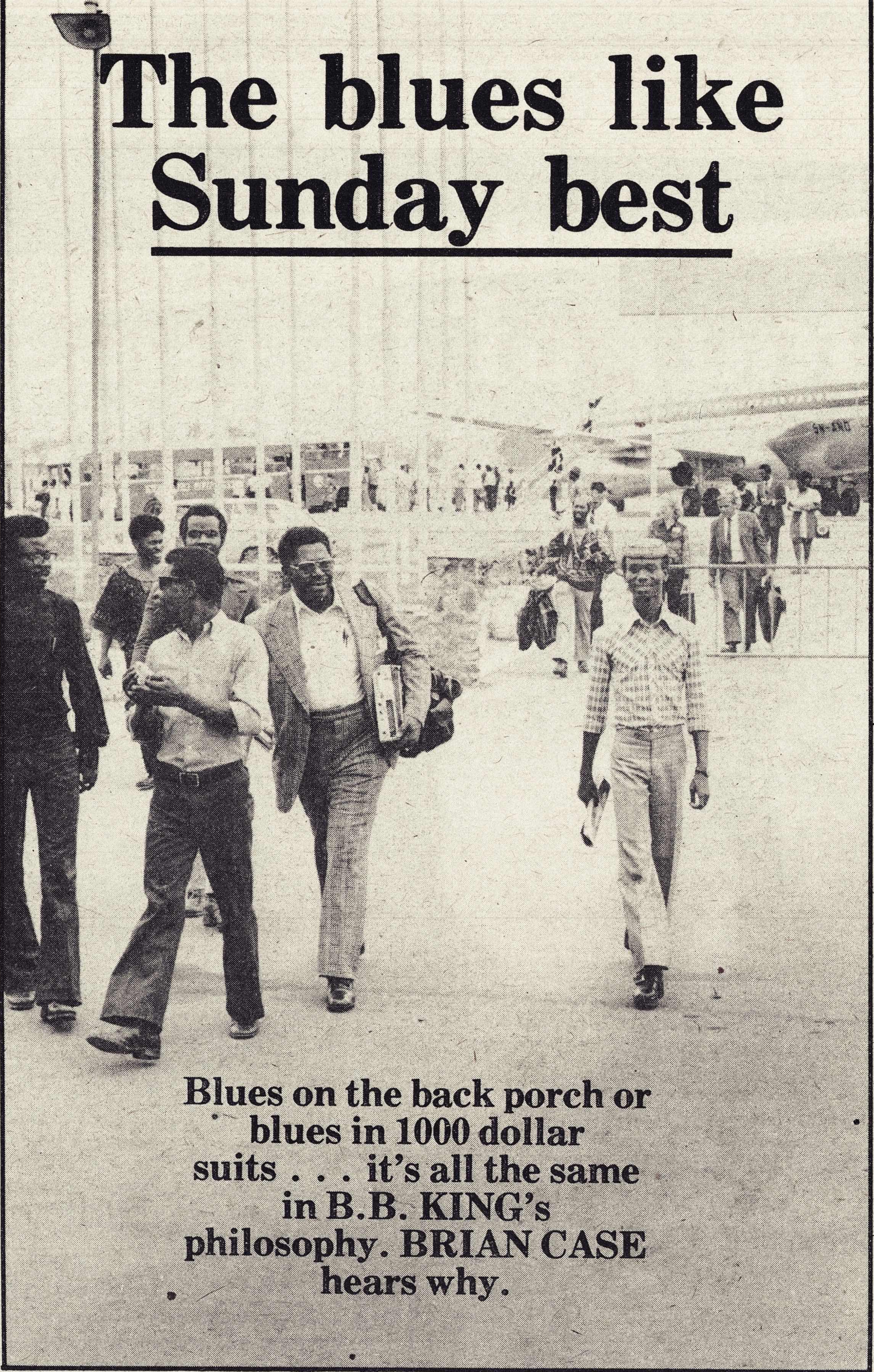


Blues on the back porch or blues in 1000 dollar suits . . . it's all the same in B.B. KING's philosophy. BRIAN CASE hears why.

Another airport, another gig: the Blues Boy arriving in Nigeria, hardware under arm. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

"Everbody wants to know why I sing the blues,
Yes I say everybody wanna know why I sing the blues,
Well I've been around a long time,
I really have paid my dues . . ."

CLEARLY NOBODY has told B.B. King about horizontal stripes and The Larger Man. He sits square as a samurai in his hotel room, fists on knees, generous belly and chest transforming his horizontally-striped shirt into a relief map of mountainous regions. Around his neck he wears a golden pharoah. He exudes well-being, good humour and what the uproarious churches call justification. B. B. King, striped and satisfied . . .

Lucille stands propped in the corner, a far and crafted cry from the eight-dollar guitar he started out on back in Itta Bena, Mississippi. Why does he call his guitar Lucille? B.B. was playing a flea-flop dance hall down in Twist, Arkansas, and two young men got in a fight over a woman. One of them kicked over a kerosene heater in the centre of the floor, whoosh went the hall, both cats burned to death and B.B. got out with just his guitar. The name of the woman? Lucille. "She must be some girl," said The Man.

The chitlin circuit of tin-roof barns and fruit-crate stages, farm hands in Sears & Roebuck finery stomping on the tamped dirt floor. B. B. King spent 20-some years out there in the boondocks, set up a personal record of 342 one-nighters back in 1956.

"There's an old saying that if you can't take Mohamet to the mountain, then you take the mountain — oh, wait a minute —" B. B. King bent his brows over that particular transportation problem, some roadies, man — and then laughed. "Well, you know what I mean. Some of us feel that there are people that'd never get a chance to hear us if we didn't go to these places. There are people that never visit the cities, say, if they live 200 miles outside of the city and the transportation is bad. If they did get someone to take them, they wouldn't have any money to spend when they got there. So I feel that we're kinda messengers."

Didn't the continual touring get him down? Just how do you get your chops up after hours of airport delay, grabbed snacks and sleeplessness? The band had been a couple of hours late for the Hammersmith concert due to strike action at Orly, came on in their street clothes — and HIT IT.

"I think the way I look at it is as part of the paying of the dues. Everything is. Like in a Country & Western song I heard — 'I Didn't Promise You A Rose Garden' — or something like that. Now, I was tired. Yes. I remember reading once that a lady was having a tyre changed on an automobile and it fell down on her baby. She picked it up and pulled her baby out, not realizing what she'd done. Well, that's the type of strength that happens to. You find energy. You don't know where it was stored. I never miss jobs, because how many people have sacrificed something to catch the show that night — and I'm the one guy that will make it happen. If I don't get there, then a whole lotta people will be let down. Outa my 31 years I've missed 16 dates and only about 4 or 5 of them was my own fault. The rest was what they write on legal contracts — an Act of God. I was constantly thinking that we must let the people know we were trying ANYTHING to get here — even if I had to come out here in my BED!"

He guffawed at the idea, a nice sincere man with a rock-hard concept of duty. Playing England has a special place on his roster. It was the accolades of Eric Clapton, George Harrison and The Rolling Stones that boosted his reputation beyond the die-hard blues following. Didn't he resent the patronage of imitators?

"No, I don't resent it because through the history I've studied, I've found that jazz, for example, was never popular until the whites started to play it. Boogie-woogie wasn't popular until Freddie Slack, and the same thing in other branches of music. I'm very glad that it eventually did happen. Oh, there have been times when I did feel bad — it's when someone imitates us, yes, and they're able to play places that the authentic one cannot. Then I'm very disturbed. Talent should be heard. It shouldn't be discriminatory, so that you can play and I cannot. That I don't like. The English rock musicians gave the blues the boost, they're the ones that gave it the shot in the arm that made it really get up."

Oddly enough, the capitulation of that bastion of the Establishment, Carnegie Hall, to B.B.'s brand of the blues failed to thrill him. Something for the scrapbook, but nothing for the dignification of the art form. Very much of his generation, B.B.'s views on Blues in Sunday Best run counter to the middle-class need for plebian rebel-heroes.

"I've always believed that no matter what the critics say, blues music is just as fine if presented as well as any other type of music. I thought very hard about how to bring it to the people, try to present it in a way where nobody would be shocked — you know, bad lyrics, bad sounds, bad orchestration. For instance, we'll take Ted Heath —"

I bit the lip.

"If Ted Heath had played prior, I would try to present my blues where the same audience wouldn't be so bored that they'd walk off because of the contrast."

I bit the chair. Fantasies swarmed. The Tory Party Conference at rigid attention for "How Blue Can You Get", all the way down the alley for Heath The Conqueroo, got his chops leading the blind . . .

"I'm not saying that I disagree with lyrics or lines I hear in tunes, but I would never use them. It's not my personality, but if they get away with it, fine. I try to present my blues whereby, if I had the chance, the Queen wouldn't be insulted. The same way you wouldn't be ashamed to have B. B. King play the blues for your parents or children at your home. I think in a lotta cases people think only illiterates are blues singers or musicians, bombed with alcohol, couldn't write his name, and he never had a thought of respecting others or how to present himself. I'm just saying that it'd be a rare thing for you to see me drunk or molesting someone in any kinda way — and I'd fire anyone in my band that did do it. This is the reputation that I've tried to carry through."

He spread his big arms and shook his head. "Oh — I get lost for words, but if you can understand what I'm saying? I was a disc jockey for about 5 years, never did learn to talk."

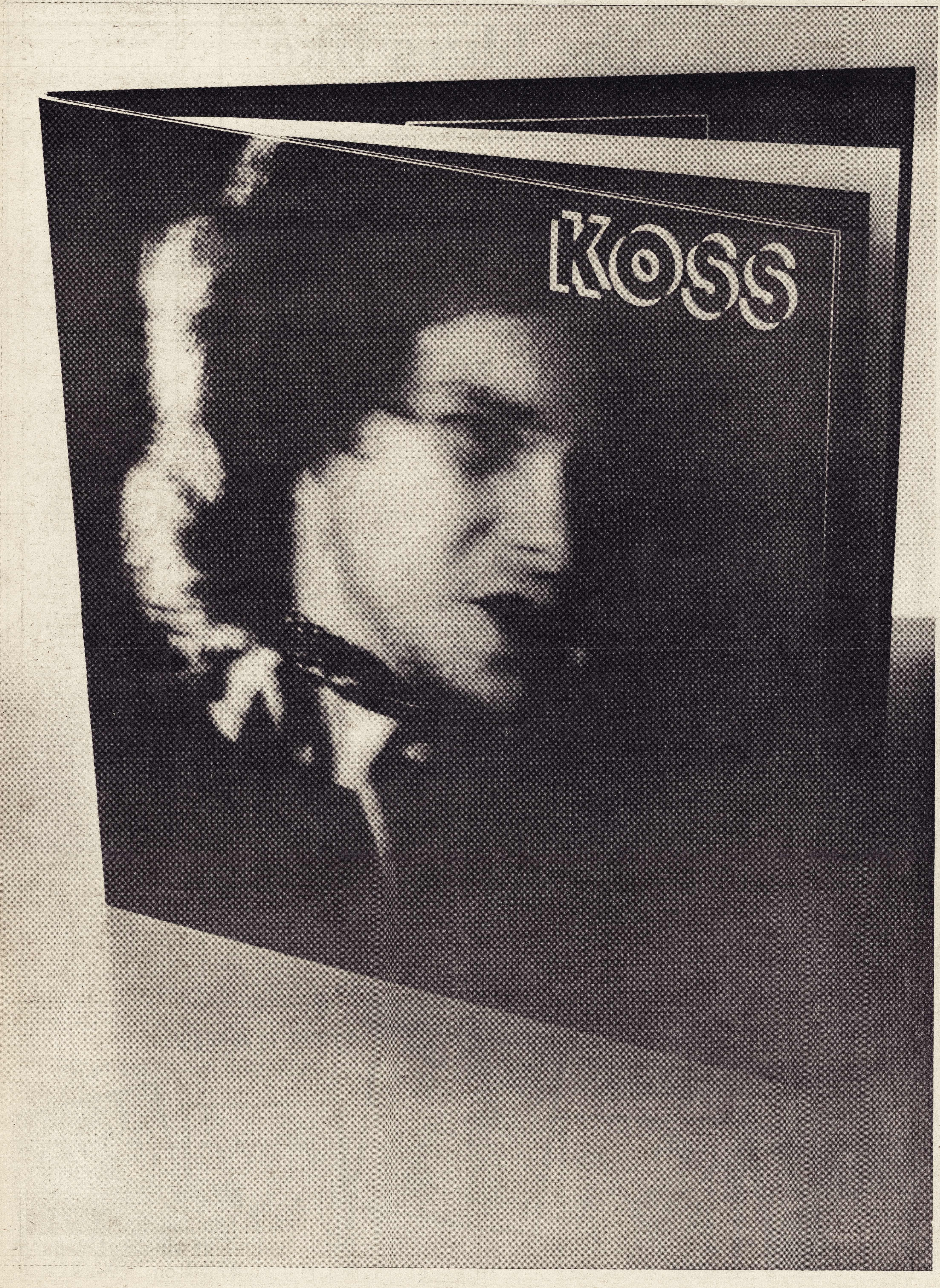
RILEY KING was recommended for the disc jockey slot in the Memphis black radio network WDIA, by Sonny Boy Williamson, took the initials B.B. — Blues Boy — before joining up with Bobby Bland in 1948 to form the Beale Streeters. The following year, he had his first national hit with "3 O'Clock Blues".

"It's a personal thing," he explained. "Growing up as I did, we had nothing and everything was bad with us. Sure, I didn't have much education. I'm the guy that went through to 10th Grade, but I've travelled so much and seen so many different environments that I think that now I could safely say that I've finished High School. It's like the way the Civil Rights Movement was in the States in the early '60s — most of the people didn't know what the blacks were going through. Not just whites, but a lotta black people just don't know that their forefathers were slaves — and it's nothing to be ashamed of. This is what I've been trying to bring out, among young blacks as well as the sophisticated. It's taken a lifetime to do it, but it seems to me like we're making a bit of headway."

Young blacks, either ashamed of the blues, of contemptuous of Mom and Pop's music, are beginning to take an interest again. *"Roots"* had something to do with it. The tradition, B.B. feels, will continue, though probably in a refined form.

His sense of mission still drives him around the prison concert circuit,

■ *Continues page 35*


KOSS

ONE ALONE

Paul Kossoff was a loner in every sense of the word.

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B.B. KING

■ *From page 33*

paying all expenses out of his own pocket. The album cut in Rook County in 1970 marks the start.

"What actually got me into that, it was a black fella that had just been promoted to Director of the County Correctional Institution in Chicago, Winston Moore. I was playing at Mister Kelly's when I had this call from Mr Moore. He'd asked many people prior to us and nobody'd come, and he asked if we'd go in there and play. He said he'd like to let the inmates know that if treated with respect in his direction, he would also try to do whatever he could for them. We went in there and we invited the press.

"When we got into the Institution, we found that about 80% were black or Puerto Rican, and most of them were very very poor. They couldn't make bail for themselves. The judicial system was such that the date for trial hadn't come up, and they'd been there 6, 7, 8 months already. If and when they did go to trial, and were found not guilty, they weren't compensated anything. If they were found guilty and they'd been in there maybe a year, it wasn't taken off their time. They told their story to the press and the press played it up very big, and about 2 months later one of the TV networks did an in-depth story on the situation. Then the Correctional Institutions changed their policy. I felt that all came about because of what we did, and I felt very good. I started to think that everybody owed something to society. That was one way I could repay in some small way what has happened to me."

How did he feel about Richard Pryor's definition of justice in American prisons — JUSTICE is JUST US?

He laughed. "Well, I'll put it this way — there is some merit in what he's saying, because most of them that get *caught* with it are usually black. Mostly you find *just us* in there. I don't agree with it completely."

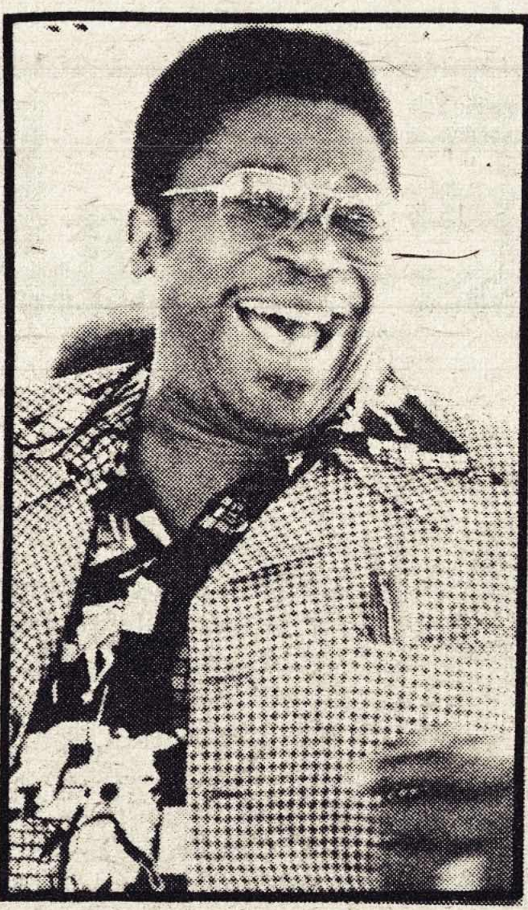
Critics find little of the Delta tradition in B. B. King's blues. He cut his teeth on an aunt's Blind Lemon Jefferson records, is cousin to the late Bukka White, a classic Mississippi bluesman, loved T-Bone Walker for his clarity of touch, Lonnie Johnson, but also picked up on the technical sophistication of jazz guitarists like Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian. His voice has something of the delivery of jazz's blues shouters like Jimmy Rushing and Joe Turner, the heavily stressed terminal words, for example.

"Bukka White was old enough to be my father; to me, he was one of the finest people I've ever known. He useta keep us laughing all the time, but his way of playing and the things he liked in life was not what I would like. Everything we do is blues, but it may not be the kinda blues people think I should do. People who claim to know traditional blues say *that's not blues.* Take it from me — it's blues.

"I never lived in Chicago. Most people say I'm a Chicago bluesman. If they check out history a bit, they'll find that most people they call Chicago blues players came from other places TO Chicago. You name them — there's hardly one that was born there.

The first time I visited Chicago's West Side blues bars, Theresa's Lounge, Pepper's, Ma Bea's, Checkerboard Lounge, the B. B. King influence swept the board — the squeezed, wringing runs, the sharply-peaked graph of attack. There was even a B. B. King Jr. No relation.

"No, I don't feel bad about it. I hope that in some small way my style will live on through people. That makes me proud, comfortable that it will continue. I feel kinda like a grandfather would seeing his



Pic: VALERIE WILMER

son and his son's children. Every being that's been here for a while should leave something for others. I believe there's a Supreme Power that takes care of the universe, keeps everything in check, and I also believe that everything was created for a reason."

Was he raised religious?

"Yes, but I didn't believe everything they taught me though." He roared with laughter. "I was baptised Baptist and I was baptised Sanctified Church — Church of God in Christ. Singingest people in the world. If you go to one of those churches, you'll hear some of the best soul-feeling singing you've ever heard. I wasn't the true believer I shoulda been. I was somewhat of a hypocrite I guess, because I made believe I was believing things that I didn't believe."

The most jazz-oriented of blues guitarists, he has a great respect for jazz's greatest improvisers. "Wes Montgomery? Oh gosh, yes! If anybody liked guitar and didn't like Wes, they'd hafta be sick! In fact Wes's brother, Monk Montgomery has a Jazz Society in L.A, where I live, so I'm one of his ambassadors of jazz. My definition of jazz is the Big Brother of Blues. If a guy's playing blues like we play, he's in High School. When he starts playing jazz it's like going on to college, to a school of higher learning. Good jazz musicians, you can feel the blues part in it — makes you wanna tap your feet or shake a little. That's what music's supposed to do. Music soothes the savage breast, and whatever bit of savage there is in me, it really makes me calm down."

A cat who likes to jam, B.B. has figured in some legendary cutting-contests, including a stand-off with Gatemouth Brown in Port Arthur, Texas, in 1955.

"We just did that for our own fun. The press made more of it. I'm not competitive — I mean, someone as good as Gate, I just wanna sit and listen. They were all much better than me. That's probably why they liked having me, because I wasn't gonna be no trouble."

I told him about Arnett Cobb, Texas tenorman and one-time picker-up of request money for T-Bone. B.B. didn't encourage the custom. "I was playing at a place one time, and a man threw 100 dollars on the stage and shouted it was a request for him and his party. I was polite, but I wouldn't pick it up. It's kinda . . .

"Demeaning?"

"You said it. I thought he was a loudsmith. Then later on after the set a guy at the door asked me if I'd play something — 'I haven't got any money. B.B, but you're welcome to a drink outa my bottle'. That was the first tune I played."

HIS RAPPORT with an audience is unbelievable, fingerspitzgefuhl in the family-size. Anyone who's heard his "Live At The Regal" album — arguably the finest — knows that the relationship between audience and performer is more complicated than the straight puppeteer deal. The mother and baby story comes closer . . .

"I purposely don't make up a programme when I go on stage. I watch the audience and I spring little things on 'em from time to time. I usually get a feedback — whether I usually get a feedback — whether I'm pleasing them, semi-pleasing them, or I'm not pleasing them. When I get those vibes, then I start manoeuvring what I'm doing differently. Now, when I start to get the feeling that I'm pleasing the people — *then* I please myself. That's done differently each night because each audience is different. You can *never* predict the public. Anticipate, yes — predict, no. That's why so many of us don't stay in the business too long.

"I'll get that feeling — Hey B! You'd better pick it up now because they're getting restless — that's when I'll shoot something in that's a little brighter. It's like driving an automobile. You can immediately tell when the motor springs to life again." He looked mock-coy. "I think the years have a little something to do with that."

Would he be offended if people danced to his blues?

"My concept over the years has been to play more of the slower things than a lot of my colleagues — say Ray Charles in his early years. We tend to still stay down with it. It wasn't planned like that and I guess that if I'd thought about it, I'd have tried to get something where everybody could move. I seemed to feel that the stories I was telling in music were better told kinda like I talk."

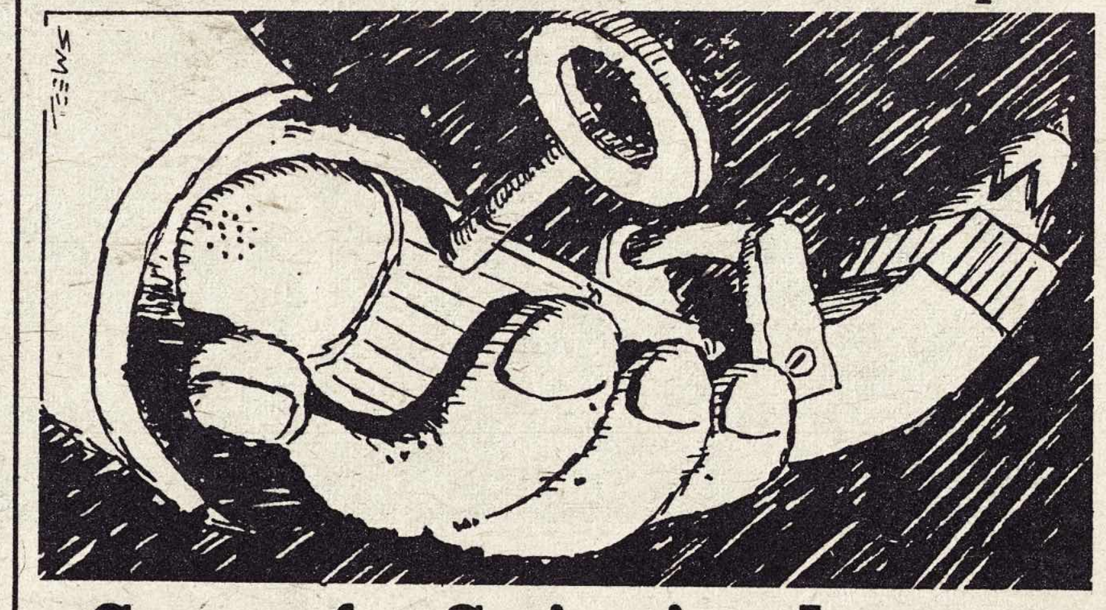
And off he went, an incurable record collector, to ransack Dobells and Collets for jazz and blues albums. Back home, he's equipped his bus with a sound system to take his 8-track tapes and cassettes to keep him going on the road.

There's plenty more road for B. B. King.

Yeah they told me everything would be better up the country,
Mmmm, everything was fine, I caught me a bus uptown, baby,
and all the people got the same trouble as mine.
I got the blues, uh, huh . . .
I say I've been around a long time.
Mmmm, I've really paid some dues.

Radio Toons

No.11 Is It Really Necessary?



Songs for Swinging Lovers

Radio Stars on Chiswick

SIDESWIPE

'There's more to this than bloody Hobbits'

— SCHOLAR'S OUTBURST

Blah Blah TONY TYLER, author of the much-praised 'Tolkien Companion', appraises 'The Silmarillion' — the late Prof. J. R. R. Tolkien's posthumously published story of the creation of Middle Earth.OK Tony . . ?

TO ME the world has often seemed to be divided, broadly speaking, not into Black and White, nor into Rich and Poor, nor again into East and West, or Communist and Capitalist, but into those who have read the writings of J.R.R. Tolkien, and those who have not.

I can show you further subdivisions. Those who have read *The Lord of the Rings* and its attendant volumes and who are enthralled by them form one grouping. Those whose interest and enjoyment carried them through a single reading of *The Lord of the Rings* but no further are another.

Among the Unenlightened (i.e. those who have never read anything by Tolkien) are further divisions. There are the people who, in the normal course of events, might have read and very possibly enjoyed his work but who have been repelled, perhaps indefinitely, by the fey gloss of cultism which surrounds it. Not to mention its size. There are those who simply have not yet read Tolkien for the same reasons that they have not yet read another million Famous Books. And there are those who cannot read at all.

The smallest group is that category formed by those who have read *The Lord of the Rings* and hated it.

You might say it's been a popular book. Ten million copies to date, in many languages. A best-seller to end them all.

Why?

It would take a book to answer that, and indeed many such books have been written. In fact, for space purposes I have to assume that anybody who reads this article is at least dimly familiar with the substance of the Tolkien canon.

Tolkien's writings fall into the category of fiction, yet purport to contain (this is a common author's device) 'genuine' history. He postulates a prehistorical period in our planet's lifespan greatly different — but tantalisingly familiar, all the same — to that which we know to be true. In addition, into this spurious but attractive historical scenario he has woven figures out of the legends, myths and religions of the Western World; so that creatures of 'Superstition', such as Elves, Goblins, Dwarves, Dragons and so forth walk and talk with our own remote ancestors, and indeed their lives are intertwined in many ways.

> To the Sub what subs this:
>
> This may seem indecent, but in view of the fact that no [redacted] review of or reference to my book ever appeared in this [redacted] paper - despite my coming to the office in person several times and pleading on my knees - in view of this, would it be too much trouble to request - I only request: I shall not beg - that some plug or simple phrase be inserted somewhere in the layout to indicate that I, J.E.A.Tyler, am a [redacted] EXPERT with CREDENTIALS on this subject. Sales are sagging and who knows ?
>
> I suggest the following:
>
> Blah blah TONY TYLER, author of the much-praised 'Tolkien Companion' (Picador £1.95) blah blah
>
> or in simple italics, as a tasteful footnote:
>
> Tony Tyler is the author of etc.
>
> As a last inducement, I offer money.

A fascinating glimpse behind the scenes in the world of literature

From the dynamic thus set up he produces his plots, all in strict chronological sequence and bearing a strict relation one with the other. It is a complex world, yet simple to grasp, and though his sub-creation is fantastically detailed the broad lines of the plot and characters show through, so that those who wish may read for the pleasure and excitement of the tale he tells, while those who hunger for esoterica ("train spotters") may delve into the mine of obscure references and appendices almost *ad infinitum.* His work, generally speaking, satisfies on both levels.

But this, you may say, has been achieved by many another writer; what is it that sets Tolkien apart — if indeed we are to distinguish him from these others?

The breadth of his knowledge for one thing — as many know, Professor J. R. R. Tolkien was perhaps the foremost Anglo-Saxon scholar this country produced this century. In addition, as one might expect from such a man, he had a wide and all-embracing knowledge of the comparative mythology and religion of the West; he was an Historian; and he was a good storyteller.

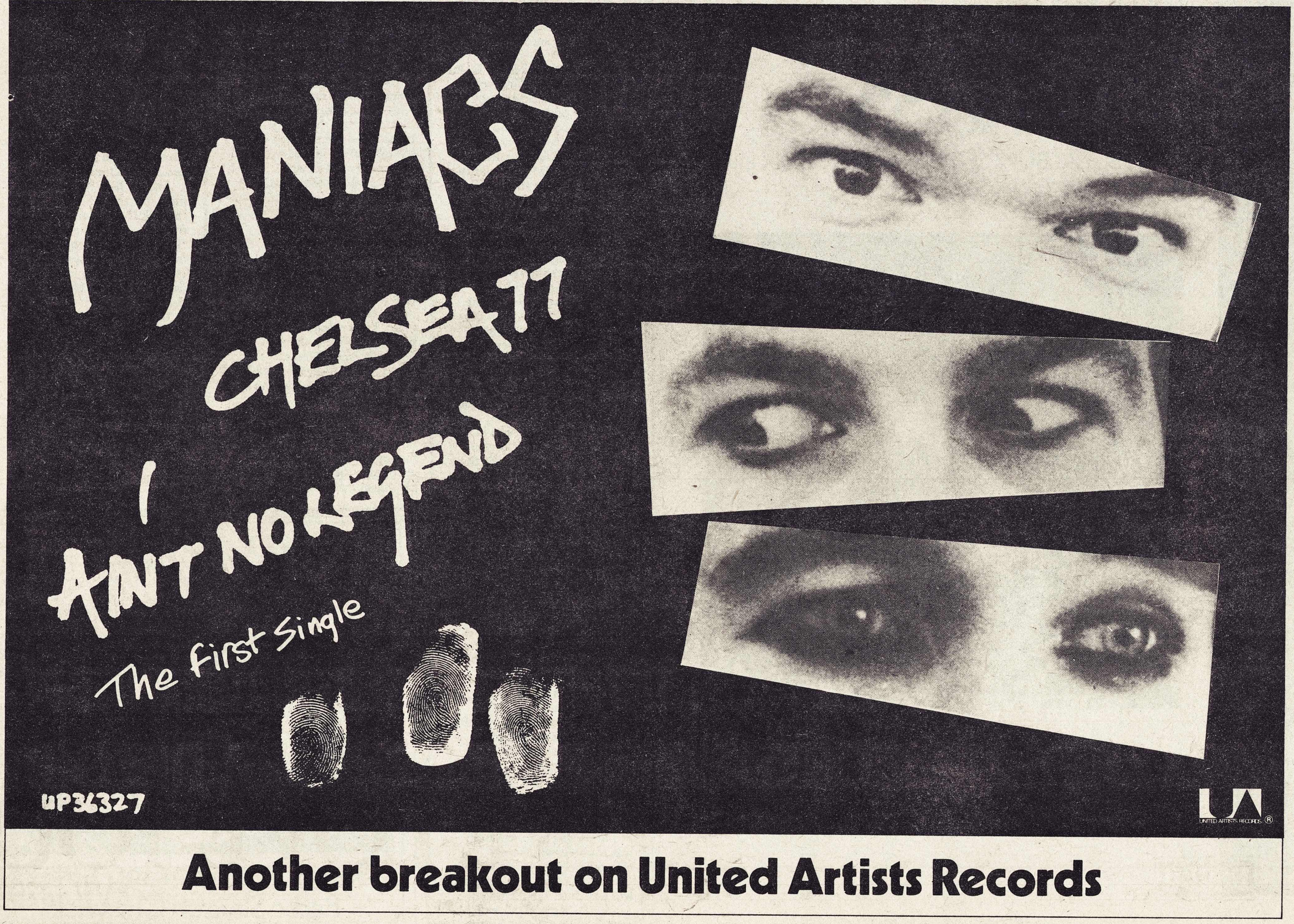
More than any of these, he was a religious man — not a fanatic, but devout, and enamoured of the beauty and intricate structure of his Roman Catholicism. *The Lord of the Rings* is no religious tome, nor is it disguised Roman Catholicism, but there are strong elements in its structure — one might call them "religious" elements — which perhaps have done more than any other facet of this many-faceted book to lift it above the realm of mere fantasy writing. There is a sense of reverence, and awe, which I suspect is the real secret of its almost limitless appeal. Science Fiction and Fantasy, as a body, have never handled the concept of God (from a believer's point of view) with any success. Tolkien has. And in a world where many people seem to wish for something they can call 'God' his reverential approach has lifted his entire writing canon into realms of its own.

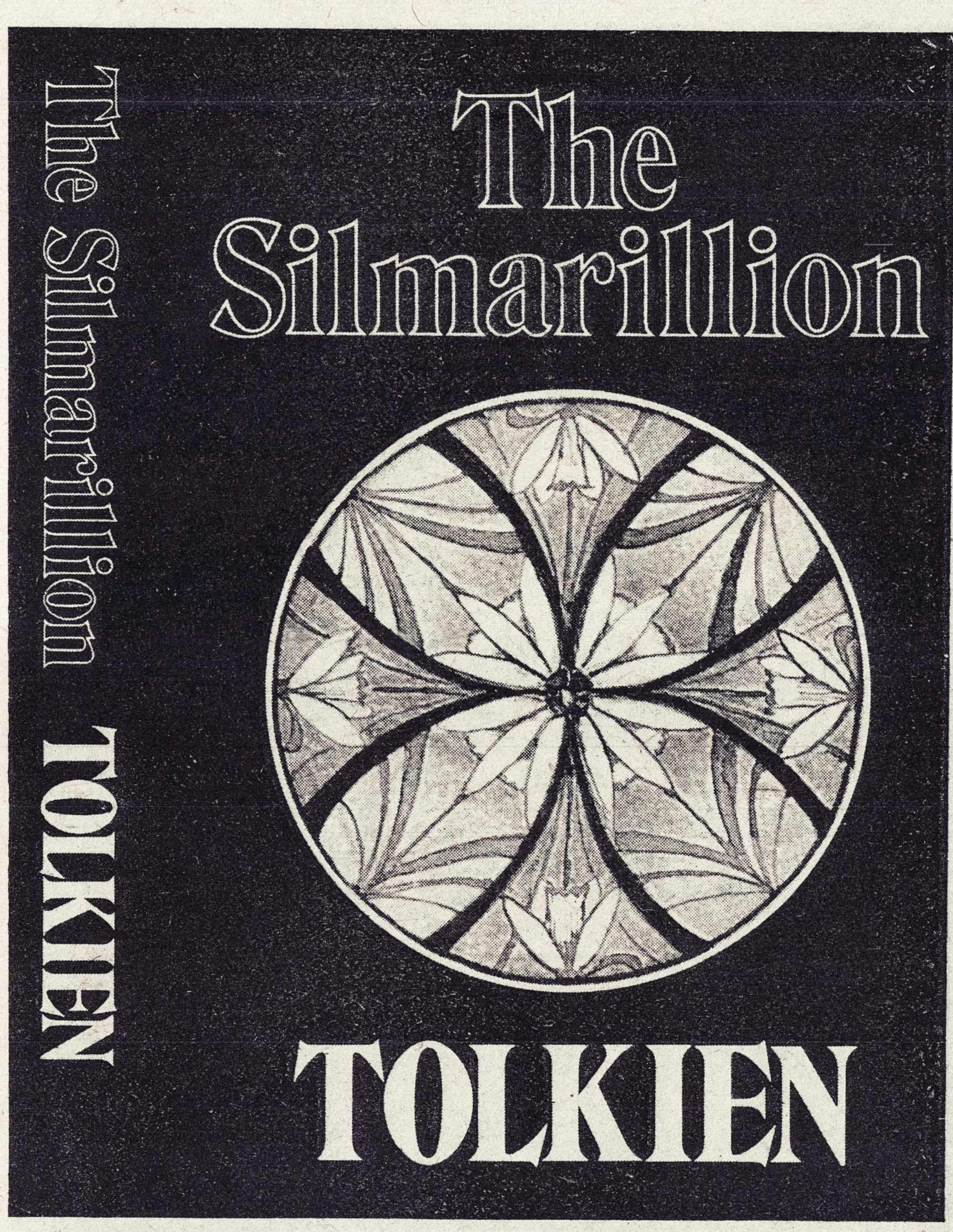
'Tolkien' now stands for more than authorship; it stands for a Revelation — not of the future, but of the antique past. And as I said, few, having read it, can resist it.

There is more to Tolkien than bloody Hobbits.

HERE I must state my own position. I am a fan, a cult maniac; not perhaps as ardent a fan as once I was, but a fan nonetheless. I first read *The Lord of the Rings* in 1960, and every year from that date until 1974 I read it at least another ten times, making (pause) over 100 times. This you may say is the sign of a disturbed personality, but I was in love with the damned book and simply couldn't let go.

Why didn't I read more of his work than just this one book? Of course I did. I found *The Hobbit,* read that (though with nothing like the same enthusiasm), and with gradually diminishing eagerness: *The Adventures Of Tom Bombadil, Farmer Giles Of Ham, Tree And*





Leaf, and so on.

It became apparent that these were all minor works, and indeed many were not about his "Middle-earth" at all. What we were all waiting for was the grand "prequel" which he had been plotting and planning for thirty years, the cycle of stories from which had originated the whole epic — and which, it seemed, he would never live to finish. Nor did he live to finish it.

This 'prequel' was called *The Silmarillion,* and there were two or three tantalising references to its contents in the main epiç. It was obviously about the even more antique world which had preceded the world of *The Lord of the Rings:* and it promised to be, as Tolkien might have had one of his characters say, 'rich in lore indeed'. For the strange thing about his writing is that he conceived forwards but published backwards.

The sequence of events is as follows.

In the 1920s, while proffing at Oxford, Tolkien donnishly decides to invent a proper language, to see if he can indeed do so. Having succeeded in this, he then dreams up, and partially writes down, a "history" to go with the language. The beautiful tongue he has invented he gives to the "Elves", and most of the "history" he writes is about their deeds in the far "past". He takes what he has written to a series of publishers, all of whom turn it down. One, however, suggests he use his knowledge of Elves and suchlike to write a children's book.

This Tolkien does. It is called *The Hobbit.*

Although this volume contains ingredients of his much larger epic, it is primarily a children's book; and perhaps not really a very good one, despite its success. But he has been holding back. Encouraged by the success of *The Hobbit,* he then writes a sequel, *The Lord of the Rings.*

The rest is history.

Having thus made his mark (and how) Tolkien feels at long last (40 years) able to return to the original cycle of stories about the ancient elves which had begun the whole epic. It is this core which forms the main body of *The Silmarillion,* as we all know, but still it remains unpublished.

IN 1973 Tolkien died. His son Christopher (whose chief contribution had hitherto been to draw the fold-out maps at the end of *The Lord of the Rings)* was then requested, by the publishers to edit the confused jumble of manuscripts which was *The Silmarillion* into published shape. Tolkien the Younger left his Chair and his profession and got down to it. And in September *The Silmarillion* was actually published! (Allen & Unwin, price £4.95). 600,000 copies of the biggest first hardback edition in British publishing history have been printed.

I have already read it three times.

WHAT is it about? Nothing less than the creation of the World, the first growth of plants, the origins of species, the raising of the Sun and Moon and the making of the Firmament; the first coming of Evil, the Fall from Grace, and the sullying of our planet with war, pestilence and cruelty.

It is the Old Testament (to *the Lord Of The Rings'* New Testament), it is *Paradise Lost* and the *Niebelungenlied.*

Is it a good read?

To devotee such as I, undoubtedly, despite its remoteness. To a neophyte, definitely not. Unless you're already hooked on the Tolkien Vision and furthermore have a penchant for seventeenth-century-style prosody, you won't read more than a few lines before putting it down.

The Silmarillion is, as expected. in cyclic form; that is to say, it consists of a series of linked stories around a central theme.

A section of the Middle Earth road map, courtesy of the Automobile Association.

The theme is the rebellion of Morgoth (Satan) before the throne of God; his fall into evil; his subversion of the High-Elves (who lie halfway between angels and men in Tolkien's scheme) and their downfall at his hands. The evil angel steals three great jewels, the Silmarils, which were made in the deep past by the greatest of the High-Elves; fleeing 'Paradise', he comes to Earth, where hereafter he makes his dwelling. The High-Elves, bent on revenge and recovery of their own, follow him back to Earth. War follows - and from that war spring all the tales of *The Silmarillion.*

It is grim reading.

Elves slay Men and each other, Men slay Elves and each other, Dwarves slay Elves and Men *and* each other; and overall broods the figure of Morgoth, who slays all of them whenever he gets the chance. The Elves lose their war against him, despite the help of our ancestors, and Morgoth, at the end of the book is utterly triumphant. (As indeed we all knew beforehand, from references in *The Lord of the Rings).*

This is the core of *The Silmarillion.* Also included are *Akallabeth,* which is the story of Numenor (Atlantis), much of which was known beforehand, again from references in *The Lord of the Rings.* And for some reason there is an encapsulation of the plot of *The Lord of the Rings* itself, which I suspect has been added to give an air of finality to the whole canon, not that it was in any way necessary.

The whole volume, less attractively bound than its published predecessor, is nonetheless the repository of elegant though formal writing (for the most part; in some places, I regret to say, it stiffens into pretentiousness). As far as the devotee is concerned, it totals (tidily enough) 365 pages of cover-to-cover Tolkien esoterica. There are over 1800 proper names and hundreds of new samples from the 'Elvish' languages, making proper vocabularies and grammars now well within the bounds of possibility. There is a fold-out map in the usual style, simply crammed with places of interest; and of course the beloved Genealogical Tables. Plus an Index, and a Grammary.

I could go on.

But I won't.

Except to say this: those who are going to buy *The Silmarillion* in hardback have probably already bought it, yea even unto half their number. What's more, if they're like me, they probably planned to buy it the minute they finished reading *Lord of the Rings,* all those years (in my case at least) ago. Regardless of merits, it is that kind of book.

When The Tablets are on sale, you don't shop around; you stand in line.

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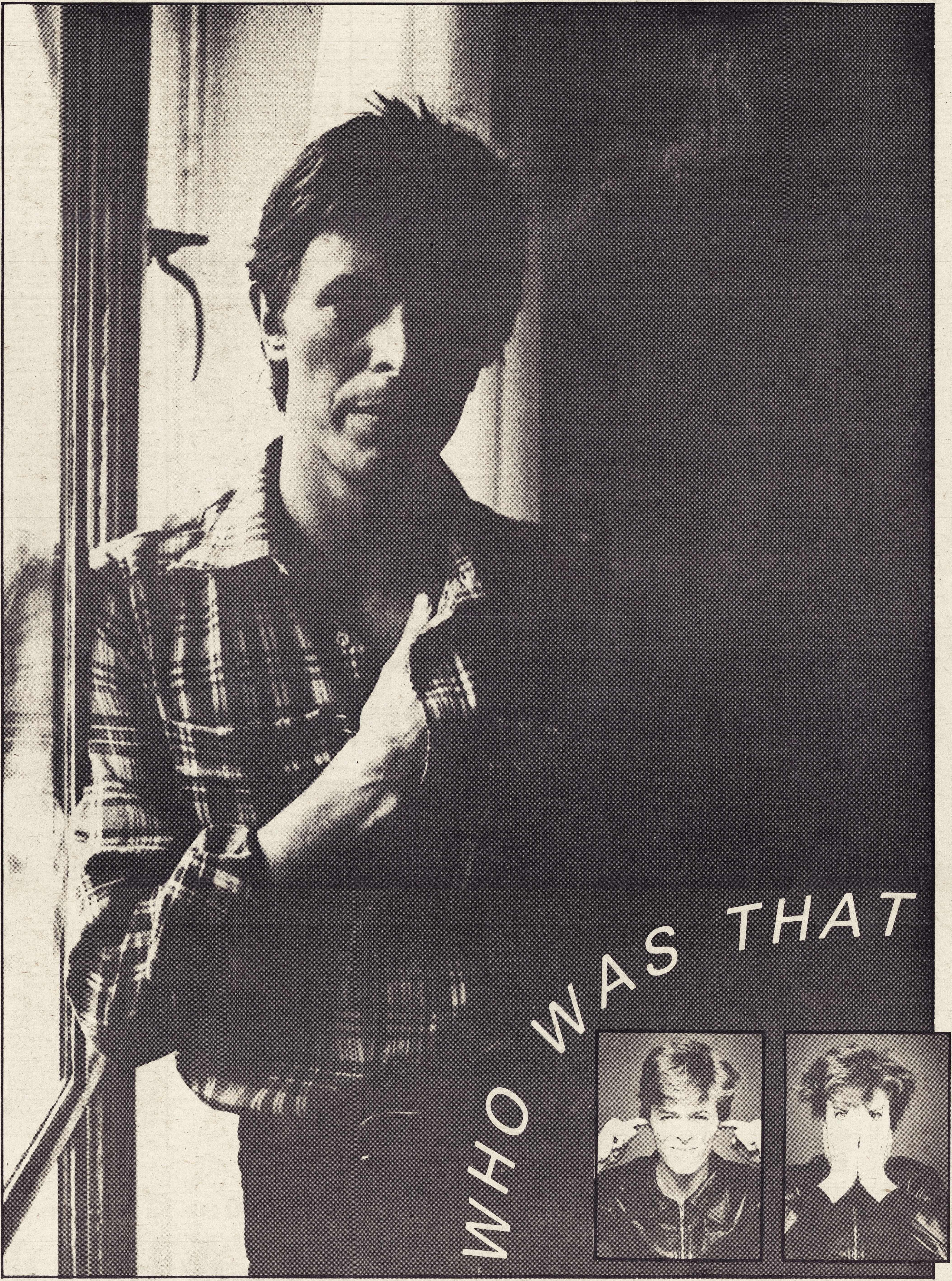


WHO WAS THAT

INSET PIX: M. Sukita

(UN) MASKED MAN?

Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, overdub no evil.

WORDS Charles Shaar Murray

"GIVE UP — give up — the ship is lost: go back to san bernadino — stop trying to organise the crew — it's every man for himself — are you a man or a self? When the coast guard gets there, stand up proudly & point — don't be a hero — everybody's a hero — be different — don't be a conformist — forget about all those sea shanties — just stand up and say 'san bernadino' in a deep monotone . . . everybody will get the message . . ."

from *Tarantula* by Bob Dylan

DAVID BOWIE sits in shadow now, a creature of the grey autumn dusk that seeps through his hotel window. He makes no attempt to fight off the encroaching greyness with electric light; rather he welcomes it, wraps it gratefully around himself, only turning on the lights much later, and then at another's request.

He wears a check shirt and a pair of Levis, his hair is short and sandy; the entire persona untainted by artifice of any description. Distinguishing marks: none.

None save one: his face, the only thing he has in common with David Bowie as he was five years ago when I met him for the first time at the same locale, the Dorchester Hotel in Mayfair.

Then he was the most glittering element in a densely sparkling room; it was a moot point whether he lit the room or the room lit him.

Then he was surrounded by a gaudy cast of freaks and mutants and acolytes: Lou Reed was there, pale and mascaraed, black nail varnish in his podgy white fingers; Iggy Pop in a T. Rex t-shirt, wild amusement throttled down into neutral and idling; Mick Ronson and the Spiders From Mars, done up to the nines and seeming vaguely uncomfortable *I don't think we're in Hull any more, Toto;* Tony DeFries, boss of Mainman, the company that managed Bowie in those days, ebullient ringmaster secure in his pride; Bowie's wife Angie, effervescent consort and queen of the circus.

There was booze flowing and a lot of high nervous laughter; self-conciousness loose like some predatory gas in the room and just about everyone falling victim to it in their own ways — Lou showed his by coming into the room while I was talking to Bowie, kissing him wordlessly on the lips and then making a silent exit — except for Bowie himself, grooving delightedly in this whole absurd Ziggy Stardust spectacle mounted expressly for his benefit. Heady days, you can be like your dreams tonight . . .

The laughter of that party is only in my head now, because David Bowie travels silently and alone now, *sans* entourage, *sans* disguises, *sans* circus, *sans* everything. His only companion now is a harried American publicist, wall-papering the cracks in her schedule by growing ever more officious and mannered.

1972 is five years ago, Ziggy Stardust is a discarded marionette in a trunk somewhere, worlds away, marooned and adrift in space and time, a voiceless, bodiless ghost. His host-body is his own man now, out from behind the beautiful, uncaring mask.

Walking along the silent corridors towards Bowie's room, I was wondering who — or what — would be there to meet me. The last time I'd seen him had been the last day of 1973, and he'd been drunk and snooty and vaguely unpleasant, a game player supreme, a robot amuck and careening into people with a grin, not caring because after all they were only robots too; can trash be expected to care about the welfare of other trash?

Since then there'd been "Diamond Dogs", the final nightmare of glitter apocalypse; "David Live", in which the corpse of Ziggy had been reanimated in hell to run through his act one more time; "Young Americans", a nightmare of a different kind dominated by "Fame", a ghastly grinning grind in a mirrored disco leering at its own helplessness *(now that you got it what you gonna do with it, sucker?);* "Station To Station", person-to-person at one remove, desperation as the heart fights a losing battle against the iron in the soul; "Low", the phoenix subsumed in the ashes of defeat, cryptic messages from the 99th floor; and finally "Heroes", and a sense of humanity reasserted, the finest "modern" record of the year.

Look at it this way, there's an inevitable sense of anticipatory curiosity as you prepare to meet someone for the first time in almost four years. They're different, you're different, everythin's different, and you wonder how much has actually remained the same. You can readily imagine the extent to which this feeling is compounded when the person in question is David Bowie.

And now, of course, he isn't a space invader or an alien marooned or a disco puppetmaster or anything else that he's built around himself. He certainly isn't David Jones from Brixton, but he is completely and utterly David Bowie. The divesting of the assorted glib carapaces of the past doesn't mean that he's vanished — though the "Low" strategy of the politics of self-incarnation seemed that way inclined — as of right now, it seems as if David Bowie has *appeared.*

Of course. And here he is.

HE'S UP out of his armchair and onto the balls of his feet as the door closes behind me.

"Christ, how long has it been?"

"Four years, man," and set up the tape machine — Bowie attempting to balance the microphone on top of a Carlsberg bottle — and no time to swap small talk because interview time is severly circumscribed, so by the time we've both sat down and Bowie's lit his Gauloise there's nothing to do but pull the pin and get straight into it.

"Where can we start after four years?" he asks. Hell, we can start anywhere; we both know where it'll go . . . why does "Heroes" — or more accurately " 'Heroes' " come in quotes? Are the inverted commas actually part of the title?

"Yeah. Firstly — it was quite a silly point really — I thought I'd pick on the only narrative song to use as the title. It was arbitrary, really, because I could have used any of the songs as the title, because there's no concept to the album . . ."

I'd felt that the use of quotes indicated a dimension of irony about the word "Heroes" or about the whole concept of heroism.

"Well, in that example they were, on that title track. The situation that sparked off the whole thing was — I thought — highly ironic. There's a wall by the studio " — the album having been recorded at Hansa By The Wall in West Berlin — "about *there* . It's about twenty or thirty metres away from the studio and the control room looks out onto it. There's a turret on top of the wall where the guards sit and during the course of lunch break every day, a boy and girl would meet out there and carry on.

"They were obviously having an affair.

"And I thought *of all the places to meet in Berlin, why pick a bench underneath a guard turret on The Wall?* They'd come from different directions and always meet there . . . oh, they were both from the West, but they'd always meet right there. And I — using license — presumed that they were feeling somewhat guilty about this affair and so they'd imposed this restriction on themselves, thereby giving themselves an excuse for their *heroic* act. I used this as a basis . . ."

Therefore it *is* ironic.

"Yes, it is. You're perfectly right about that, but there was no reason why the album should have been called 'Heroes'. It could have been called 'The Sons Of The Silent Age'. It was just a collection of stuff that I and Eno and Fripp had put together. Some of the stuff that was left off was very amusing, but this was the best of the batch, the stuff that knocked *us* out."

Do you find that recording in a studio that's right by the Berlin Wall gives you a sense of being on the *edge* of something?

"That's exactly right. I find that I have to put myself in those situations to produce any reasonably good writing. I've still got that same thing about when I get to a country or a situation and I have to put myself on a dangerous level, whether emotionally or mentally or physically, and it resolves itself in things like that: living in Berlin leading what is quite a Spartan life for a person of my means, and in forcing myself to live according to the restrictions of that city.

"It produces very good writing. I've almost taken as much experience as I wanted out of that city."

So it's time to move, now that other people are writing songs about the Berlin Wall.

Bowie chuckles into his Special Brew. "Yes, I had noticed that, actually. I haven't yet made up my mind, but I have the choice of two places that I'm thinking of going to. One's Japan and the other's Israel, and I don't know which one's going to win . . ."

THE THOUGHT of The Thin White Duke in a kibbutz strikes one as being too good a visual to pass up, plus Bowie went through a Japanese phase in '73.

"Yes, and I keep wanting to go back there. I think I'll plump for Kyoto, because I want something very serene around me for a few months to see if that produces anything. It is also inportant to my private life that I go to Kyoto."

We talk about the Japanese mime/dance/theatre troup Ondeko-Za, who'd just completed a run at Sadlers Wells and who Bowie had missed by a day in Amsterdam. "It sounds like a token show for us lot to have a gander at," Bowie comments after I've described the show. "But in Japan — when I was travelling through it — there was an awful lot, particularly in the outlying villages and provinces, of very strange ritual performances that I hadn't seen before. And still, because my knowledge of Japanese is limited — to say the least! — I never really found out from what school it came from, or what its origins were."

Since the purpose of all ritual must be invocation, what were these rituals designed to invoke?

"Well, a lot of them were from Shintoism, and they talk very liberally about being one of the few countries in the world that tolerate all religions, but you'll only find about three Christains in the whole of Japan. They're *tolerated,*" he laughs harshly, "but everybody else is a Shintoist, mate! So most of their art forms derive from either that or the Imperial sources. It's very sophisticated, but a bit suspect sometimes . . ."

Yeah, but so's Bowie himself. I think of the koto Bowie plays on "Moss Garden" from side two of " 'Heroes' " and his berserk scream of "I'm under Japanese influence and my honour's at stake" from "Blackout" on the same album, and reflect that the kibbutzim probably won't be seeing D.B. for a while yet.

So what about China? After all, back in '71, Bowie was something of a Maoist . . .

"Ahhh, that's still there. That place continues to intoxicate me. I got a glimpse of it when I was in Hong Kong . . . it's strange. There's no wall there, you see. When you move out of Hong Kong into China you *can* just walk over and often you won't get shot at. It's quite feasible to sort of wander into China and just look around, wander around all those villages right near the border."

Hey, living dangerously is one thing, but recording an album in a situation where one of your musicians was actually liable to get *shot* . . .

A sharp chuckle. "I never travel with *musicians.* I only travel on my own these days." A far cry from the times when he wouldn't budge an inch without bodyguard, secretary, personal assistant, travelling companion, hairdresser, P.R. . . . "All my travelling is done strictly on the basis of wanting to get my ideas for writing from real event rather than from going back to the system from whence it came. I'm very wary of listening to much music."

He gestures at the massive, imposing stereo set enthroned on the table by the sofa. "RCA sent all this stuff over and I forgot to ask them for some records, but by the time they deliver any I'll be gone. It doesn't really follow me around much. Imagine trying to plug one of those in in Bangkok! My drummer insists in carrying one around with massive head phones and wires sticking out everywhere. I don't travel like that. I only have a tape machine to use as a notebook.

"No, *Event, Character, Situation*: they're my preference for the basis of writing. But at the moment, I'm not even really interested in that. I mean, the last two things have made for a complete re-evaluation of my writing style. It had a lot to do with being bored with the traditional things I'd been writing, and with wanting to put myself in the position of having to come up with a new musical language for myself."

I MENTION that "Low" missed me completely.

"Well, I'm not surprised," he says "A lot of it missed me as well. I don't understand it. I don't understand ' "Heroes" ' either. It's something that's derived through process and method with absolutely no idea of the consequences and no preconceptions of any kind."

"Low" had seemed to me to be an album about — and presenting in an attractive light — withdrawal from the world almost to the point of catatonic schizophrenia.

Bowie grimaces and clears his throat a trifle ostentatiously. "There is more than an element of truth in what you say. For me it was very . . .I *wanted* to do that," he interupts himself defiantly. "What you've read from the experience of that album is absolutely accurate. I *did* achieve something, because there's very few albums that I haven't experienced at first hand. You can even tell what city I've been in just by listening to the albums.

"I'm *completely* open. I'm so electic that complete vulnerability is involved." You've got no shields, then. "None at all. I've never developed them, and I'm not too sure that I want to any more only because I'm becoming far more satisfied with life . . . my *private* life. I'm becoming incredibly straight, level, assertive, moderate . . . very different from, say, two years ago."

Two years ago you were an uptight game player with a sore nose . . .

"Out there on the wall! No, listen, I'd been *exposed,*" he gives the last syllable of the word a savage, ironic twist, "to a general L.A.-ism which, quite frankly, I can't cope with. It's the most vile piss-pot in the world."

L.A., I say, is like being trapped on the set of a movie you didn't want to see in the first place.

"Absolutely! It's worse than that. It transcends that. It's a movie that is so corrupt with a script that is so devious and insidious. It's the scariest movie ever written. You feel a total victim there, and you know someone's got the strings on you."

So why do people build themselves mansions out there? It must be like voluntary self-imprisonment.

"Oh, it is. It's like going to live in Switzerland to look after your tax money, which is the most incredible thing I ever did. I don't *live* there but I stayed there. I don't live anywhere. I have never got around to getting myself a piece of land, putting up a house on it and saying *this is mine, this is home.* If I did that, that would just about ruin everything. I don't think I'd ever write anything again, I must have complete freedom from bases. If I ever had anything that resembled a base — like a flat on a long lease of anything — I felt so incredibly trapped.

"Even if I go away I know that it's waiting for me — more than that, it's like it has me on a string, and it's dragging me back. I don't foresee that I could *live* comfortably in any of the cities I go to. Unlike my managerial predecessor, I'm not investment minded. I still like the idea of making records next to the wall. I think that is what one should do, in my case anyway."

Returning to the subject of the recent waxings, it seems that " 'Heroes' " is an attempt to fight back against the state of mind that "Low" wallows in.

"Do you know something? The hardest thing for me to do is to help you in solving those problems, because all I know is the input on the album. I have as much idea of the — outback?" he laughs "about what comes back off that album as what you do. Eno is the same. Neither of us understand on a linear level what the thing's about, but we get a damn good impression of information coming off those two albums that seems very strong, and that wasn't intentional. The intention was to go in and play around with method and process, but when we'd finished 'Low' and " 'Heroes' " that what we had in our hands was something that actually does give information.

"If it seems obvious to you, then you've described my state of mind at the time of making those two albums very accuratley. That's exactly — on both albums — what I've gone through. 'Low' was a reaction to having gone through that peculiar . . . that dull greeny-grey limelight of American rock and roll and its repercussions; pulling myself out of it and getting to Europe and saying *for God's sake re-evaluate why you wanted to get into this in the first place? Did you really do it just to clown around in L.A.? Retire. What you need is to look at yourself a bit more accurately. Find some people you don't understand and a place you don't want to be and just put yourself into it. Force yourself to buy your own groceries . . .*

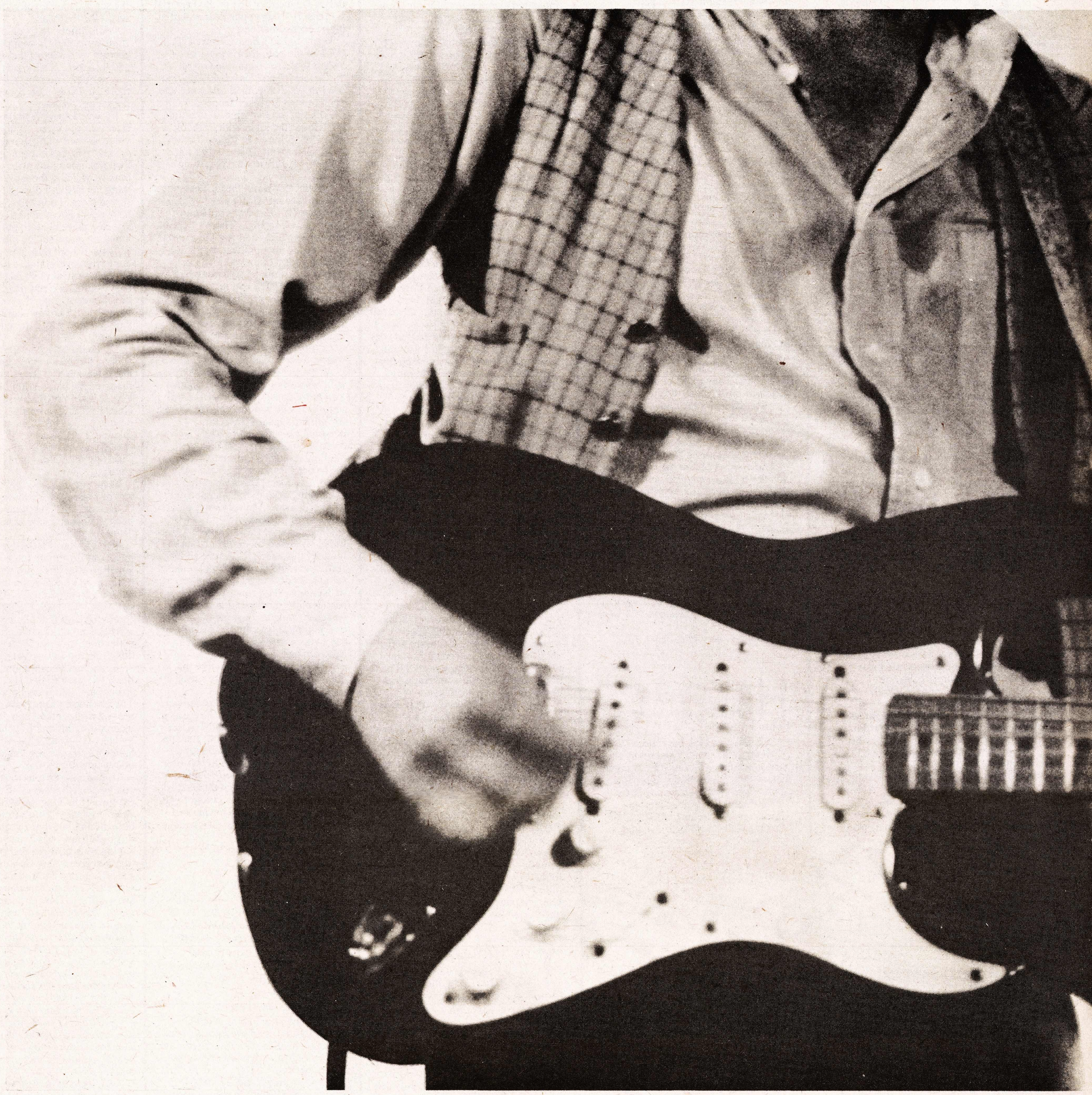
"And that's exactly what I do. I have an appartment on top of an auto shop in an area of town which is quite heavily populated by Turks, and I did that for a bit . . ."

Two relevant quotes: the novelist Elizabeth Bowen once wrote, "Anywhere, at any time, with anyone, one may be seized by the suspicion of being alien — ease is therefore to be found in a place which nominally *is* foreign: this shifts the weight," which is as good a thumbnail sketch of the obsessive traveller as any I've encountered.

And then there's the character of Herbert Stencil in Thomas Pynchon's *V*: "Herbert Stencil, like small children at a certain stage and Henry Adams in the *Education*, as well as

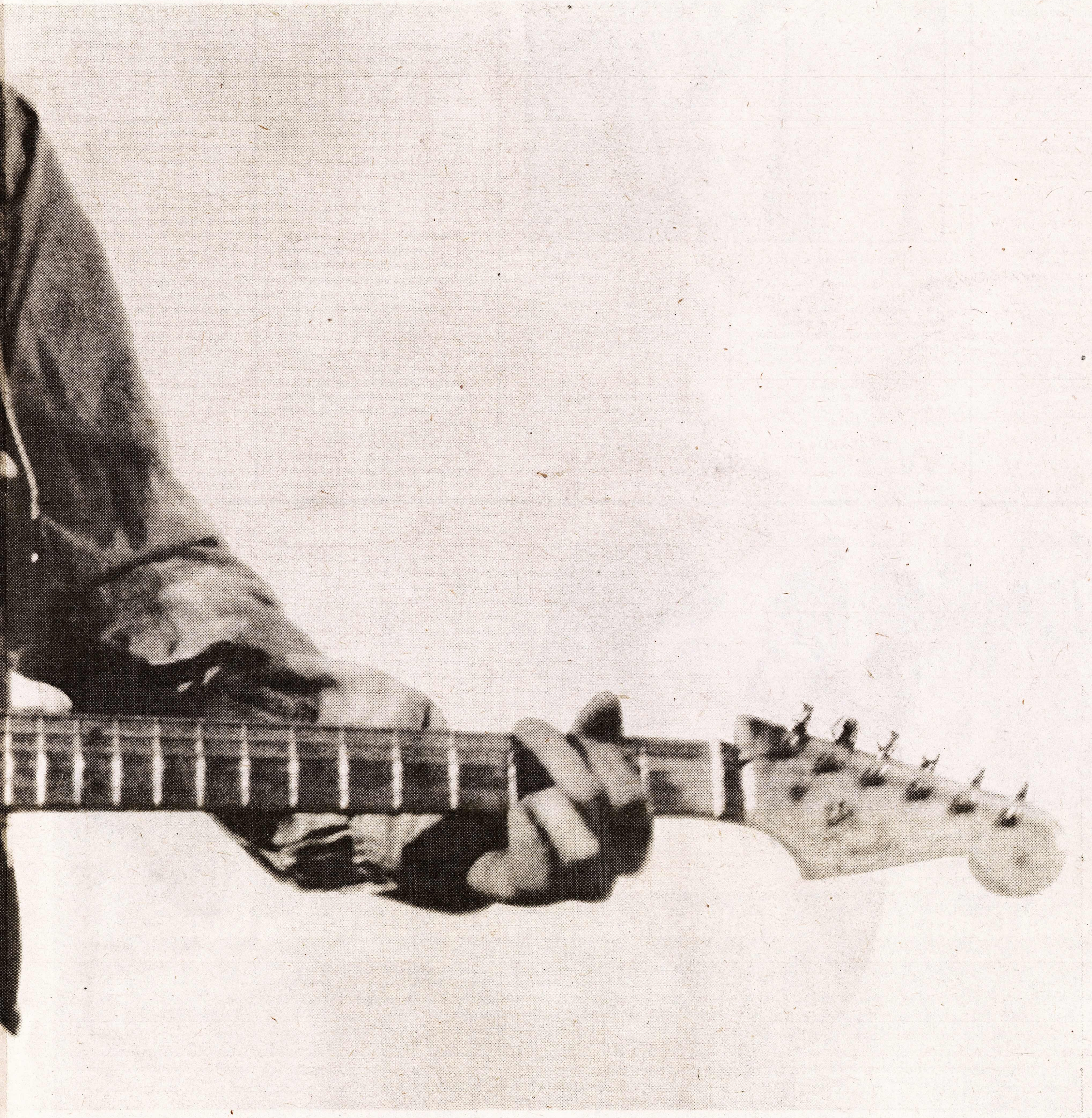
Continues page 42

ERIC C



'SLOW

LAPTON



HAND'

RSO

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certain autocrats since time out of mind, always referred to himself in the third person.

"This helped 'Stencil' appear as only one personality among a repertoire of identities. 'Forcible dislocation of personality' was what he called the general technique, which is not exactly the same as 'seeing the other person's point of view'; for it involved, say, wearing clothes that Stencil wouldn't be caught dead in, eating foods that would have made Stencil gag, living in unfamiliar digs, frequenting bars or cafes of a non-Stencillian character; all this for weeks on end; and why? To keep Stencil in his place: that is, in the third person."

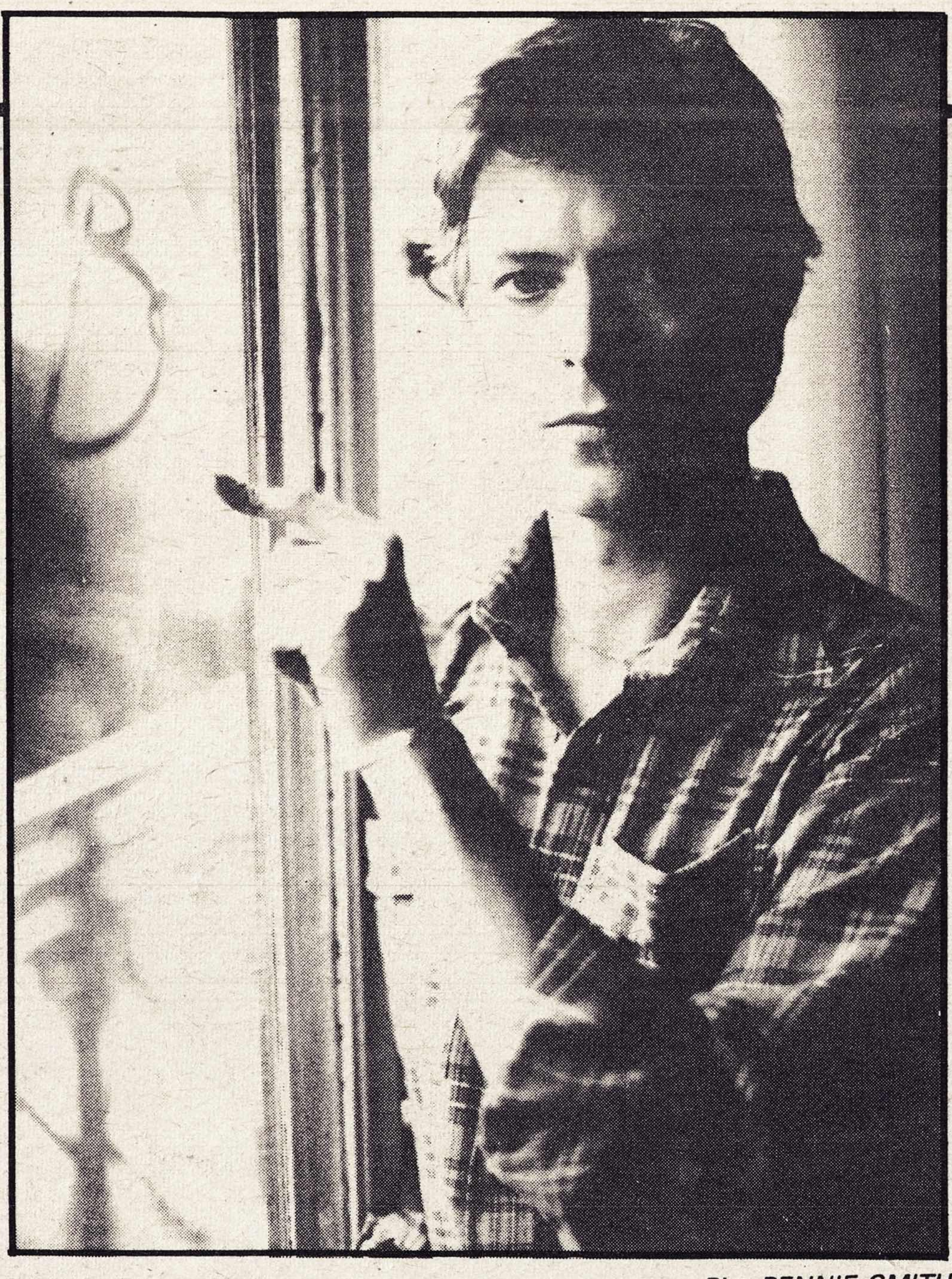
"Ooh, aren't you well-read!" mocks Bowie, but his eyes show a flash of recognition. "I understand that *completely*! I completely sympathise with the man! I know exactly why he did that, I think! So that initial period of living in Berlin produced 'Low', which is *isn't it great to be on your own, let's just pull down the blinds and fuck 'em all.* The first side of 'Low' was all about me: 'Always Crashing In The Same Car' and all that self-pitying crap, but side two was more an observation in musical terms: my reaction to seeing the East bloc, how West Berlin survives in the midst of it, which was something that I couldn't express in words. Rather it required *textures*, and of all the people that I've heard write textures, Brian (Eno)'s textures always appealed to me the most."

Yeah, but they lack *context.*

"Brian isn't interested in context. He's a man with peculiar notions, some of which I can come to terms with very easily and are most accessible, and some of it is way above my head, mate, in terms of his analytical studies of cyberneti and his application of those things to music and his general sort of fine arts approach. It's something that I've known from way back as a general characteristic of a kind of person that I used to know when I was a lot younger. I find that very *simpatico.* All those crazies . . .

"But I can't really talk on his behalf. We spend most of our time joking. Laughing and falling on the floor. I think out of all the time we spent recording, forty minutes out of every hour was spent just *crying* with laughter. Do you know Fripp? Have you ever spent time with him in a humorous state? He is *incredibly* funny. *Unbelievable* sense of humour. Having the two of them in one studio produces so much random humour — *incredible* stuff . . .

"So anyway, what I'm doing in this wonderful new world of discovery and experimantation, is a refocus about what I'm trying to do."



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

WE TALKED a little bit about (you should pardon the expression) punk rock — a little of which cropped up in *Thrills* a fortnight back — and Bowie opined that the worst thing about punk was the way that so many bands were diving gleefully into the category instead of striving to be assessed outside of it.

"That's the worst thing about it. None of them are fighting it; none of them are saying *we are us.* They're saying *yeah, we are punk* and in so doing they're putting a boundary on their writing scope, which is a shame because there could be a real movement of sorts. But you have to let a movement remain as a subculture for a little while and gain some — I'm wary of using the 'maturity' — gain some recognition of its own relationship with the environment that it lives in. That's Eno's Rate Of Change; one of his cybernetic things, and it's very interesting.

"People are more interested in the technical innovations as they happen rather than the rate of change *within* where they happen."

Hence gadget obsession?

"Oh, that's not so bad. I don't mind that. I welcome any new relationship between man and his machine. I think that's very optimistic and very good. The *average* man . . . see, what you've got now is a situation where a hundred years ago the average man could fix anything that went wrong in his home. If it went wrong he could fix it. But how many things does a man have now that are out of his area of knowledge? If his television goes, he has to get a specialist to fix it. He doesn't know his immediate environment. This is because we are put under the impression that we are to accept every new technological achievement that is pushed upon us before we readily understand the last lot."

What's the last technological innovation that you understood?

"Me? I think the fountain pen. I'm the perfect example of the victim of technology. I think it's disastrous."

CHANGE OF subject. Did Bowie consider that he was being misrepresented when he was tied in with fascism last year?

"What I thought was that I'd made some very trite theatrical observations which in fact backfired. I can't blame the press for that."

Did you consider it to be a mistake?

"Oh God, yes, but I thrive on mistakes. If I haven't made three good mistakes in a week, then I'm not worth anything. You only learn from mistakes."

So what were you actually trying to say with all of that?

"It was an immediate reaction to England having not seen it for so long. What I said on the Continent was based on anticipation, and when I got here I thought I'd got it right. I seem to have the knack for putting myself in those kind of dangerous positions. I'd just dried up and I couldn't write anything."

Do you think that, once again, London would be a place that would stimulate your writing?

"It is a very different London, and that is worth consideration. It's been on my mind the longer I've been here, and I've been coming back for a couple of days at a time just taking tentative looks, but there's so many places that I haven't been to get a vibe from . . ."

There we had to leave it, because Bowie had to scoot off to a screening of a movie to which he'd been invited to contribute the music. In a conversation of such brevity, there were many things left undiscussed: like the involvement between D.B. and The Ig a.k.a. James Jewel Osterberg, the death of Marc Bolan and a relationship that had gone from friendship to feuding to friendship once more, the whole experience of Nicolas Roeg and *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, German *motorik* disco and the Kraftwerk connection, have-you-seen-Ronno and the contrast between Bowie as lone self-sufficient traveller and the man I used to know who couldn't make a move without a court of jesters and retainers and flunkies and gofers, and many more things that'll have to be discussed some other time in the future.

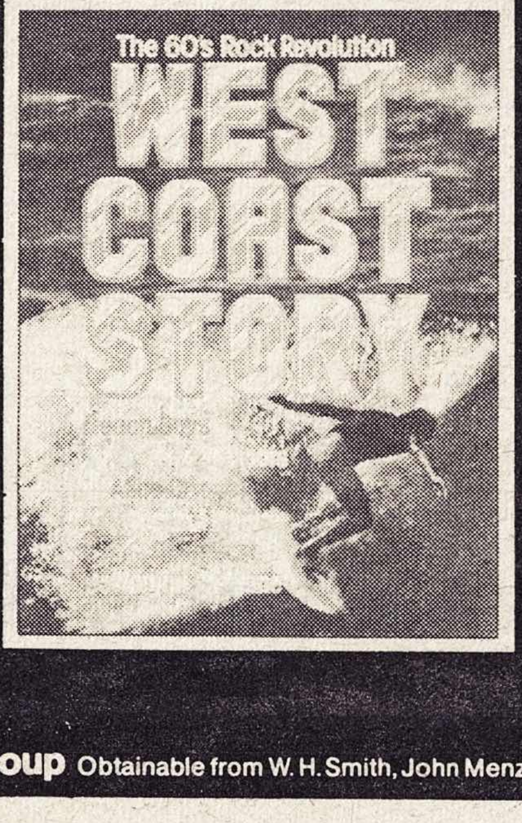
But I do know this much: David Bowie is the one man in rock whose work will, I suspect, continue to fascinate me for the rest of my life, which I won't grow out of even if I stop listening to anything else in the rock field. Sometimes I'll love it and sometimes I'll hate it, sometimes I'll find it infuriating and sometimes exhilarating, sometimes riveting and sometimes incomprehensible, but I can think of no other rock artist whose *next* album is always the one I'm most looking forward to hearing.

"The audio repairman stumbles through the door with 'sound is sacred — so come in and talk to us' written on the back of his shirt . . ."
from *Tarantula* by Bob Dylan

The West Coast Story

Produced by Patsy North and Rob Burt

Since the early 1960s California has been the centre for much that's best in Rock. This is the story of the stars, groups, cults and trends that have emerged from Los Angeles and San Francisco, two great cities teeming with talent. The book describes the growth of West Coast music and gives detailed picture-packed, biographies of the superstars and groups who created it, including the Beach Boys, Byrds, Doors, Janis Joplin, etc.

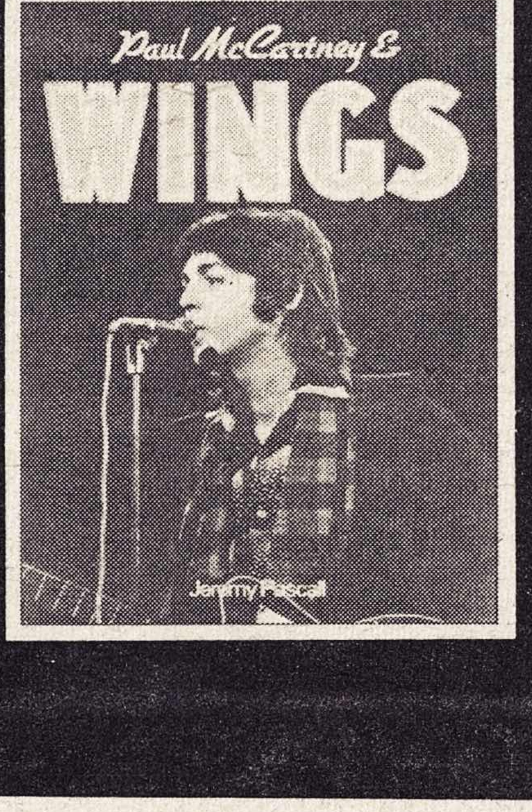


£2.95

Paul McCartney & Wings

by Jeremy Pascall £2.95

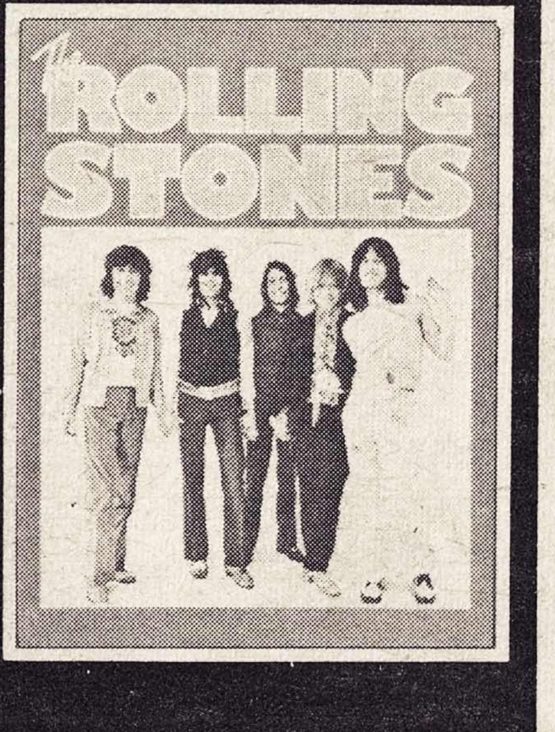
This is the story of Paul McCartney, of the Beatles and, primarily, of his brilliant success with Wings. It tells of his life up to and including the unprecedented and seemingly unrepeatable popularity of the Beatles, of the bitterness and litigation that surrounded their split, of the public hostility that his role in the break-up invoked, of his fight to see his wife Linda accepted as a musician and performer and the final triumph as Wings became one of the world's most popular recording and performing bands.



The Rolling Stones

Produced by Jeremy Pascall and Rob Burt

The turbulent, controversial, violent and tragic history of 'The Stones' is related in this book. The death of Brian Jones, the affair between Jagger and Marianne Faithfull, the drug arrests, are some of the stories that have kept The Rolling Stones in the headlines—those and the fact that to many the group is the best rock-and-roll band in the world.



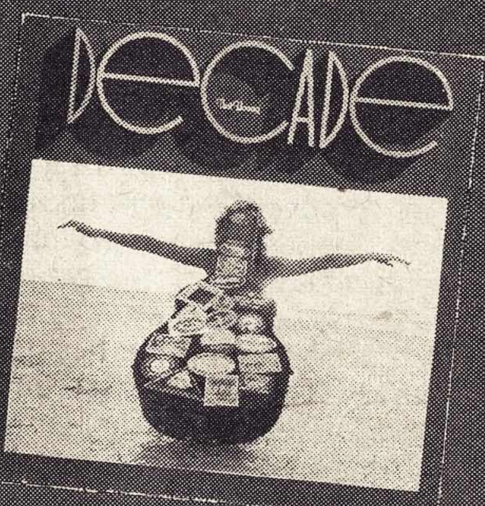
£1.99

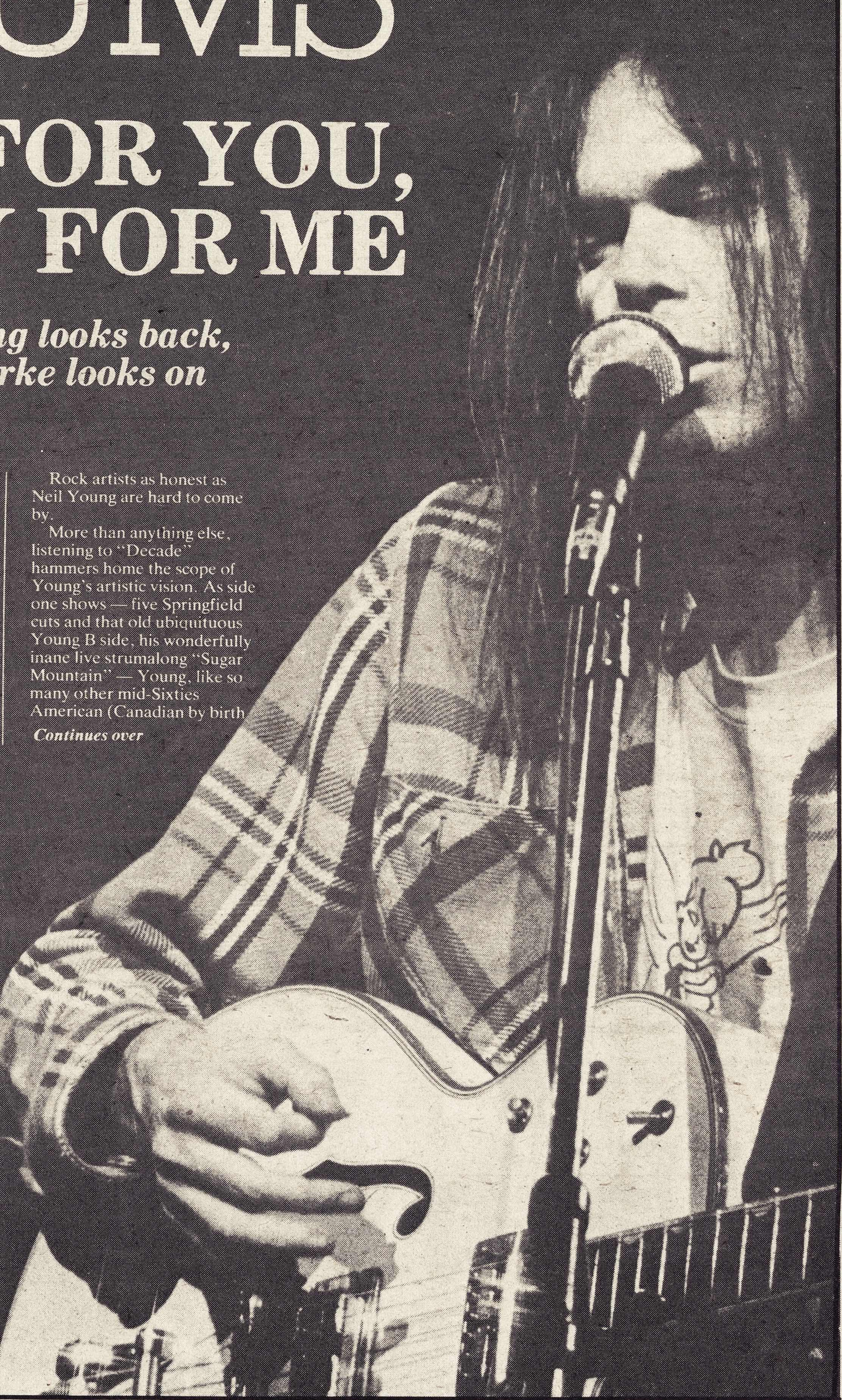
Published by The Hamlyn Group Obtainable from W. H. Smith, John Menzies, Boots and leading booksellers.

ALBUMS

BULLY FOR YOU, LONELY FOR ME

Neil Young looks back, Steve Clarke looks on





NEIL YOUNG
Decade (Reprise)

IT'S NOT just any major rock star who could get away with releasing a triple album which traces a ten year long career.

Moreover, one might immediately distrust the motives behind such an extravagant scheme as a retrospective triple album — it smacks of a record company more interested in swelling their coffers than furthering the artistic standing of the hapless artist.

Neil Young's different, though.

First and most important, he has the necessary talent to have sustained him through ten years of, for want of a better phrase, professional music making. Secondly, anyone familiar with Young's work will know how complete his artistic integrity is — complete to the point of exasperating his record company.

The saga around the release of these three albums is a perfect illustration of Young's, ahem, "complete control" — not that Young, a media recluse, has ever made a meal of his unwillingness to play what can best be referred to as 'product games'. Who else would follow up a couple of best sellers like "After The Goldrush" and "Harvest" with four albums as overtly 'unviable' (a word Young probably detests) as "Journey Through The Past", "Time Fades Away", "On The Beach" and "Tonight's The Night"? It says quite a lot for Reprise that they ever released "Tonight's The Night" or, come to that, "On The Beach" *(Isn't that what they're there for? — Ed).*

Unlike say, the Peter Framptons of this world, Young (and Dylan and Mitchell must fit in here somewhere too) sees success for what it is and it's this kind of awareness that gives Young the necessary objectivity to come out with a statement like the sleeve note accompanying "Heart Of Gold", one of his few hit singles: *"This song put me in the middle of the road. Travelling there soon became a bore so I headed for the ditch. A rougher ride but I saw more interesting people there".*

Originally scheduled for release *last* November 19, "Decade", hits the stores this November 18th. For Young aficianados it's essential listening, seeing as how apart from including cuts from every Neil Young album save for the live "Time Fades Away", there's five hitherto unreleased songs and, equally important, what are arguably the best sleeve notes ever, written by Young himself.

Taking the form of a note for each cut, Young tells you as much about himself as any halfway decent interview. Some are anecdotal. F'rinstance, writing about his first studio experience as a vocalist (Buffalo Springfield's "Burned", late 1966), he says, "The boys gave me some uppers to stay up all night. Maybe you can hear that." Young's other scrawlings reveal that David Crosby cried after CSN&Y recorded Young's enraged condemnation of 1970's Kent State Massacre "Ohio", where Nixon's soldiers mowed down four students, that Young wrote "Down By The River" and "Cowgirl In The Sand" while in bed with a fever, that "Southern Man" wasn't penned after watching "Gone With The Wind" but (he thinks) knocked out in the dressing room of the Filmore East, etc etc.

Obviously "Decade" isn't some record company scam aimed at merely re-cycling old material; Young has taken time and trouble with the album, along with producers David Briggs and Tim Mulligan, selecting the material himself.

And what a selection it is. No Neil Young fan could justifiably argue with what's included. Providing you've got the bread (£5.99) "Decade" is the record for anyone who's not familiar with Young but who'd like to be.

Clearly the prototype hippy — lank hair, ill kempt beard, obsessed with the drug culture (and as "Tonight's The Night" and "The Needle And The Damage Done" have illustrated, Young's drug songs take some beating in that they at once evoke images of squalid addiction without wagging a heavy moral finger), anti-Christian, anti-rightwing, pro-humanity, and living the proverbial alternative lifestyle on some gorgeous ranch — Young's credentials remain intact ten years on.

That he seems unwilling to release commercial rock records, despite having a plethora of material ripe for such treatment — as the previously unreleased "Winterlong" and "Deep Forbidden Lake" here show — is on the one hand infuriating (for surely if he'd gone on travelling in the middle of the road more people would have known his name), but ultimately admirable.

Rock artists as honest as Neil Young are hard to come by.

More than anything else, listening to "Decade" hammers home the scope of Young's artistic vision. As side one shows — five Springfield cuts and that old ubiquituous Young B side, his wonderfully inane live strumalong "Sugar Mountain" — Young, like so many other mid-Sixties American (Canadian by birth

Continues over

From previous page

but American by adoption) pop artists, was heavily influenced by The Beatles.

The vocal arrangements and Young's lyrics to "Burned" are very "Beatles For Sale". Young was quick to mature and, doubtless reeling under psychedelic influences, went on to write and record, aided by producer / arranger Jack Nietzche, cryptic epics like "Broken Arrow" and "Expecting To Fly", the former giving vent to Young's obsession with the luckless Red Indian (Young's subsequent band Crazy Horse [formerly The Rockets] was, of course, named after a Cochise Indian chief).

Young was never to come up with the likes of such compositions again; in fact his career to date has been unusual in that rather than writing more complex songs as time's gone on, he's simplified his material so that on "American Stars and Bars", his last studio album, itself something of a hotpotch, Young is writing simple country tunes.

The hitherto unreleased Springfield cut "Down To The Wire", intended for their cancelled "Stampede" album, is nothing to write home about; it's a fairly routine love song, only hinting at the masterpieces Young would later record with the band. It does, though, boast Young's early influences and isn't a bad place to start a retrospective of this kind.

Young's never made a habit of staying in one place too long and his subsequent solo album "Neil Young", with Nietzche once again arranging, was, as the two cuts here show — 'The Loner" and "The Old Laughing Lady" — far removed from the acid pop rock the Springfield turned out from their Los Angeles home.

Even on a strident rocker like "The Loner" there's latent lyrical delicacy that's more to the fore in "The Old Laughing Lady" where Young is relentlessly unsentimental about a woman for whom the present is the thing. To date, he's never made music which sounds anything like this first album, and as a basis for shaping his future the following "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere" was much more important.

"Well, how am I doing so far?"

Recorded with the original Crazy Horse, the greatest bar-room rock 'n' roll band in the world, the album introduced Young as a full-blooded rock 'n' roller. Young's rock and roll is out there on its own, owing little to traditional sources. While not as joyful as, say, a Chuck Berry derived band like The Rolling Stones, or even The Sex Pistols, Young's brew is just as potent, tinged as it is with a dark melancholy as his highly expressive guitar style shoots it out against a back-cloth of doomy minor chords.

Young is one of *the* great rock and roll guitarists, as "Down By The River" and "Cowgirl In The Sand" bear out; Young was later to resurrect the Crazy Horse sense of dynamics for his 1975 album "Zuma". Included here is that album's most important cut "Cortez The Killer", his romatic paen to a Spanish conquistador.

After appealing to a cult audience, Young made his reputation public with "After The Gold Rush". The melodies were sublime, the arrangements crisp as a pine tree autumn morning. Adult love songs were the order of the day, though Young still found time to vent his disgust at the hypocrisy of The South in "Southern Man", where Young communicates his venom through one whiplash of a guitar solo. The song's fundamental simplicity (it's another minor chord opus) gave no end of room for Young and his former Buffalo Springfield colleague Steven Stills to "stretch out" on guitars when he rejoined him in CSN&Y.

Young gave CS&N muscle and what could well be their finest hour in "Ohio" which opens side four. Recorded live in the studio with Young and Stills' guitars interlocking in a humdinger of a riff, "Ohio" captures the four's fury at the events which went down at Kent State. No piece of new wave social comment approaches this; "Ohio" is entirely devoid of sloganeering or posing.

Six years later Young wrote a song called "Campaigner" while touring with Stills. "Decade" features the song for the first time and is positive proof that while Young's direction isn't as clear as it has been in the past, he can still come up with a song as stirring as anything written by Bob Dylan.

In the song Young is not apparently without sympathy for Nixon, singing *"Even Richard Nixon has got soul".* Like Young's best songs, the number is thick with imagery, and in it he perhaps acknowledges his own impotency when it comes to actually changing American society's set of values.

It's a great song, fittingly the penultimate cut on "Decade", harrowing and yet touched with compassion. As for the album's other new material, "Winterlong", a song of unrequited love with an elegant guitar motif and a middle eight, and "Deep Forbidden Lake", written in 1969 and 1974 respectively, they're nigh on peerless songs too.

Young writes that "Deep Forbidden Lake", a narrative, hopefully signified the end of the post-"Harvest" "dark period" and while Young sounds decidedly resigned in the song it doesn't chill the listener in quite the same way as the cuts from "On The Beach" and "Tonight's The Night".

"Love Is A Rose", a good natured song about the pitfalls of love with a chord sequence and rhythm identical to "Dance Dance Dance", the song Young wrote for Crazy Horse, and given a country arrangement, is the remaining 'new song'.

"Decade" is rock's first entirely satisfactory triple album and one which confirms how important if exasperating Young is in that there are still several great Neil Young songs — "Traces" and "Human Highway" — unreleased.

It's easy to put down others when you're at the bottom for playing the music biz its own way. When you've already played it and won, and then gone and turned your back on it, that's a good deal more commendable. Neil Young, never one to lose his roots, is currently touring tiny bars with an obscure Californian band called The Ducks and not playing a week long season at the Empire Pool.

Steve Clarke

RICK WAKEMAN:
Rick Wakeman's Criminal Record (A&M)

RICK WAKEMAN is currently not the most fashionable musician in this country.

Having apparently come to terms with the reality that his bombastic musical megalomania was not only reaching a rapidly diminishing audience but was also gaining him a reputation as an oaf, Wakeman rejoined Yes and, immediately following sessions for the spirited "Going For The One", remained in the Swiss studio with bassist Chris Squire and drummer Alan White plus percussionist Frank Ricotti, nabbed "Going For The One" engineer John Timperley, and cut "Criminal Record".

Playing with the English Rock Ensemble (ERE), Wakeman appeared to be consistently underselling himself, dragging himself down to the level of the great drinking pals but paltry talents he'd assembled about himself.

This though is not the sound of shimmering gold capes. With the creative rhythm section of White and Squire (make no mistake about it: you may dislike the band with whom he plays but Chris Squire is one of the most constantly inventive bassists in rock) driving the record along, Wakeman has turned out a much better record than anything he's made since the first couple of epics.

"Criminal Record", which has a loose central theme, possesses some genuinely creative moments — like the beautiful drum-led change after the initial quasi-ethereal intro on "Crime Of Passion".

Wakeman has also become more adventurous in his musical conceptions: the near-surreal fairground barrel-organ impressionism of "Chamber Of Horrors" would previously have been distilled to a lumpen, wooden "theme". He also avoids those cringe-inducing synthesiser squelches and squeaks that so often seem to be a part of keyboardsman records.

In fact, Wakeman mainly confines himself to the piano, as on much of "Going For The One". Until now, Wakeman's musical style has always struck me as being somewhat hollow and emotionless. Here, though, his playing has personality and character. It seems to be more concerned with making music than money.

Like most technoflash musicians Rick is still very fond of impressionism — you can bet he used to thrill to Debussy, Ravel and Prokofiev back at the Royal College Of Music. This is generally handled with as much taste as the Kitsch Keyboardsman can muster — the bird noises on "Birdman Of Alcatraz", for example — it is on "Judas Iscariot" that he finally ODs.

Naturally "Rick Wakeman's Criminal Record" is not really a rock and roll record but slots comfortably into Hip Easy Listening. As such it will no doubt be lapped up by not very bright young executives who will hope to impress their superiors with their sense of culture. *(So how come you dig it, Chris? — Ed.)*

At least it's largely listenable.

Chris Salewicz

Wash your spots away?

Wouldn't it be great if you could get rid of spots, pimples and blackheads by just washing them away?

Well, now there's a unique new product that can help you do just that. It's called Buf-Puf.

You use Buf-Puf just like an ordinary sponge but its gentle, abrasive action helps to really deep cleanse your skin leaving you with a softer, smoother complexion.

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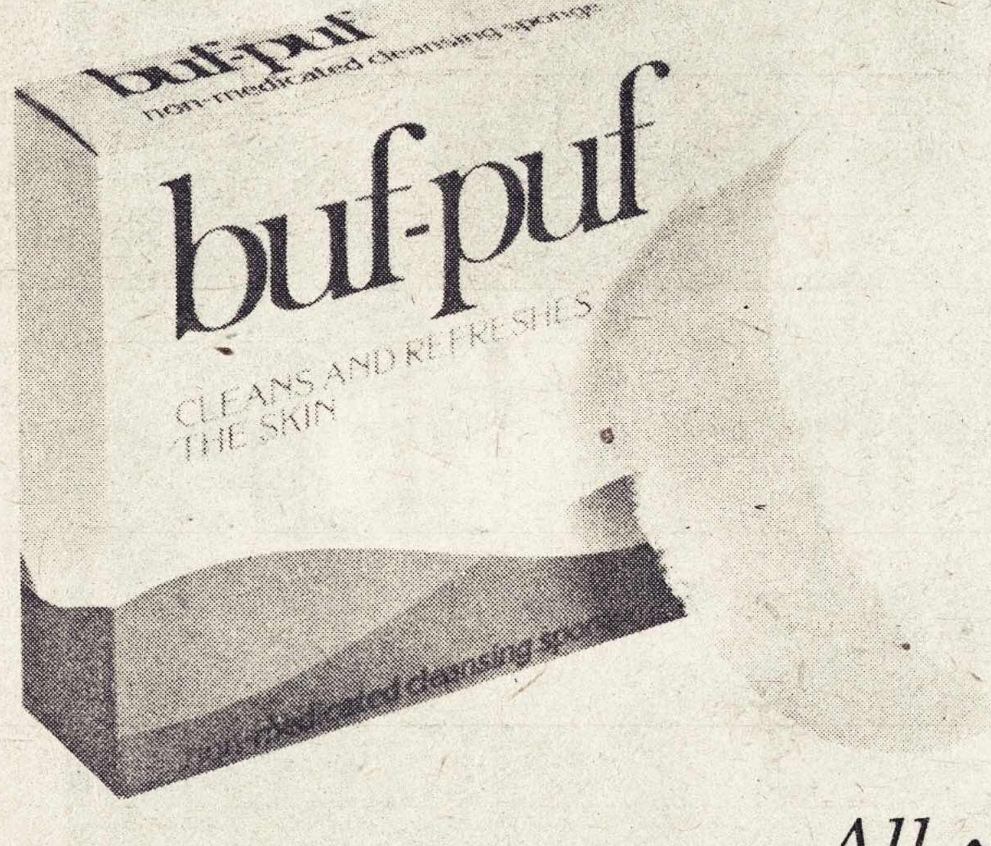


NEW
buf-puf

All you have to lose are your spots.

Some RUNAWAYS. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

THE GIRLS ARE BACK IN TOWN

. . . and so are THE RUNAWAYS

THE GIRLS
The Girls (Philips — Import)

YOU'VE GOT to admire the Japanese. Show them anything mechanical and within a week they'll present you with a perfect replica at half the price of their closest competitor. It may work with radios, TVs and cars, but human beings are different.

Earlier this year, The (original) Runaways stormed Japan and before they'd broken a few thousand hearts and left for home, the very same consortium that distributes their records had manufactured its very own facsimile of tearaway tart-rock.

Say a big "Sayonara" to The Girls: Sadie slaps skin, Gill pumps bass, Lena scratches rhythm, Ilia handles lead while Rita postulates in Cherry Currie's cast-off lingerie and sings the whole of the second side in painting-by-numbers English.

Similarities don't stop there. The Girls take a crack at The Runaways' incendiary anthem "Cherry Bomb" but forget to pull the detonator pin; perform Blondie's "In The Flesh" minus Debbie Harry's po-faced cute cool and turn The Stones' "Honky Tonk Women" from struttin' strumpets into hobbling old slags. The only time they manage to get their chops together (instrumentally) is for "Johnny B. Goode", during which Ilia gets a B-plus for effort.

If you think The Girls' choice of songs is a trifle bizarro, then cop the first side. It's sung entirely in Japanese and contains six originals that run the gauntlet between Euro-pop (French artists are big in Japan) to Heavy Metal propaganda (Deep Purple are *still* big in Japan).

However, when it comes down to sheer sleaze, The Girls have really got the upperhand. No fragile oriental painted-doll look on their young faces. An expression of being bored shitless is so much in evidence that they can't even summon up a single sneer. They look like some topless bar band that's just come straight off the late shift the night the Navy hit town.

In terms of originality, The Girls may score zilch but if — and I'm gonna give them the benefit of the doubt — they play their own axes on the first side, all is not lost.

Once Kim Fowley claps his eyes on these transistor sisters, bet he'll con JAL out of a first-class round ticket, drag the band into the nearest studio, get them to record a dozen of his own songs and proclaim Nip punk as The Next Big Thing. Of course it won't be, but that wouldn't prevent Fowley making a fast buck and The Girls getting their moment of glory, albeit, fleeting.

By the way, *"Sayonara"* means both "Hello" and "Goodbye". Think about it!

Roy Carr

THE RUNAWAYS
Waitin' For The Night (Mercury)

AS I walk along, I wonder what went wrong. . . at least they lost their cherry-bomb. . . no more ripe and rotten forbidden fruit to be mentally mauled and pawed, no more corsets or stage-managed orgasms or frustrated starlets.

Jackie Fox was just a bass-playing sugar-plum anyhow, while Cherie Currie always recalled nothing so much as a sparrow with Jayne Mansfield aspirations.

Na, Joan Jett was always the magnet to whom eyes flocked like iron-filings . . . so dark and dirty and different, the only one you might find actually *stealing* a car as opposed to necking in it. So she sings silly songs about "gettin' wet" and "gettin' hot" but she's just eighteen and still getting ready.

What's wrong is that Kim Fowley still appears to be leading them up a blind, lucrative alley, the intention unjust. Nothing's sacred on the consumer/product beat and the Public's contemptuous greed for Bad Girls just had to be assuaged with a processed package.

The Runaways are presented as sex-zombies whose every breath is drawn solely to screw with, the music the mere cherry on top. They come across as acting not like teenage girls, but as how dirty old men would like teenage girls to act. I'm sure that The Runaways like sex, but if they did it as much as they would have you believe they wouldn't have had time to cut one single, let alone three albums.

Their third sleeve is a Californian's conception of punk chic black leather and barbedwire pain, the flirtation foursome oozing come-hither viability and trickles of lip-smacking tomato ketchup.

The illicit sex / drugs / streets/ pant / moan yawn which saturates their career is here — but "Little Sister," "Schooldays" and "You're Too Possessive" *("I don't have to waste my time/A wimp like you ain't worth a dime")* are all superior heavy metal shrillness while "Wait For Me" is quite a beautiful love song refreshingly free from their laboured fake ecstasy. These songs are Joan Jett's; she sings them in a powerful if pretty voice.

As for the rest, The Runaways prowl aimless yet desperate circles under the threat of Ringmaster Fowley's whip. Waiting for the night, waiting for something, anything, plumbing new depths with the Fowley composition "Wasted".

But though their songwriting talents are cursed by their mentor's inclination for hot pieces, enforced sex-appall cannot hamper The Runaway's playing. Veteran blondies guitarist Lita Ford and drummer Sandy West prove that anything boys can do, we can do better. Lovely Vicki Blue seems to be a tranquil half-the-fuss and twice-the-fun combination of Jackie Fox's competent bass-playing and Cherie Currie's blonde pout (minus the flat-chested brassiness.)

Together they have gathered assorted crumbs from various Boy's Club tables (tortuous heavy metal guitar shrieks, vaguely psychedelic drifting, glib teenybopper couplets) and tacked them into a competent foundation on which to erect their *coup* — the fact that they are pretty Californian teenagers.

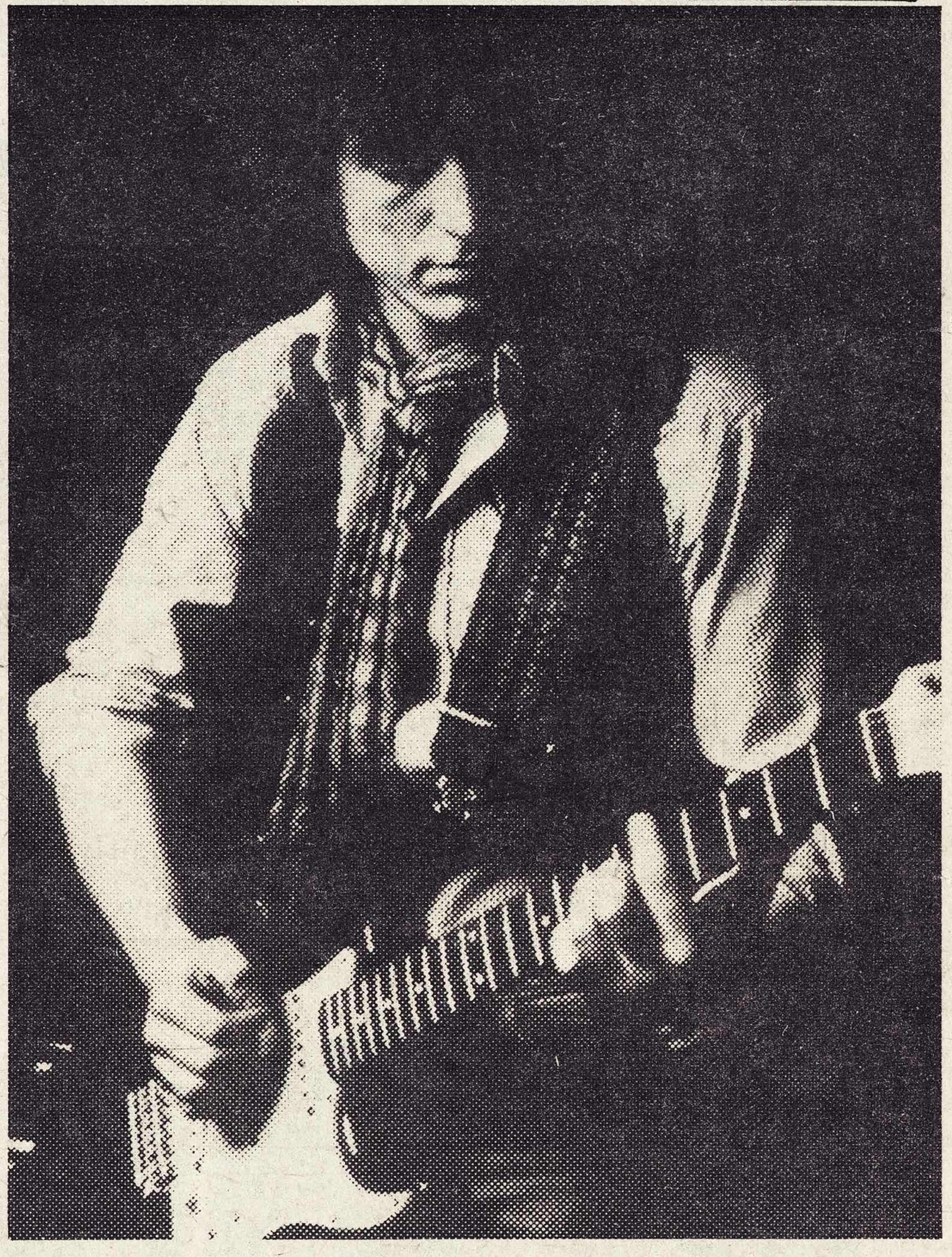
The blame for their "jailbait morons" image, which sets them up for such easy dismissal and ridicule, lies not with them but with old man Fowley. He has already said "Rock and roll is dead" — so he has no business mucking around with youngsters for whom playing clean rock and roll is possibly the most life-affirming experi-

ence known. He can only contaminate them with his own cynicism.

When The Runaways evoke sex as a kick akin to drugs only better, or as a natural act for a healthy nymphet, they hint at a potential greatness. When they portray themselves as dumb love-junkies, whose music is nothing more than a noisy advertisement of their sole role in life — that of juicy receptacle — they are mediocre burlesque.

Julie Burchill

He's worked with Eric Clapton.
He's worked with John Entwistle.
He's worked with the Doobies.
He's worked with Tim Hardin.
He's worked with Glen Hughes.
He's worked with Tony Visconti.

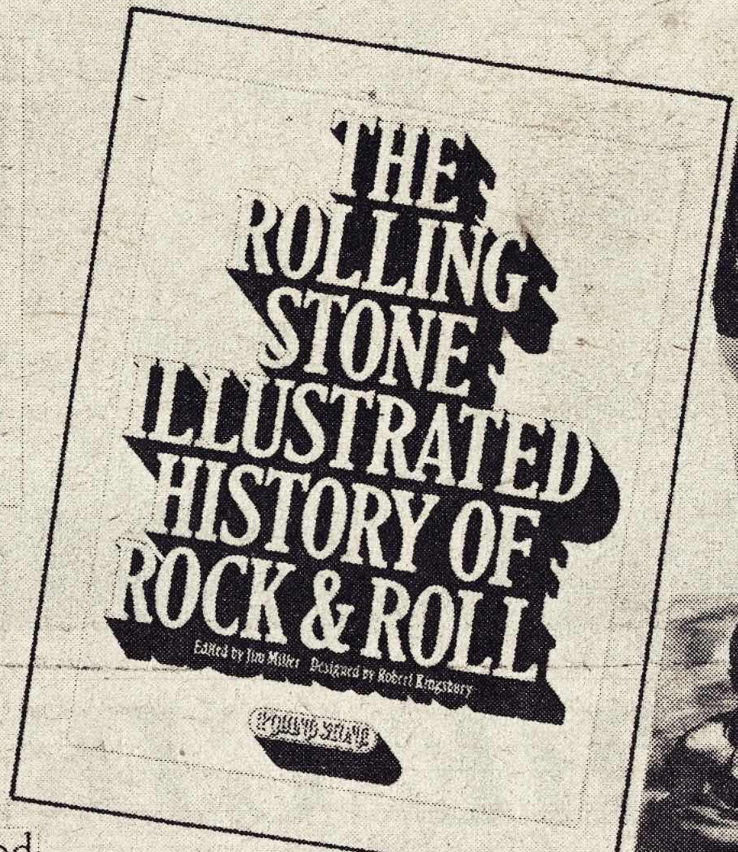


He's Alan Ross. At 23, he's now working for himself.
Does this make him a boring old fart?

His solo album: 'Are you free on Saturday?' Produced by Tony Visconti.
See him on tour with Sutherland Brothers and Quiver. EBONY EBY 1000 Marketed by RCA.

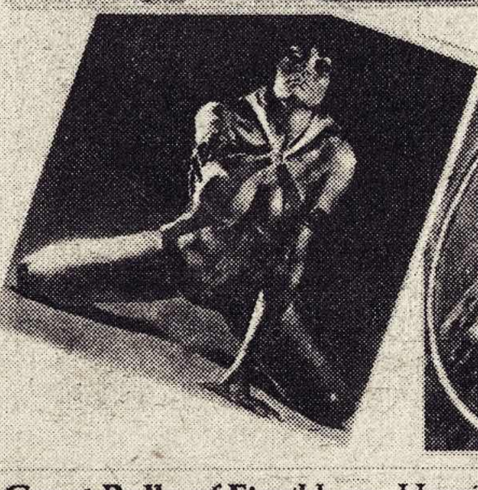
HAVE YOU GOT BIG O?
A BUYER'S GUIDE TO GETTING IT

When you're done reading this grimy rag maybe you'll feel like coping with something a little meatier. No, we're talking about books–**Big O** books. Take a look and see if anything catches your eye. If you're strictly a music person, then you can't go wrong with the **Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll.** If anything's meaty it's this. As the venerable CSM Himself said: *The scourge of the massive ultra-heavy-duty-ultimo-serioso rock book. This one makes the others look like mere teenage trash... This is heavy, Jack; the stuff of which doctoral theses are made...the entire faculty of the Kulcher Department at Rock Central University is here, greased and ready to kick ass!* Getting on for 400 monstrously large pages and drenched in well over 800 pictures, many previously unseen, from past and present, the **Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll** has had great reviews everywhere. Well, OK, the *London Evening News* hated it, but then we don't think much of them either.



There's a pic of Jerry Lee in the *Rolling Stone* book that's so good it makes you want to start tapping your feet to *Great Balls of Fire.* Really that's just a lousy link to tell you about another book we think you might like to get your mits on. Subtitled **A History of Sex in Science Fiction Illustration, Great Balls of Fire** is hot off the presses. Underline hot. It's a fiercely colourful tale taking in rocket man's fantasies, sex queens of outer space, muscled heroes, boots and bondage, fetishes, sword, sorcery and sexual symbolism. A whole heap of pictures in colour. **Great Balls of Fire** is great to look at but good to read – for anyone who likes sex or science fiction (if you don't like either, most magazines have a problem page at the back somewhere).

Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll £4.95



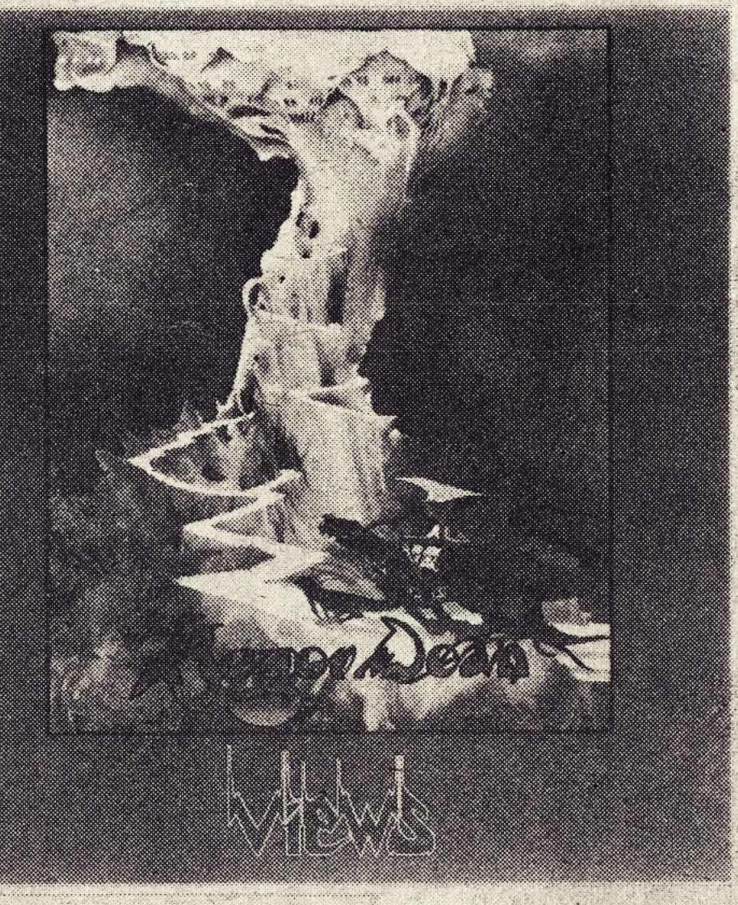
OK, where do we go from here. Let's take a look at what's going for those of you who like immersing yourselves in art and disappearing into Fantasy Land. **Roger Dean** became widely known most of all because of his album sleeves for *Yes.* His best-seller **Views** is now in its second edition. If you haven't seen it you really are missing out. Not only does it demonstrate the substantial part he's played in revolutionising the art of record sleeve design, showing us such things as series of rough sketches that lead up to the factory fresh article in your local browser but also other aspects of his genius such as environmental, architectural and furniture design. **Views** is crammed with full colour illustrations, diagrams – the whole works, plus a really good analysis of the concepts, techniques and methods that make up Roger's unique contribution to contemporary art.

Great Balls of Fire/Harry Harrison **£3.95**
Great Balls of Fire is published by *Pierrot Publishing Ltd.*

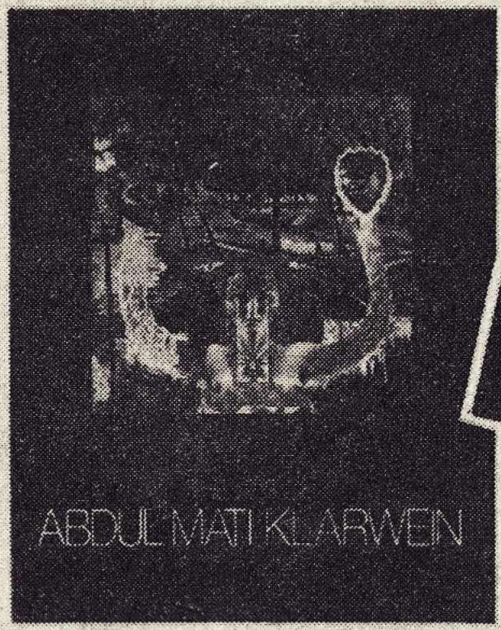
While we're on the subject of art, three other books you might like to know about. And if you're an uncultured roughneck maybe one of your more classy friends would be eternally grateful to receive one of the said items in his or her stocking–who said anything about Christmas?

Occupied Spaces is described in the blurb as a *kaleidoscope of sensuality and portraiture.* And that's really a pretty good description. Overall, it's a shocking visual drama of the drug-orientated culture. Illustrating the paintings are excerpts from many different sources–songs by *Joni Mitchell* and *Jefferson Airplane,* poems by *Arthur Rimbaud,* words from *Garma Chang,* and so on...

Occupied Spaces/Brad Johannsen **£2.95**



Views/Roger Dean **£4.75**



God Jokes/Abdul Mati Klarwein **£2.95**

God Jokes in full colour throughout displays the art of **Abdul Mati Klarwein,** known widely through his painting *Annunciation,* used as *Santana's Abraxas* album cover. To describe his work it's simpler to quote the artist himself –*Ecstasy is my frame of reference.*

As if all that wasn't too much to take in, **Visions** has to be seen to be believed. The artists displaying their wares in this book came out of San Francisco in the Sixties. Their art was one totally separate from the mainstream. Full colour throughout, no description comes anywhere near to being satisfactory.

Visions/Bay Area Artists **£3.95**

So much for **Big O** books. Are you still with us–right. Old Father Time's soon going to be struggling out of retirement to introduce 1978 to us–and the way things have been going so far we're all going to need a little **Wizardry & Wild Romance** in the coming year. A better way of marking time there isn't. **Rodney Matthews'** vividly compelling illustrations inspired by **Michael Moorcock's** incredible imagery result in *Fantastic Art* at its very best. Not so much a calendar more a unique visual experience to illuminate the passage of the year. If you're familiar with **Rodney Matthews'** art or **Michael Moorcock's** multi-writings then you won't need convincing further. If not, then all we can say is, skip throwing darts at your *Little Jimmy Osmond* calendar and try this one instead next year.

Wizardry & Wild Romance
1978 Calendar **£3.95**

Should all this have tempted you to part with actual money, and we should point out payment in kind (i.e. old cuban heel boots, etc.) is not acceptable, then if you're too darned idle to loaf off to your nearest bookshop, fill out the coupon below, sending it with cheque/P.O. to
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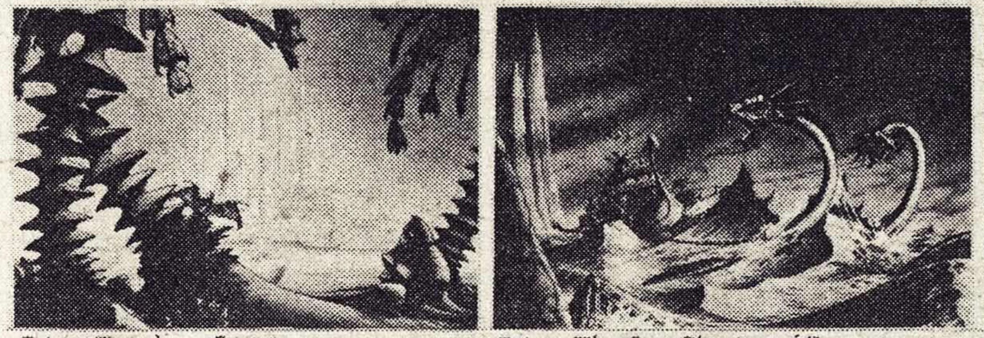
BIG O: A BUYER'S GUIDE TO GETTING MORE OF IT

OK, so you've seen the books we do and our contribution to 1978 – the **Wizardry & Wild Romance** Calendar. So now have a look at our poster range. Having raved and ranted about the books and calendar we'll leave the posters to speak for themselves, save to say they're all in full colour and to explain that the **Wizardry & Wild Romance** series by **Rodney Matthews** are the same illustrations to be seen in this calendar. Details of sizes can be found at the foot of the page.

WIZARDRY & WILD ROMANCE/RODNEY MATTHEWS



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RODNEY MATTHEWS

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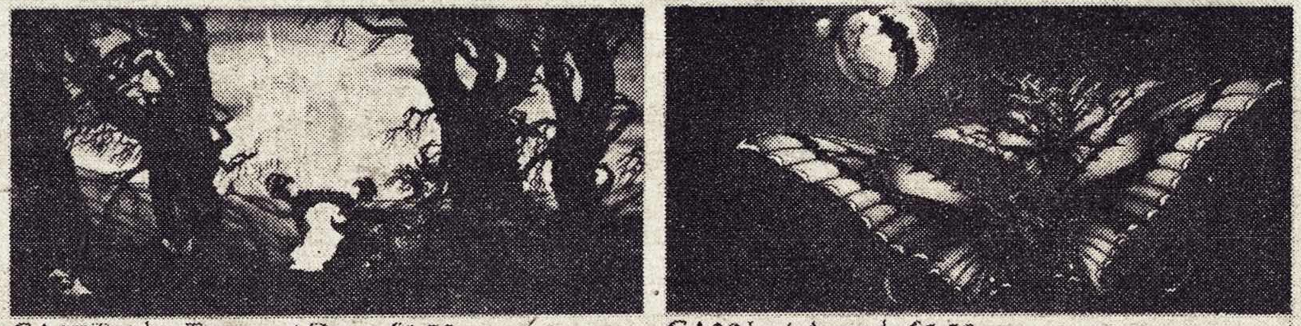

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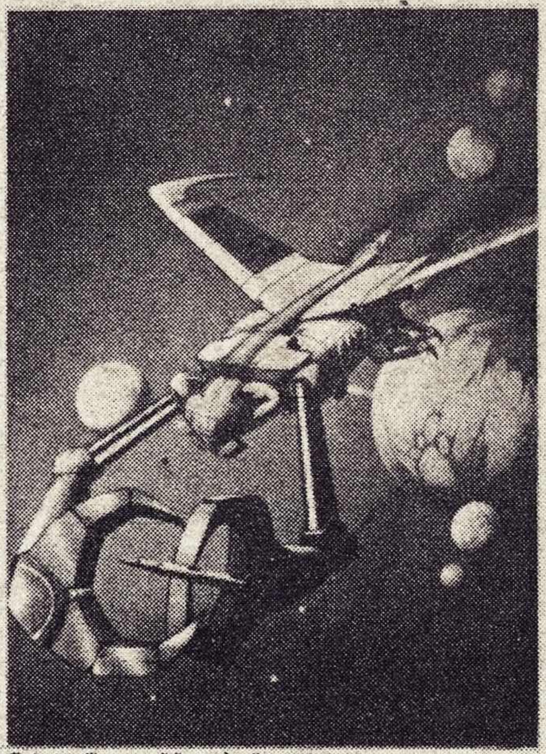

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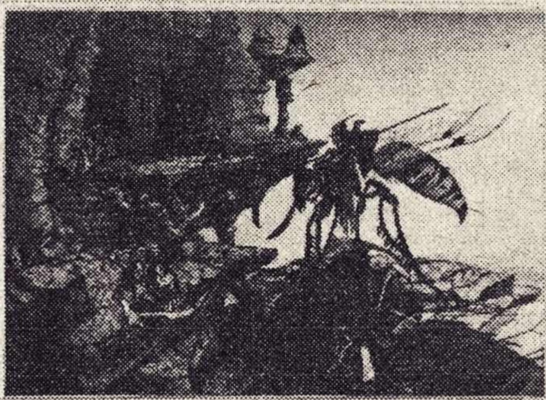

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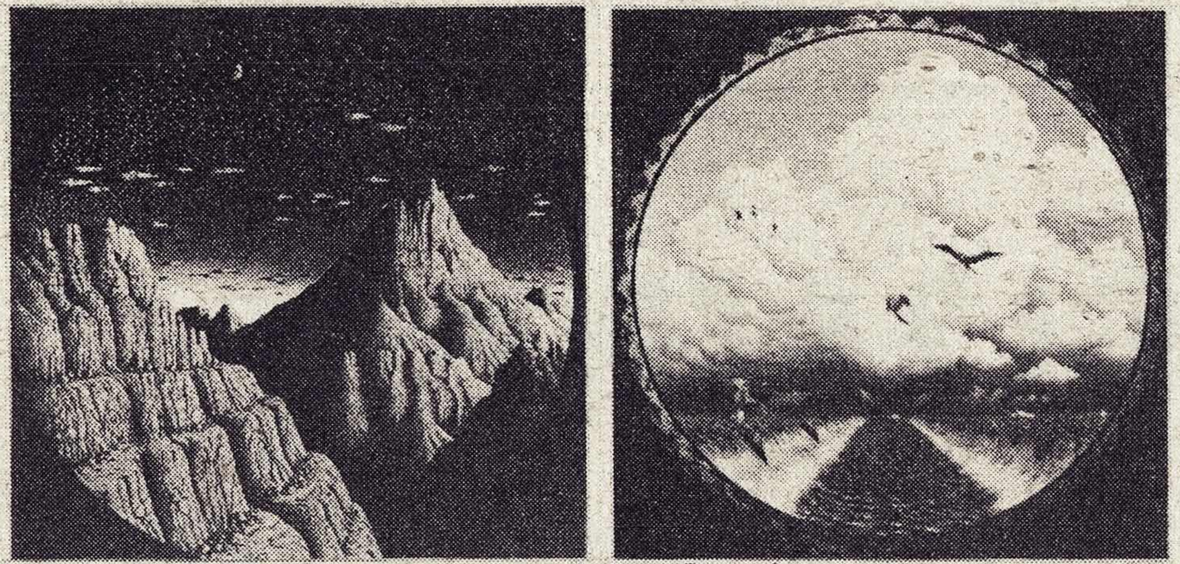

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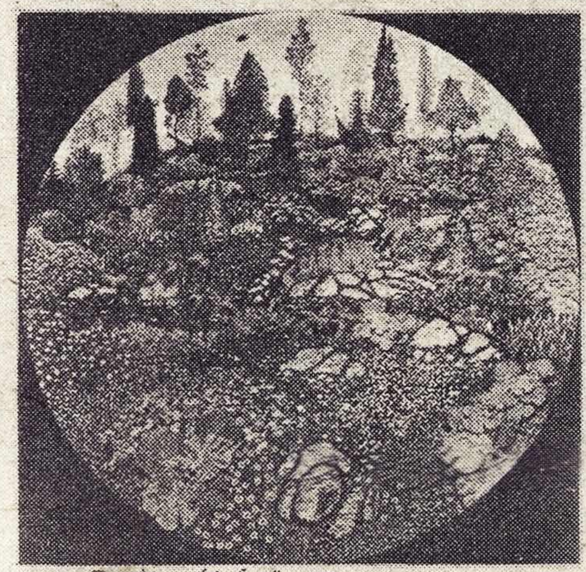

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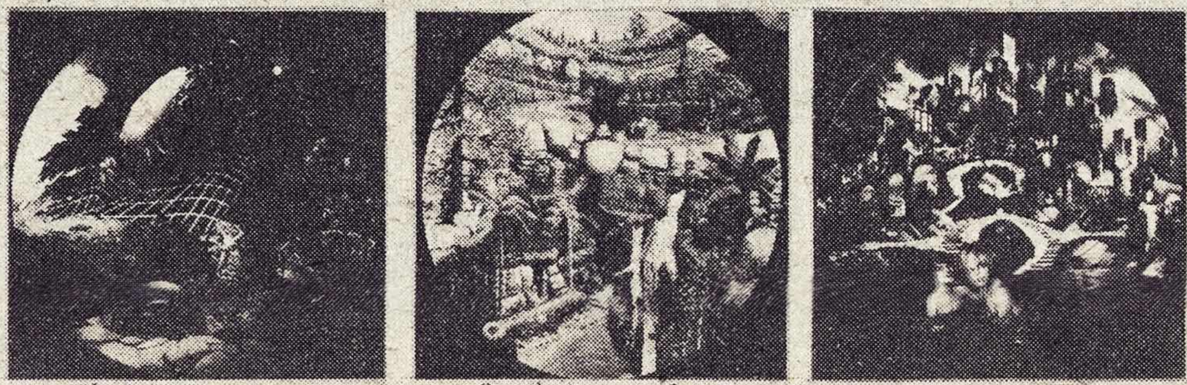

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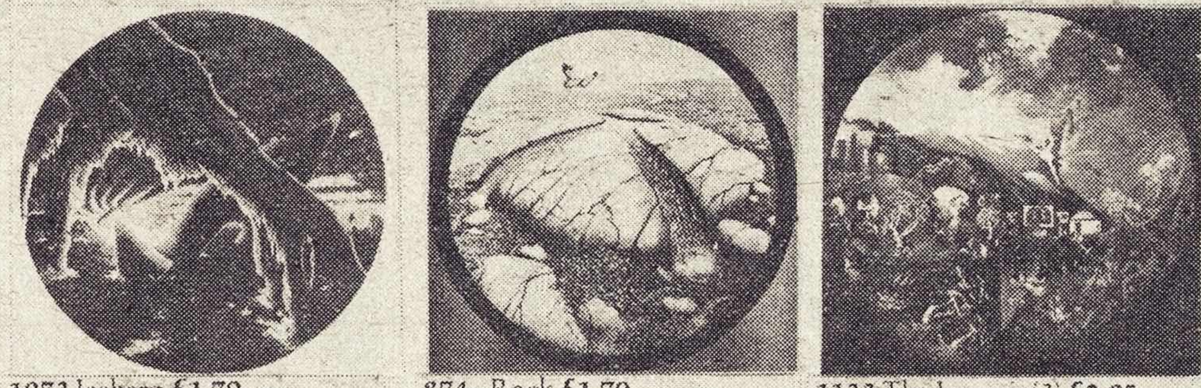

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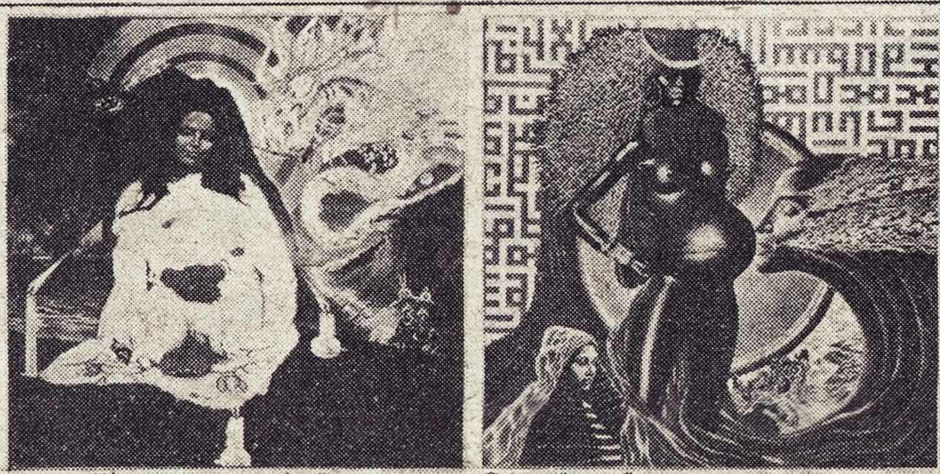

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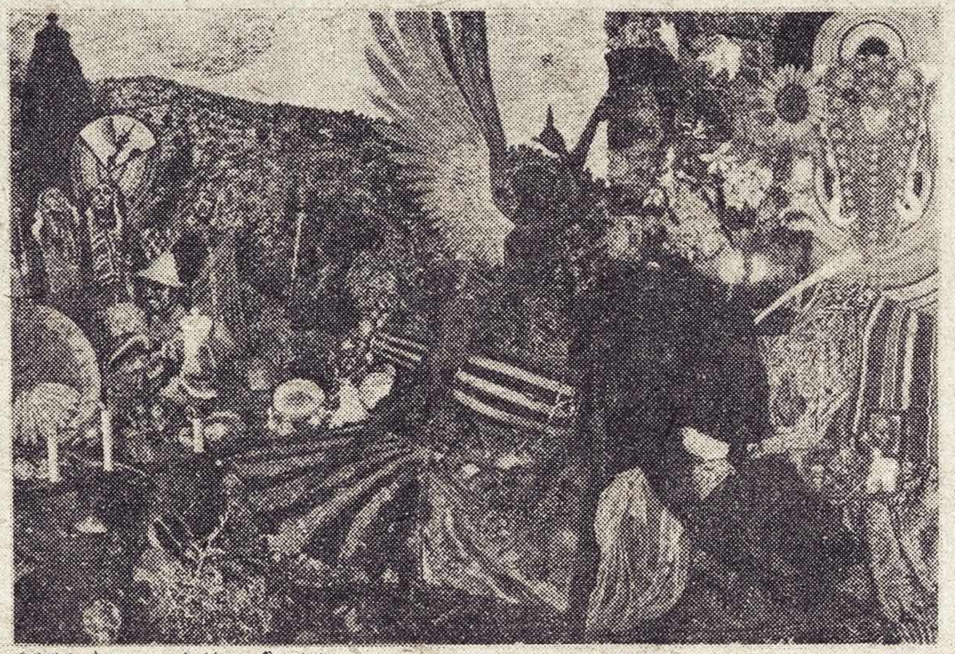

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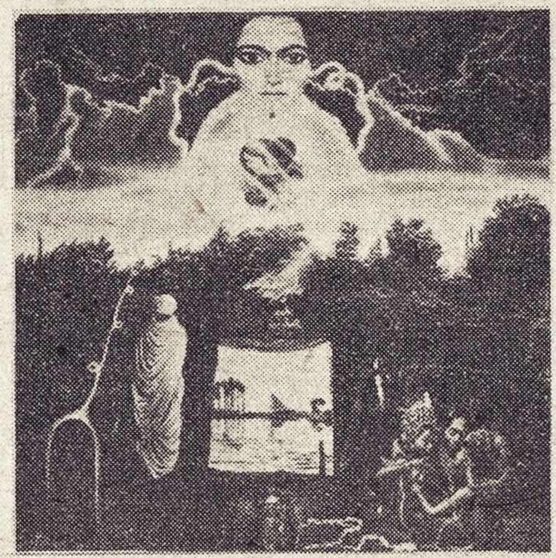

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Ed 'n' Rods 'n' Rock 'n' Roll

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS
Life On The Line
(Island)

"GRAEME DOUGLAS appears courtesy of CBS," it says here. Well, he doesn't actually *appear* — his mugshot being conspicuous by its absence on the excellent gatefold sleeve, due to some bitchy inter-company wrangle — but he sure makes his presence felt.

Out of the nine tracks present, Douglas wrote the music for six. His fellow guitarist, Dave Higgs, who wrote all the eight originals on "Teenage Depression", gets just one credit on "Life On The Line". What's more, Higgs' playing role on almost every track is restricted to rhythm guitar, while Douglas' wordsmith on most numbers is not one of the other Rods, but manager /producer Ed Hollis.

If "Do Anything You Wanna Do" didn't already forewarn you, that should make it crystal clear: this is not the same Eddie and the Hot Rods that used to whack out "Wooly Bully" down the Marquee last year.

The intended transition would seem to be from high energy R&B to high energy rock — the theory being that R&B, while it works great in clubs (and, surprisingly, in large halls too, judging by the Rods' and Feelgoods' Quo-like following this past year), doesn't cut it on record.

They haven't gone heavy metal, as comparisons elsewhere with Sweet (huh?!!) might lead you to believe; instead they've attempted to fill that most elusive of gaps — how the hell do you define it? — where the heady feel of beat music meets the drive of hard rock.

"Do Anything You Wanna Do" epitomises it. Unfortunately, the rest of the album falls slightly short. Close, but not quite.

Primarily, that's down to the material. There's certainly nothing else that hooks you the instant you hear it and stays in your head forever — but then songs like "Do Anything You Wanna Do" are exceedingly rare. Still, the other songs don't quite come to grips with its basic formula anyway, tending to stay closer to the old zooming R&B rhythm, and not being blessed with such a widescreen production potential.

They also fall *slightly* short of target in performance. Although his playing is furious and dynamic, Douglas never quite hits off a real killer solo — possibly because, in trying to retain the raw enthusiasm which explodes out of every groove on the record, he has deliberatley avoided the more sophisticated guitar tones that might make for more memorable solos.

Paul Gray's bass is generally ace, if a little twangy at times, while Steve Nicol motors admirably throughout — though he does overdo the frantic stickwork occasionally.

Dave Higgs, because of his somewhat reduced role, is now almost as inscrutable as he looks — though presumably he's primarily responsible for the zesty drive that propels the set (the one slowie, an instrumental called "We Sing . . . The Cross", doesn't feature either him or Barrie Masters).

And Masters? Just great. More than anyone, he maintains his single performance throughout the album. The others, on this showing, are a good band — but he's turning into a really excellent singer, which is what really counts most. Whether he can handle anything beyond youthful bluster remains to be seen, because unfortunately; he hasn't got any decent words to sing.

All my previous criticisms only apply in the context of this being a really infectious, enjoyable album — a fact which maybe I haven't emphasised enough; they may not have quite hit the bull's eye, but at least they're scoring high and on the right board. But the words . . .

Endless reruns of "Do Anything You Wanna Do" — which, were it not for all that dopey stuff about not wanting no politicians to tell me what to be, would itself have been a far worthier candidate for classic-of-the-year. That song was so exhilarating musically that it got away with it, but there's about six tracks here larded with earnest instructions to ignore your elders, your teachers tell you lies, don't believe your history books, open your mind, etc, *ad nauseum*.

ROD 'N' THE EDDIES — with Higgs (right) once more top in the inscrutability stakes.

Even when they *do* get off that tack, there are far too many words stuck in just to make a rhyme, and not a single lyric worth listening to twice. It just makes you remember that when Graeme Douglas left The Kursaal Flyers he also split with a highly skilled lyric writer.

Still; don't let any of that detract from the fact that this is a superb effort for a band who looked dangerously like a prematurely spent force before Graeme Douglas joined. Any one track has got more sheer energy than most bands muster in a year, and now it's being deployed with great flair in a style that is fresh and exciting.

If they'd had songs to match their newfound potential, this album could have made almost everything else, even in this "amphetamined" year, look positively dozy. Ten out of ten for star quality and presentation, seven for content.

Phil McNeill

TANGERINE DREAM
Encore (Virgin)

THE DREAM tour North America and humanise the hardware. "Encore" is live. Four sides, four titles; high recording quality, low audience interference.

But how does a Projekt electronic modular synthesiser differ from an Oberheim or Computerstudio digital sequence? On second thoughts, it doesn't matter a damn.

Although Tangerine Dream do *not* play electronic music in the strictest sense of the term. "Encore" has next to nothing to do with say, Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Kontakte." Whereas the composer uses electronic apparatus to create purely abstract tones, The Dream prefer to play safe, to harmonise conventional texture and timbre, albeit with a rapturous gift for improvisation.

Only "Desert Dream", the last side, an apparently arbitrary collage of freefall soundscaping, hints at what the trio could achieve if so inclined. Themes are briefly alluded to, rarely stated explicitly; the music has a pervasive momentum of its own, at once attractive and inaccessible. But even here Franke or Baumann gives over to orthodoxy, programming a synthesiser to imitate an oboe section.

"Cherokee Lane" and "Moonlight" are The Dream at their most structural. Both pieces evince an almost classical sense of symmetry.

"Lane" solidifies rapidly into fast ensemble playing; "Light" begins and ends with Froese's grand piano arpeggios, weaves through what amounts to a baroque fugue, cuts dead into a venomous sequencer sweep, repeats fugue motif. All very staple. At times severely beautiful, at others sadly predictable.

"Coldwater Canyon" is Dream rock, Froese's treated Les Paul flaring restlessly over a percussive riff offset by jabbing mellotron punctuations — a raga of sorts, strongly modal in feel. Enjoyable but still stopping well short of the *really* compelling.

I should I suppose be grateful for small mercies. Rather Tangerine Dream than any number of other Moog-bound artistes (Lord, forgive the players upon the synthesiser, for they know what to do, etc.), but I wish their horizons were wider.

Angus MacKinnon

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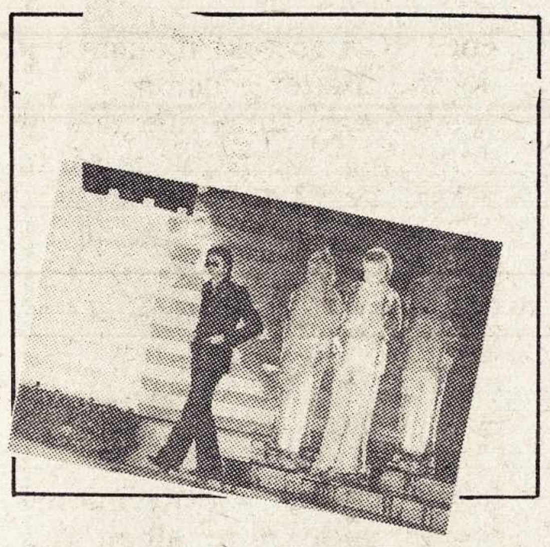


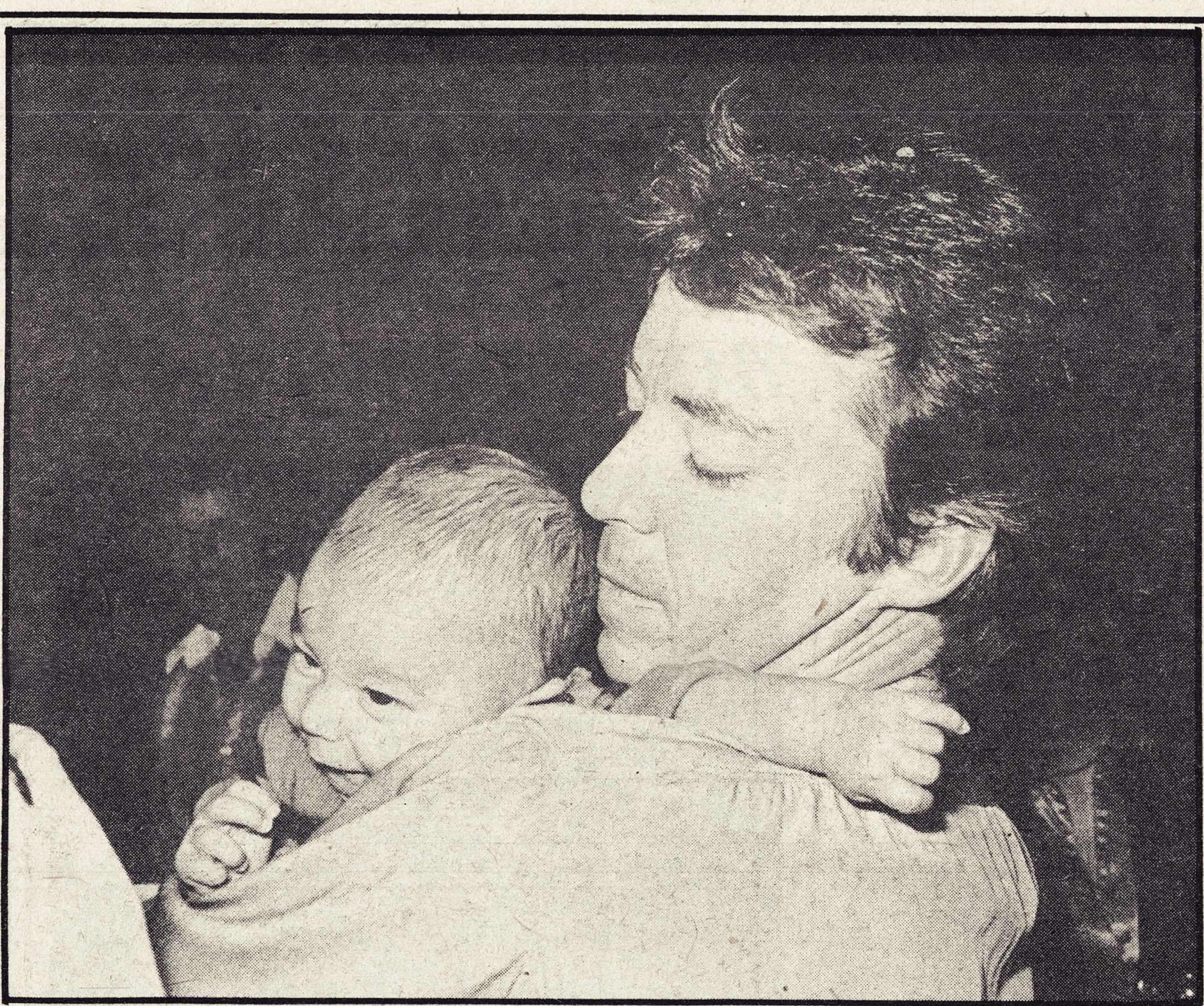
BOZ SCAGGS
Down Two Then Left (CBS)

BOZ SCAGGS can sell a lot of records to an audience that was unaware of his existence less than two years ago.

Those *who were* aware of him before then greatly suspect his current methods. Not least because the style forged with Johnny Bristol on "Slow Dancer" and achieved more sympathetically with Joe Wissert on "Silk Degrees" is, on the surface of it, a cop out. Although Scaggs has always played black music, its previous incarnation was a much cruder rhythm and blues.

Perhaps the single-most offensive item on his records was the recent appearance of a hissing hi-hat and its inherent rhythmic emphasis towards, yes, disco. Now I'm not going to be caught trying to defend disco, but like everything else there's a good and bad. Disco tends to have a rarity of the former and a large percentage of the latter. Convincing you that Boz Scaggs' music is safely in the first category is not the problem though . . .

"Down Two Then Left" differs from "Silk Degrees" in two respects. The cover is not as good — it takes the cool pose to a much too obvious conclusion — and the music is better. Producer Joe Wissert now has the musical setting far more in tune with Scaggs' soul refinement. Otherwise it's basically the same sophisticated, midnight stuff that few soul artists apart from the Brothers Johnson are making these days.



The Boz had a baby — *and we called it Blue-eyed Disco*

More either opt for churning out disco with little regard for the music they are making, go cabaret, or — like Parliament — eschew the conventional and head admirably for uncharted regions. Few seem to consider it worthwhile trying to make disco music that has any integrity, disco music that has soul. Boz Scaggs does and that can't be a bad thing.

When you hear "Down Two Then Left" (and like it or not you will, because at least half the songs are destined for the dancefloor and therefore the charts) the sheer satin smoothness and immediate infectiousness will I'm sure, bring forth cries of *bland*.

Hip Easy Listening it is, but bland it is not. Without consciously copying, Scaggs' music has arrived at a similar state to Steely Dan's — the pinnacle of AM/FM acceptability yet redeemed by certain qualities. With Dan this is their lyrical prodigy and the sublime excellence of their melodies, with Scaggs it is merely the latter.

"Gimme The Goods", "We're Waiting" and "Then She Walked Away" in fact sound much like Steely Dan, this perhaps being due to the presence of guitarist Elliot Randall and drummer Jeff Porcaro, both Dan sidemen.

Of the remainder, "1993" could be a McCartney rocker, "Tomorrow Never Came" is a pointless ballad, and the rest are consumately seductive '70s soul.

Scaggs' music is now what Marvin Gaye could have been making if he had continued with "What's Goin On" and "Let's Get It On" and had an ear for a whiter sound.

Interestingly, Scaggs has made the same transition that Marvin Gaye made from the uptown R&B of the great "Don't Do It" single to the smooth artistry of "What's Goin On", but has done it almost a decade later, moving from albums like "My Time" to this.

It was probably inevitable that Scaggs would reach this point. Though why it should be any less respectable to make blue-eyed soul than it is to make blue-eyed R&B I don't know.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD
Street Survivors (MCA)

THE IRONIES and coincidence surrounding the death of Lynyrd Skynyrd's leader Ronnie Van Zant and their guitarist Steve Gaines are manifold.

Moreover, listening to "Street Survivors" one is again reminded of the group's major influence, The Allman Brothers. And we know what happened to Duane Allman, the guitarist for whom Skynyrd wrote and performed the perfect elegy in "Free Bird".

Though it's cold comfort to the band's admirers, "Street Survivors" is a good Lynyrd Skynyrd album, curiously restrained and for the most part devoid of the boogie excesses for which their detractors always numbered them.

Certainly Skynyrd were no originators, but they had personality, performing their hybrid of blues, R&B and country with Southern conviction. That they could create atmosphere is illustrated by "That Smell", the best number on the album, where Van Zant, with questionable self-righteousness, sings of the dangers of over-indulgence in drugs and drink behind a tightly knit minor key chord sequence.

Elsewhere, time honoured Skynyrd themes abound — hedonism on the road — and while the band's featured soloists (guitarists Gaines, Allen Collins and Gary Rossington and Billy Powell on keyboards) are all derivative, they execute their licks with feeling.

Skynyrd fans need not fear disappointment.

Steve Clarke

PAT TRAVERS
Putting It Straight (Polydor)

NO ONE could ever accuse Pat Travers of band wagon jumping.

There he is on the sleeve of "Putting It Staight", his third album, striking the Classic Guitar Hero Pose with his long hair and stack heels. The lad's got some nerve.

Actually, Travers is a better than average heavy metal guitarist with more than one ace up his sleeve. Shame then that he's hamstrung with only minimum writing talent (his lyrics would embarrass yer average Sixth Former doodling out his adolescent angst), and undistinctive voice, a band that on this record sounds mechanical and a production job that is uniformly flat.

In its way "Putting It Straight" is as bland as the last Chris Hillman album

Steve Clarke

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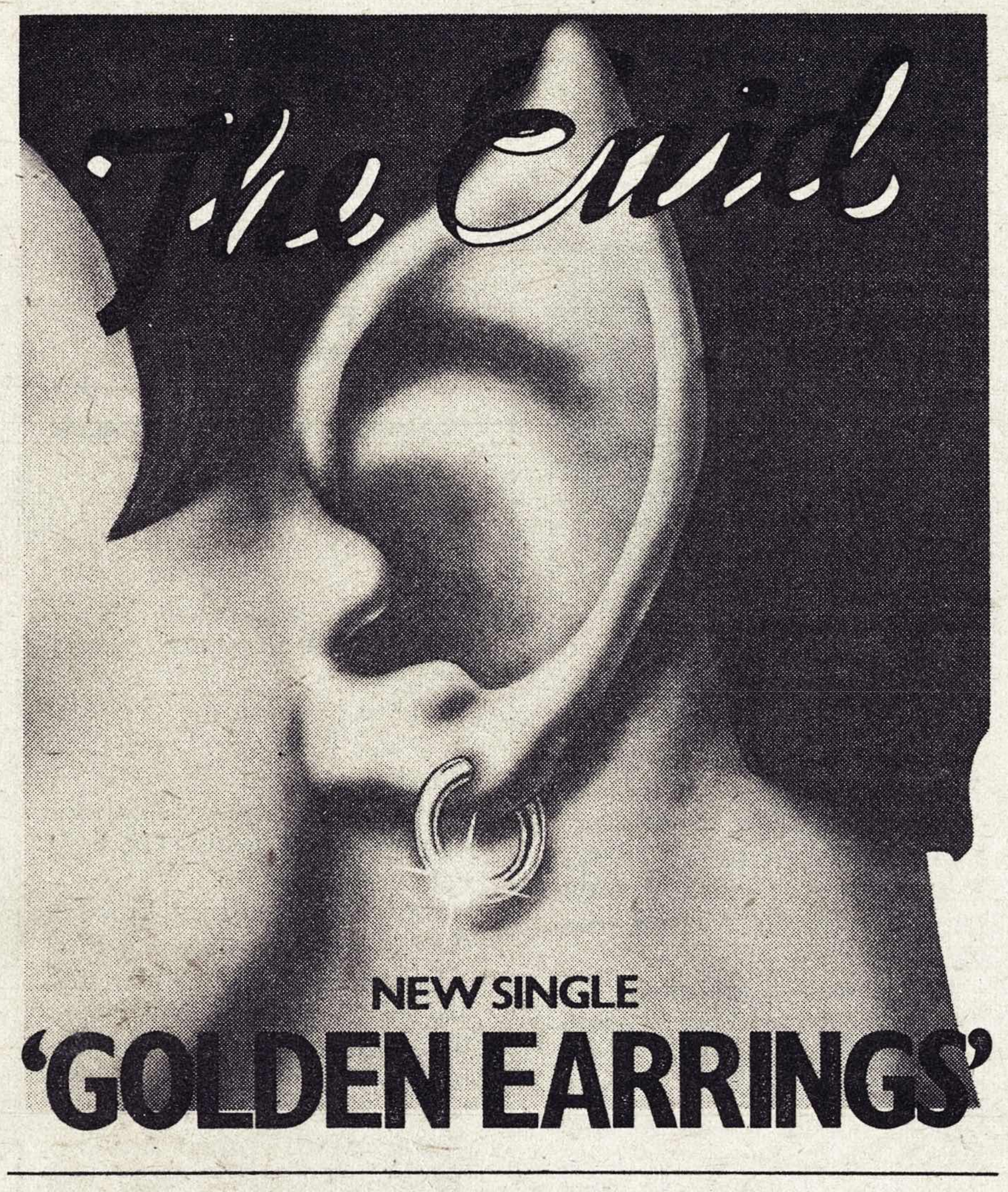
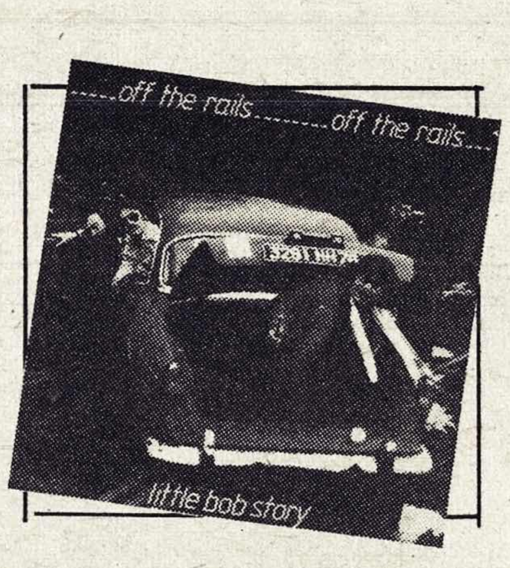




When the Old Cool Tie is just not enough . . .

LITTLE BOB STORY
Off The Rails (Chiswick)

THE FEISTY little guys have probably peaked.

The euphoric punk-rock honeymoon of last year somehow created a fertile landscape upon which any pathological misfits could scrawl their visions while the rest of the ranks gazed on benevolently.

Just keep it fast, burn your flares and don't flash no peace signs. Pump out Rods/Feelgoods/Oil City rivvum 'n' blooze if your age/attitude/haircut is unsuited to frenetic, three-chord folkmusic and in all probability you'll even get tagged New Wave.

Things are so much different now, with even the Top Dogs holding punk-rock Old Cool Ties coming under flak from the lowliest fanzine which six months ago would have been drooling New Order pratitudes. Yeah, disillusion with punk-rock is today what fag burns on your arms were 18 months back.

You didn't make it? Well, it's all over now and there's just me and Little Bob Story in here and they're the same French R & B-uppers they always were, swilling down the pints, doing a line or pulling a bird with individualised enthusiasm.

Little Bob Piazza. Pic: NANDO

Dominique Guilon, their Lou Reed lookalike, has departed after excess problems and his place in the Bobs taken by another son of Le Havre of whom I know nothing and who does not play on this record. If '70s R & B must have either atrophy or find Hit Singles (as in The Rods and The Feelgoods) to avoid stagnation then the Bobs could have problems.

Little Bob Piazza, the human cannonball, appeals obviously more for his plucky-ugly-duckling-myopic-midget image than for any Teen Dream attraction.

Of lumberjack son Mino Quertier on drums, Bohemian bass-man Blackbeard Lelan and Vietnamese-French axeman Guy George Gremy only the latter could possibly hope to win friends and influence people by fluttering his eyelashes, and he's too shy.

Little Bob are highly evocative sweating soul sneakers; it's anger-in-a-vacuum (co-incidentally the breeding ground for all the Punk Old Masters) and a chugging staccato chopped rivvum for Lil Bob to act ludicrously macho over. Hence the autobiographical "Riot In Toulouse"; the Crudup-style workout "Mister Tap"; the taut and tasty "When The Night Comes" and the one about when they wrecked a French DJ's studio (because it was *there*), "Little Big Boss".

This accounts for half the album, the seedy side of the street being the butch repetition of " 'Round The Corner", the absurd rampant libido of "Nothing Else Can Give It To Me" and "Baby". "Dress In Black" is great until you hear the lyrics about Georgia — which leaves the likely single choice the tender, lusting venom of the French-funk favourite "You Make Me Crazy".

That last song is the standard they've got to maintain if they want to break out of the pub-club-cellar circuit and into the Hammersmith Odeon league and the one moment where they transcend the limitations of what is essentially an outmoded if lovingly honed form of music at a time when most folk enjoy themselves best behind locked doors/down the disco/alone in the launderette.

But loving ain't ever enough; you gotta be ready to kill, not just get your round in.

Tony Parsons

GONG
Magik Brother, Mystic Sister (Affinity)
Gong Est Mort — Vive Gong! (Tapioca Import)

DAEVID ALLEN. Pic: ROBERT ELLIS

Gong but not forgotten

TWO CHAPTERS in the life of Daevid Allen, space dingo and nomad of nonsense.

"Magik Brother" is not really a Gong album, being a recording that Allen and his wife Gilli Smyth concocted for the French Byg label back in September '69, just a couple of months before Gong played their first ever gig.

But reedman Didier Malherbe and Rachid Houari, one of the band's myriad drummers, both played on the sessions and the album can therefore be considered as a preface to Allen's Radio Gnome trilogy, sharing this distinction with that eminent chunk of cheap cheese known as "Camembert Electrique".

Though Allen lists many of his influences on the album sleeve — crediting such as Erik Satie, George Formby, Terry Riley, Charlie Mingus and Soft Machine — he omits to mention Syd Barrett, of whom one is constantly reminded by such melodic but half-formed songs as the album's strumalong title track or the heavily phased "Hope You Feel OK". Nothing is allowed to wend its way with complete normality, so "Ego", which is basically a 3/4 time, bar-room singalong, comes decked out with an array of Gilli Smyth's galactic giggles.

But schizophrenic as it may be, "Magik Brother", now eight years on, has retained a patina of distinct charm that's bound to endear it to all who don't take life all *that* seriously.

So while "Magik Brother" is your actual starter for one, "Gong Est Mort" is offered as a possible final statement, a double-album celebrating the end of an era. The wonder is that the band kept going as long as it did. Created originally as a musical backdrop for Allen's contribution to the Theatre Of The Absurd, it soon became blatantly obvious that however amusing and diverting the upfront antics proved to be, it was that which was happening all around that caught the ears of the pundits and seemed most likely to edge Gong out of the cult category. Following the making of "Angel's Egg", the second part of the Gnome saga, some of the band's members formed an anti-vocal element, Allen accusing them of bowing down in the heels of Weather Report and other jazz-rockers, thus relinquishing Gong's own individuality.

Faced with the problem of completing his trilogy, he decided to soldier on through the traumatic sessions that produced "You", the final part, then headed off to his hideout in Deya, Majorca to cut a solo album.

Allen re-emerged in May this year to lead a reunion of the pre-"Shamal" Gong at the Hippodrome, Paris, the results of which are documented on the Tapioca album. Though this release arguably fails to match the allround excellence of Virgin's recent "Gong Live" bargain pack, it is nevertheless an extremely worthwhile proposition on which the band provides a fresh insight on much of the material that comprised the trilogy, also adding earlier songs such as the defiant "Can't Kill Me" and the acid-slurred "I've Been Stoned Before".

The band sounds vibrant and remarkably fresh, Howlett and drummer Pierre Moerlen once more demonstrating what a superb and totally under-rated a rhythm section they've always been, pushing the band mightily through a super-charged version of "From The Isle Of Everywhere", Didier Malherbe contributing his Bird-cum-Barbary hornwork in satisfying proportions and Tim Blake doing his Kaleidoscope Kid bit, filling any ensuing spaces with a multitude of electronically created colours.

Add the sound of Steve Hillage, glissing his way to further glory and bear in mind a final mix of Christian Gence and Allen himself and you have plenty of reasons for enduring the Aussie's often amusing but sometimes exasperating vocal excesses.

Gong the alternative band may be dead, but this album indicates they held one hell of a wake.

Fred Dellar

ALAN ROSS
Are You Free On Saturday (Ebony)

IT SEEMS that one of the least rewarding avenues open to the British artist is that of making American music. Not American sounding music — because the results are always strangely cold compared to the genuine article. That sunny, relaxed sound replete with unifying studio polish is simply unavailable in Britain.

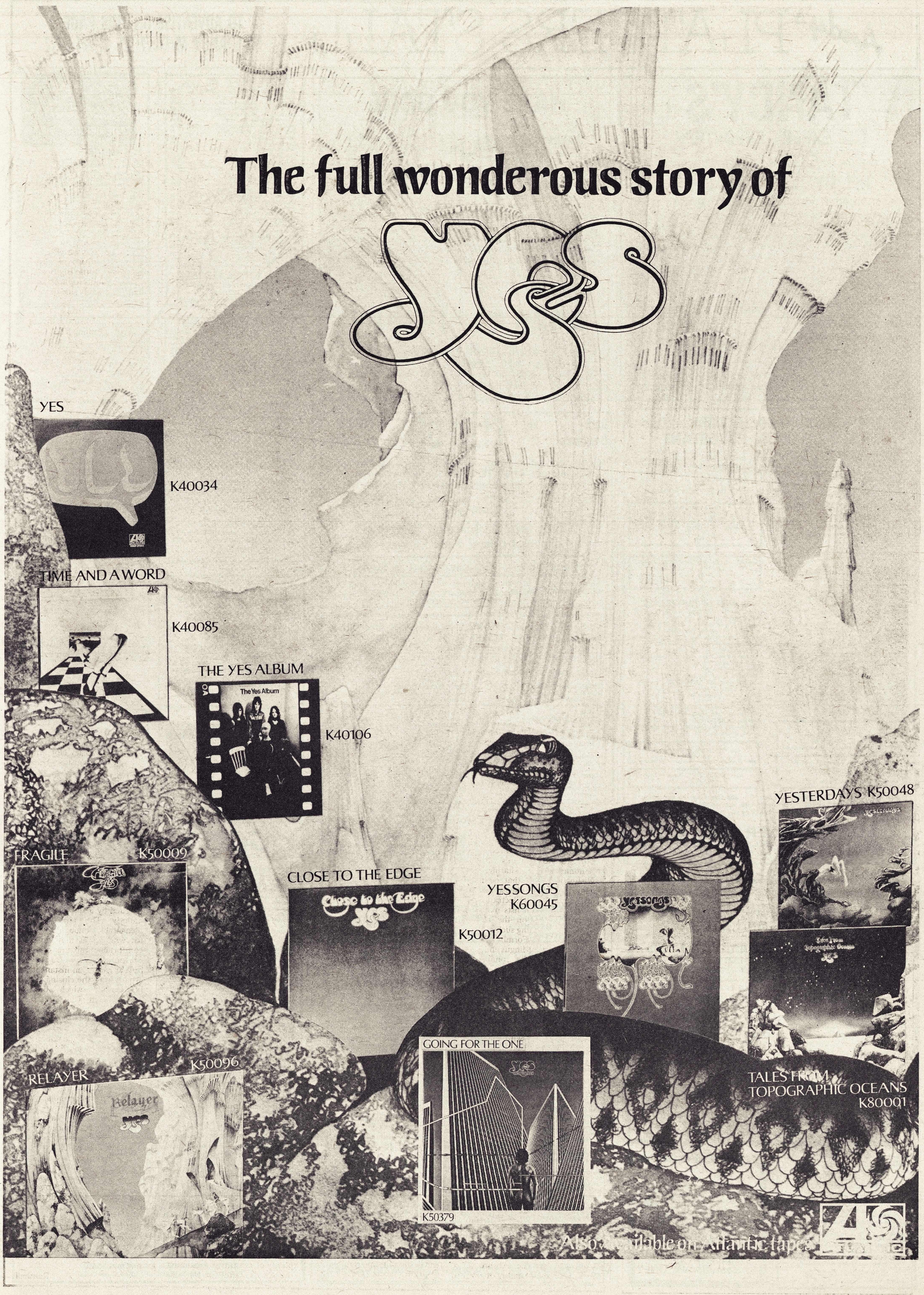
That's the first failing of this album. It tries for an easy rocking American sound to complement Alan Ross' lilting American song style, but doesn't achieve it. The second failing is more serious.

Alan Ross' songs are plagued by a dearth of decent melody. The tunes are all pleasurable enough to listen to, working as they do on a comfortable mixture of Dave Mason and Steely Dan styles, but forgotten an instant later. Apart from the closing "Love Is Love", which benefits greatly from Tony Visconti's dream-like production, the best soul is noticeably one not written by Ross — Peter Gabriel's "Get The Guns" (yet to be done by its author). Gabriel's crafty melodies and dry lyrics give the music the substance missing from Ross' work. His abilities in these areas are commonplace and often trite.

But Ross can play guitar with the finesse and dexterity his respected sessioneer status would indicate; his voice is favourably close to Stevie Winwood's, though not as rich and therefore sometimes a like a paper-and-comb rasp.

As none of this really makes up for the previous shortcomings, as the music is of the sort regularly dished up by dozens of Americans (some a lot better, some much worse), the main front of appeal must be a patriotic one.

Paul Rambali



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SHA NA NA *Rock 'N' Roll Revival (Pye Golden Hour)*

IF YOU'RE old enough to remember the Summer of Love, then you'll almost certainly remember Sha Na Na with fondness.

Sha Na Na had rather more to do with Love, Peace, and Happiness than any other act at Woodstock. Equally well, they had nothing whatsoever to do with the brainless good vibes that most of the performers there peddled so relentlessly.

The thing about Sha Na Na was that they made you laugh, at a time when dazed smiles were obligatory. Laughter was considered a bit extreme, unkind even. When it came to humour, wit was most definitely out.

Sha Na Na were a rock 'n' roll revival group, so they sound no more dated now than they did then. If anything, their approach has more relevance than ever. These guys didn't just stand around in crepe soles and teds' jackets and greasy pompadours. They were no way as drab as Showaddywaddy.

This was a most manic, most vulgar act. The guys in the band all seemed to be flabby, overweight rockers, and far from being embarrassed about it, they turned their grossness into an asset.

Sha Na Na made Gary Glitter look like the height of good taste.

They weren't content just to cram themselves into gold lame, and wobble their beer guts. They used to go in for astonishing athletic somersaults, filling the stage with whirling corpulence. It was carefully choreographed, too.

At the same time they were actually singing the most ridiculous doo-wop harmonies, reverently recreating the sounds that stirred them as adolescents.

Well, not too reverently. It's impossible to hear their versions of "Rock And Roll Is Here To Stay" or "Silhouettes" or "At The Hop" or (best of all) "Remember Then" without laughing. Not laughing *at* them, laughing with them. The music to which they were devoted is impossibly good-natured.

Rock 'n' roll will never be so innocent again. Sha Na Na knew it then, and that explains their fervour and their appeal. Unhappily, some of the 25 cuts here are live recordings, which means you lose some of the brilliant nuances of their studio cuts, but this is a collection that you can't afford to do without.

If you want to understand the spirit of rock 'n' roll, Sha Na Na are almost as good a source of reference as the originals. They're certainly a good deal more fun at times.

Bob Edmands

DR HOOK
Makin' Love And Music (Capitol)

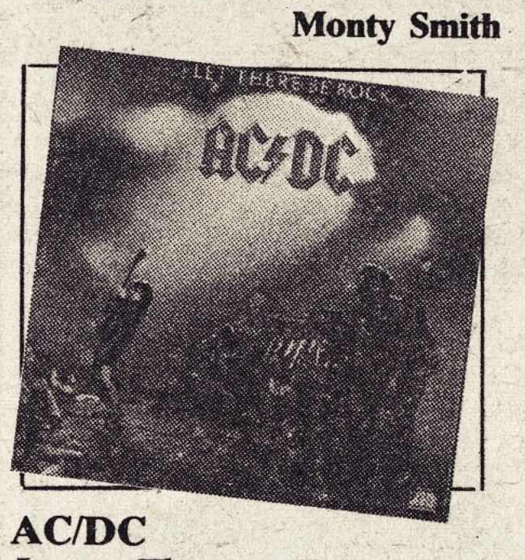
THIS BUNCH of geezers has always reminded me of the smartarse National Lampoon crack: "Hey, if marijuana isn't damaging to the brain, how come so many people find Cheech and Chong funny?"

Dr. Hook are like the Mike and Bernie Winters of rock — they fall about at the things they do and sing and say, without for a moment letting *us* in on the gag. Funny? They're about as amusing as a roomful of Mormons.

And now they seem to be trying to make it on music alone, 'cause I can't hear any jokes here, intentional or otherwise. So what we got? Repetitious bop-pop ("Makin' Love And Music"), brassy funk ("Who Dat"), hillbilly homilies ("Let The Loose End Drag"), nudging innuendo ("Sleeping Late"), a Broadway show tune pastiche ("I Wanna Make The Women Tremble") and a nasty bit of showbiz reggae ("I'm A Lamb").

The album closes with "Sexy Energy" *("Makes me charming when I sing . . ")*. They'll charm the arse off you. Ha-di-ha ha.

Monty Smith



AC/DC
Let There Be Rock (Atlantic)

THE THIRD album from a quintet of Antipodean upstarts trying to have it every which way. Their straightahead rifferama rock is pretty damn ordinary but it's tarted up from all conceivable angles.

The piledriver rhythms with dead-giveaway titles ("Dog Eat Dog", "Crabsody In Blue", "Overdose", "Hell Aint a Bad Place To Be") come across like unhealthy hangovers from the Hirondelle-and-mandies period of rock whilst the band's record company — doubtless spurred on by lead guitarist Angus Young's anal retentive stage antics and attire, the apple of every paedophile's eye — desperately tag them quintessential punk.

More like Black Sabbaff upside down and the wrong way round. Perfect to play loud if you're suffering from toothache, since the resultant aural damage will immediately render oral pain insignificant.

In a perverse way, I quite like it, but then I've always been funny that way.

Monty Smith

IMPORTS

"EDDIE MONEY" (Columbia) is the son of a New York cop and a one-time member of an acapella vocal group who hung around on street corners and pitted their harmonies against the roar of the passing traffic.

At some point along the way, he learned keyboards and sax and, pausing only to slip his mouth-harp into his back pocket, headed out to San Francisco, where he did a one-man play about an aged rock star who happened to be the lone survivor of some future Armageddon.

Among the folk Money impressed was Bill Graham, who signed the singer-songwriter to his production company, did a deal with CBS and had Bruce Botnick and Andy Johns fashion a debut album.

The result is a tasty collection of self-penned material plus a fine interpretation of "You've Really Got A Hold On Me". You are recommended to invest.

"9/30/55" (MCA) could prove of interest, being the soundtrack to a movie about Jimmy J., a James Dean freak, and the impact made on his life by the death of his idol. The action includes a seance during which the spirit of Dean appears and in an effort to gain a few credibility marks, **Leonard Rosenman** — the composer of the scores for both "Rebel Without A Cause" and "East Of Eden" — was roped in to provide the musical backdrop, a couple of country items by **Webb Pierce** and **Kitty Wells** rounding things off.

Lonnie Mack is now signed to Capitol, his first album for the label being "Lonnie And Pismo", Pismo comprising Stan Szelest (keyboards), Billy McIntosh (guitar), Ian Wallace (drums), Tim Drummond (bass), David Lindley (lap steel and fiddle), Ben Keith (pedal steel), David Briggs and Wayne Bulluck (organ), with Graham Nash and Troy Seals providing vocal back-up.

Jim Mullen and **Dick Morrisey's** "Up" (Embryo) is virtually an Average White's gig, the AWB not only acting as sessioneers but also garnering most of the production credits. Herbie Mann is listed as exec producer. And while we're dickering with this week's supply of surprising producers, it's worth mentioning that deep soul man Joe Simon's "A Bad Case Of Love" (Spring) has been fashioned by one-time teen idol **Teddy Randazzo**, while "Rockford Files" music-meister Mike Post is responsible for **Herb Pederson's** "Sandman" (Epic), a real all-star affair that provided session fees for Linda Ronstadt, Dolly Parton, Johnny Rivers, Leland Sklar, Lowell George and others.

Harlequin have informed me that my remarks about **Elvis'** Japanese rock set being *the* compilation to buy were slightly premature. For this week they received supplies of "100 Super Rocks" (RCA), a boxed set from France that contains just about every rock item Elvis ever wrapped his tonsils around. The set contains no less that seven albums, plus seven posters, and Harlequin are currently retailing this little package for £25.00 — which they claim is remarkably cheap.

Fred Dellar

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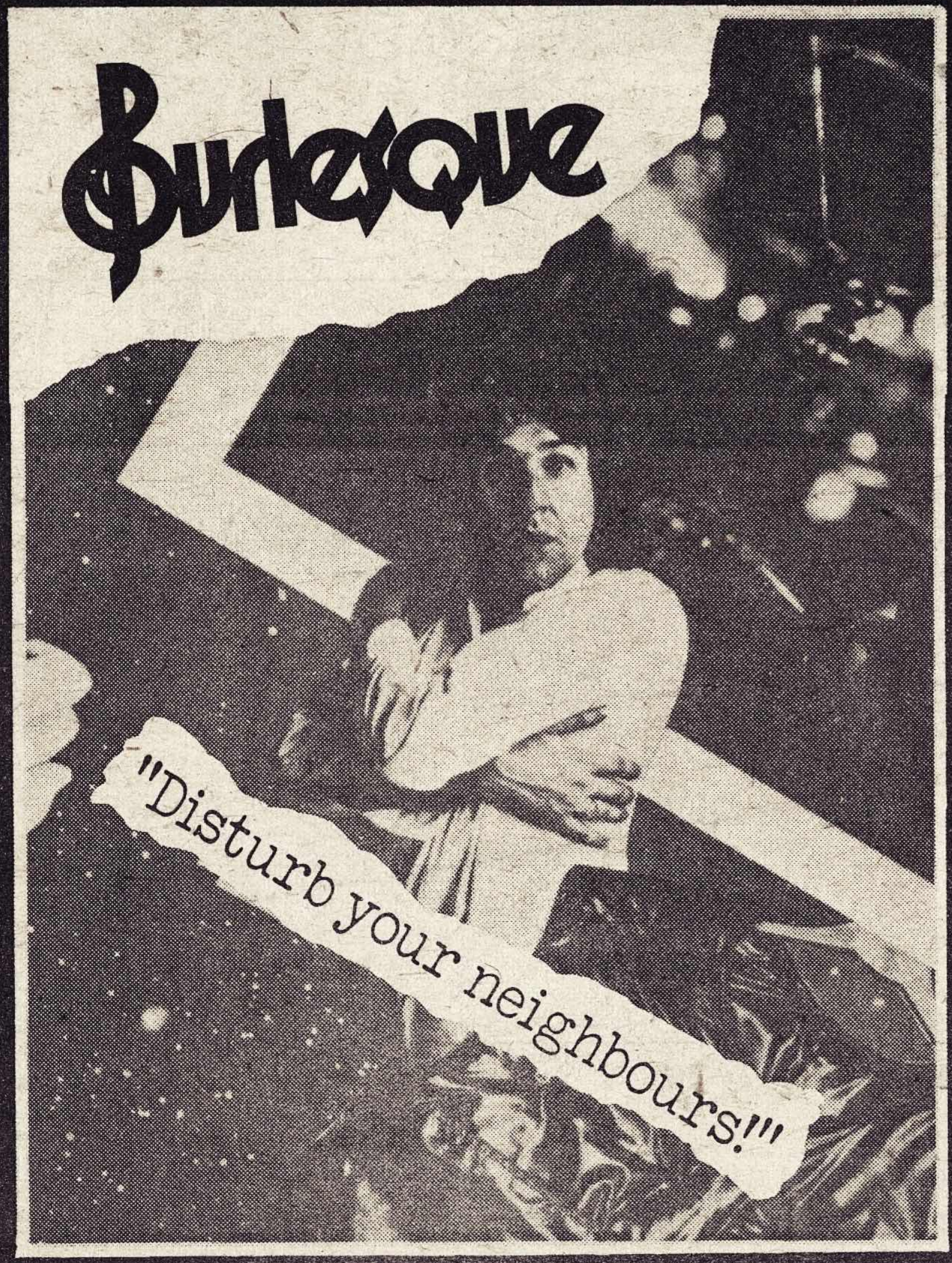

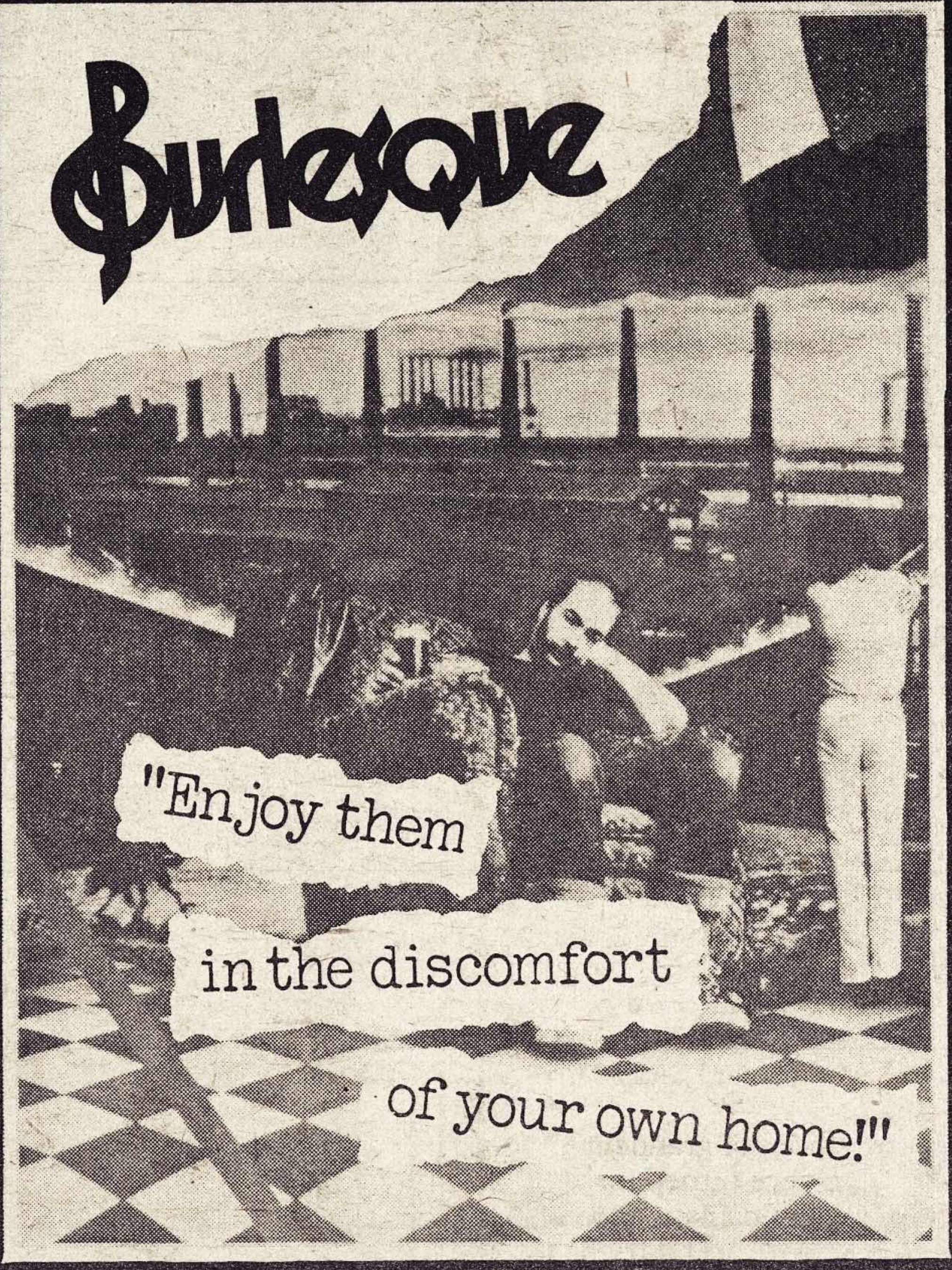

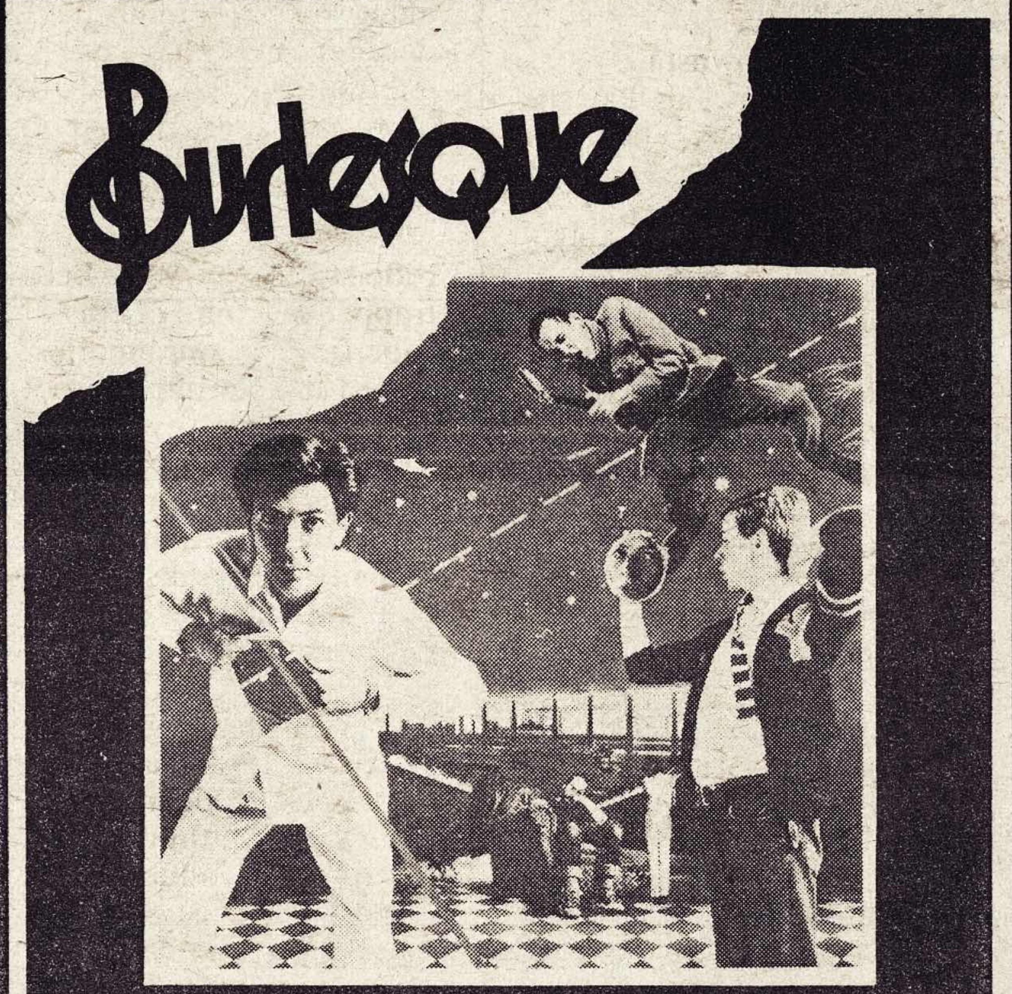

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"My name's Colin — nice grey name isn't it? Bit like Wire. See you down the launderette. (Arty enough for ya, sunshine?)."

To Be Grey

WIRE

Pink Flag (Harvest)

I LIVE in a limbo neighbourhood just beyond the high rise jungle of London's East End, but not quite out in suburbia. It's very grey, very dirty, very featureless, very boring.

Today I went shopping. I went to Fine Fare and loaded up with frozen Cheesies, tinned spaghetti, and mass-produced steak and kidney pies.

Then I put the telly on. In between the horse racing I was told about getting the Abbey habit with Abbey National, what Esso stations can do for me, how the Mazda quality "shines out in a throwaway world", and to remember our kname — Knorr.

The woman downstairs is watching the wrestling, like she does every Saturday. She hates it here. Nothing but blacks and the last outpost of the white populace — weary OAPs like herself.

She told me we're due for another power cut. If there is one, at least I can read *The Sun* by candlelight.

I slump in my chair and stare at the TV.

Might as well put the Wire album on.

"Another cigarette, another day, from A to B, avoiding C, D and E . . ."

"I want to be a target for the dailies, so they can show pictures of me, with a nude on page 3 . . ."

"You don't even begin, to interest me, not even curiosity, it's not animosity, it's just you don't, interest me . . ."

"Next week will solve all your problems, but now, fish fingers all in a line, and all the milk bottles stand empty, stay glued to your TV set . . ."

"Saw you in a mag, kissing a man. Saw you in a mag, kissing a man. Saw you in a mag, kissing a man . . ."

Wire is a bleak, depressing band for a bleak, depressing year in a bleak, depressing decade *"This is '77 nearly heaven . . . just think there's more to come, hum hum hum hum . . . can't wait for '78."*

Onstage Wire strike a marvellous coarse mechanical vein. No solos, just robot rhythm guitar, robot bass, robot drums and robot singer. The '77 drone.

Wire are not a pop group, like The Ramones — to whom there's a very superficial resemblance. Nor is their music fraught with horrid, misplaced fervour like . . . (fill in whichever crappy punk rock group you saw last week).

Wire are disciplined and controlled pseudo-intellectuals, a heartless, contemptuous symptom of the times.

When the Velvets came along with their nihilistic decadence they gave us a dilettante's exhilaration. Now, however, we are all that much more consumerised and debased, and the fervid gracelessness of punk rock reflects the way we've become trapped in a mire of crass superficiality, our emotions dulled and our minds eroded. It's not a game anymore.

While thousands of stupid, sightless groups scrabble squalidly in the shit, another type of group sinks into it with taunting panache, cruel detachment. Wire's one.

"Pink Flag" has 21 tracks. That's only half a gimmick: Wire say they kill an idea once it's used. The technique works.

Produced, I think, by "Roxy" LP producer Mike Thorne (I've just got an uncredited white label), it scores straight from the gate by having a good sound quality: few jagged edges and perfect clarity; a little flat — but that suits the band.

Although the rhythm section (Graham Lewis, bass, and Robert Gotobed, drums) say they have only been playing their instruments a year, it's obvious there's nothing here that's not supposed to be here, and probably nothing missing. They "carry no passengers".

At times Bruce Gilbert's guitar tones are very like classic period Magic Band metallic drones (judicious overdubs too), and there are other, no doubt accidental, hints of the Captain. At one point they nick the melody from "Dropout Boogie", and there are a lot of tantalising lyrical echoes — for instance, "Surgeon's Girl": *"Sitting in a surgeon's world, as sturgeons will, a surgeon's girl with me. Standing on a river bed, where weeds can be, I'm on my knee . . . Said you weren't a tuna fish, put in a tin . . ."*

Colin Newman barks all this in an unembarrassed Cockney monotone, only sounding discomfited on the dumb title phrase of their best-known song, "Lowdown".

They've got some great titles — "106 Beats That", "Mannequin", "Champs", "12XU", "Reuters", "Ex-Lion Tamer", "Brazil" — which as often as not go unmentioned in the song.

The words veer between, at best, comprehensible impressionism — the title track, for instance, is a terse account of a wartime battle, "Reuters" an uprising, "Brazil" some kind of love affair — and, less convincingly, that awkward zone where it's impossible to distinguish surrealism from nonsense, inspiration from posing . . . except by sixth sense.

Mine warns me off Wire, but their seductive drone stops me paying it any mind. They're good. Recommended even. A great Christmas present.

The man next door is playing his Hendrix album, like he always does on a Saturday evening; it's our only contact. "1983 A Merman I Shall Turn To Be".

Such visions of grandeur have long since turned to slime, our hallucinations to neuroses. Wire aren't trying to change that trend, but they know how to reflect it.

Phil McNeill

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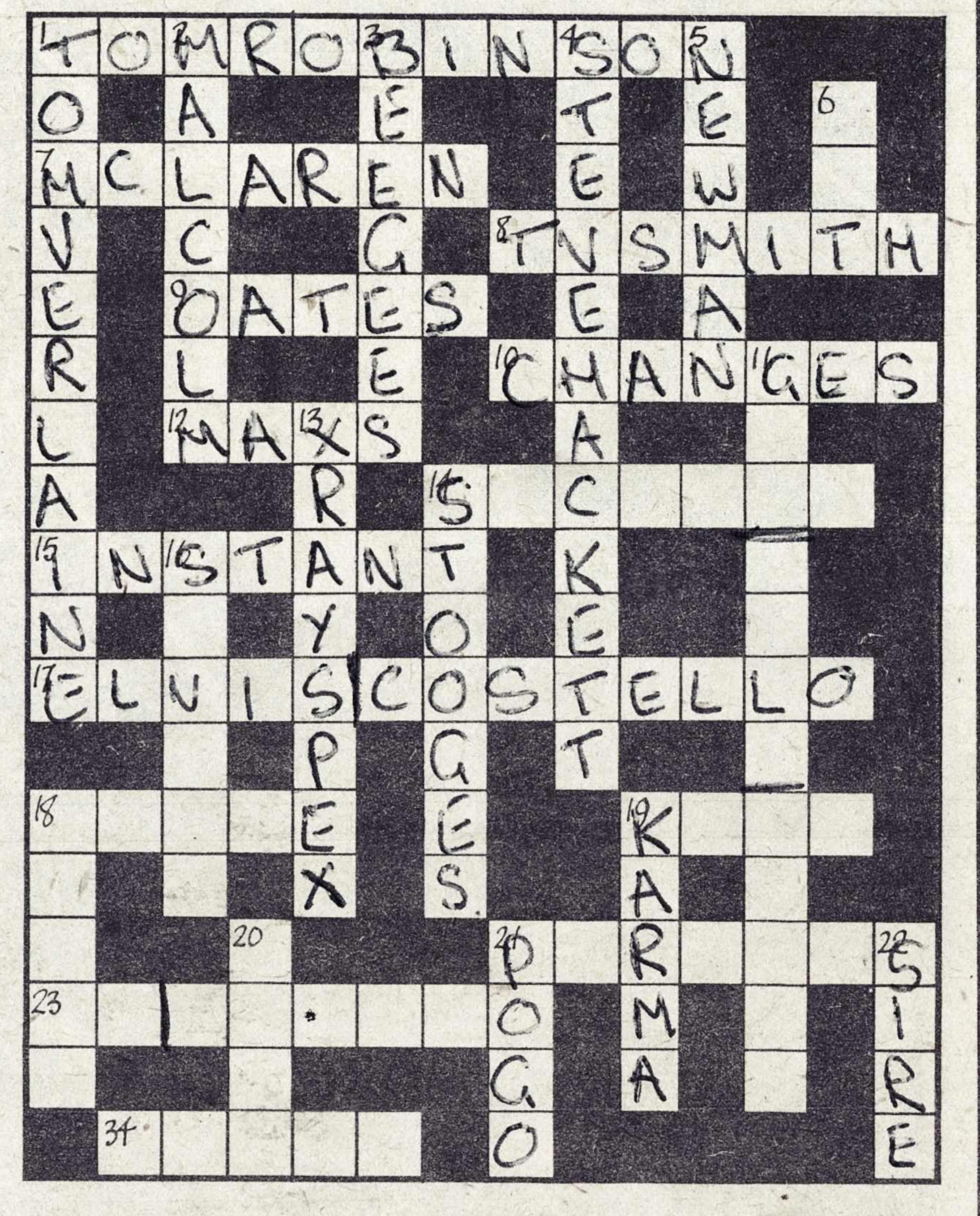
CROSSWORD



ACROSS

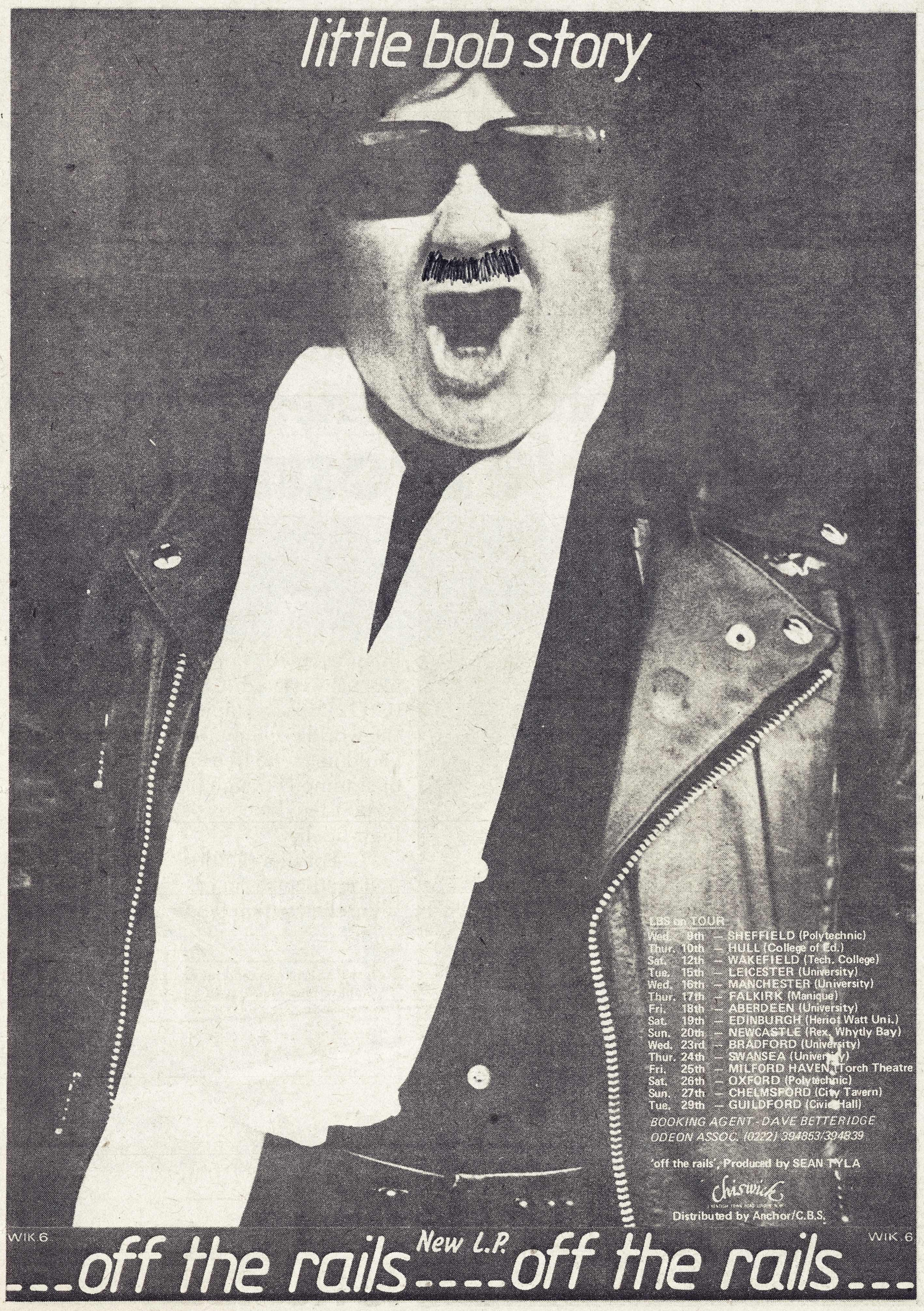
1 In his former band Cafe Society he was signed to Ray Davies' label Konk (3,8)
7 See 2 down
8 A.N.Advert *(No relation to Ray Cathode — Ed)* (1,1,5)
9 John as in Daryl &
10 E-e-early B-B-Bowie cut from "Hunky Dory"
12 With CBGBs, legendary New York punkerie
14 & 6 And in the red corner . . . *Genesis!* (7,3)
15 & 19 down J. Lennon/Y. Ono classic (7,5)
17 Lost love slice (anag. 5,8)
18 The reluctant Evita
19 Stop it, stop it, you're breaking my heart
21 See 20
23 Remember his "Wet Dream"? — you know, it was about a bloke asking his girl to push a piece of rag in a hole in his ceiling! (3,5)
24 Pete Townshend's golden albatross!

DOWN

1 "Venus De Milo" and "Prove It" are two of his songs (3,8)
2 & 7 He's been called the Col. Tom Parker of Punk (and a lot worse which we can't go into here) (7,7)
3 Their current music is a slickly-produced version of blue-eyed disco (3,4)
4 Made his exit after 14 across (5,7)
5 His new album is "Little Criminals"
6 See 14 across
11 Beach Boys classic (3,4,5)
13 Starring the luvly Poly Styrene (1,3,4)
14 The others were Ron and Scott Asheton, and Dave Alexander, and they cut their first amazing album with John Cale producing
16 See below
18 & 16 Prehistoric deejay (5,6)
19 See 15
20 & 21 across Formed the Flying Burritos when he left The Byrds at the end of 1968 (4,7)
21 Sid Vicious is credited with inventing it — move over Victor Sylvester
22 Ramones/T.Heads label

ANSWERS FROM TWO WEEKS AGO

ACROSS: 1 Sniffin' Glue; 4 "Eleanor Rigby"; 6 Eddie Jobson; 8 "(The Killing Of) Georgie"; 9 Barrie (Masters); 10 "One Of These (Nights)"; 11 "Siren"; 12 Dowd; 13 Alessi; 15 Can; 16 Nights; 17 ELP. **DOWN:** 1 Steve Gibbons Band; 2 Flamin' Groovies; 3 Gary Brooker; 5 George Benson; 7 Kevin Godley; 8 Gentle Giant; 12 Damned; 14 Elkie (Brooks).



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JAZZ

NO SAFETY nets for Company. The four musicians examine their instruments or gaze off into the middle-distance, and in the long moment before the first sound is made, a tangible tremor of intent seems to communicate itself to the audience so that silence becomes the first shared salvo of the musical interaction.

American trumpeter Leo Smith trumps that pure beauty with a long declamatory brass cry that arches up its proud back, and Derek Bailey's guitar twangs out to meet it before ducking abruptly to knee-height to flood under the music.

South African bassist Johnny Dyani, legs kicking around the stool, delves thumb and finger-holds into the precarious tilting horizon, and leans away from his instrument as if head, throat, mind are caught already in that shotsilk whirlpool of shrillness. He reaches in the quiver for his bow, probing for a point of balance as Evan Parker's soprano scribbles and shudders its incandescent filaments across the face of this listing structure.

The music lives on the edge. Momentarily stabilizing as trumpet and soprano chime in unison, a third voice rises and secedes, challenging the equation. The collective improvisation dips to a texture of small, precise responses, begins again to rise and crisp around the perimeters, the taut-strung sonics tugging against each other like hands in an isometric exercise, and bulges outwards to transform the concert hall into a heart-stopping vault of resonances.

It ends abruptly. Musicians and audience smile at each other; they've tried a fall on the mats. All acknowledge that the votive plying of crafts has raised some mysterious spell or spirit in the living body of sound.

Paradoxically, I visit Evan Parker, apostle of free improvisation, with prepared questions. "Do you have an idealogical bias against composition? Do you feel all systems of that sort are entropic?"

Somewhere deep in the beard, Evan grunts. "I see art as an anti-entropic process because it's a human activity and it seeks to pull together random energy into some kind of ordered state. Now, composition is one way of doing that, but what makes it difficult is that you're posing a piece of music which is supposed to hold good for any time and place there-after.

"The improvising attitude says music is specific to a given time, place and people. The total situation generates a music — a given combination of musicians, particular acoustics, space. Why deny time?"

"Don't you lose out on form?" I counter.

"I take form to be the total shape of the work in time. Notation allows a different type of analysis of music than listening to the music in real time. First of all, it codes the music in stored form, and then analysis of the stored form offers insights into its structure which wouldn't necessarily be apparent from listening to the music in real time. So, I would find certain schools of composition to be dealing with secondary problems — problems of aesthetics applied to the stored form."

A CERTAIN disparity in brain power will be evident to the reader. Evan's is ferociously logical and analytical, the force behind the most exciting saxophone innovations of recent times; mine came from an amusement arcade while trying for a packet of Weights. Cloudily, I associate him with a College of Surgeons — that first Incus album cover with its physiological cross-sections, the three anatomical charts on the wall of his room, a scalpel-drive into the fibre, tissue, gristle and muscle shoals of music — which neglects entirely the overwhelming emotional impact of his playing.

"I wouldn't be against composition for other people," he continues. "I just say for me there's no time, and I don't have the talent to do all those things adequately. My use of my time has been concerned with playing the instrument, and playing improvised music in real time in real places with other musicians.

"In these situations, I don't come with pre-prepared material that is rigid. I do come with a lot of fixed techniques, so the distinctions start to get a bit artificial in a way because these are fixed.

"It's just that with improvised music you are not committed to see a thing through from beginning to end, right or wrong — you can adjust. There's flexibility in the thing so that you can work with the real factors of the specific time and place. Certain things will come out in rooms just because of their physical construction, so it's crazy not to work for that room.

"I suppose the idea is you have more material than you use on a given evening, and the so-called free improvisation is largely a question of what you choose NOT to do that night, leaving you with certain things that seem right."

"Gravity's Rainbow" came to mind, in which an intelligence is postulated that is capable of devising a munitions factory, a seemingly closed system, which is only completed when bombed by the enemy. I couldn't think what to do with that, so I asked him about fixed techniques. Circular breathing, for example. Roland Kirk had said that he was trying to capture the sound of the sun, its seamless unbroken hum.

"Yeah — except that the sun does disappear behind the earth for a certain period each day," says Evan. "That's nice. I understand that. I once thought of something similar to that once in relation to circular breathing and rotation. Sometimes it seems necessary to turn around. Hmmm — that's a bit like sunsets and sunrises — not from my point of view because I'm the earth — but the sound must be the sun and the listener must be standing on the surface of me."

Metaphors amuse him, without ever eclipsing

EVAN PARKER. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

'If it's too easy it ain't music'

Saxophone innovator ***EVAN PARKER*** *explains the advantages of real time. Our man, hampered by bicycle clips, pants to keep up. . .*

By BRIAN CASE

the pre-eminence of reason. Single-mindedness has characterized his career from the mid-60's with John Stevens at the Little Theatre Club, Music Improvisation Company, the collaboration with percussionist Paul Lytton, and the present involvement with Company, a pool of international musicians who have found the challenge of unfamiliar groupings more fruitful than the predictabilities of a regular band. Like Derek Bailey, his reputation in Europe is granite.

"Most of these techniques come up in response to a given musical situation. Now, this is all true up to a certain point, and then the thing takes over and insists on a life of its own in your repertoire. It says to you, All right — you must go on with me. You thought of me because you needed me in that circumstance, but don't you see I'm more useful to you than that?"

He broke off the internal dialogue to explain: "This is the technique talking to me. I have to say, Yes — I understand what you mean and I'll do my best to use you in the way that you deserve to be used. Quite often the techniques want to be used together, and sometimes that's hard to do.

"The hardest thing is to combine the double — and triple — tonguing with the circular breathing. It seems to me it can't be done because of the physical mechanism, but you can make the gaps in it much smaller than I originally thought possible."

TONGUING EFFECTS employ rapid alterations between tongue and throat to produce a staccato, explosive sound; circular breathing requires a continuous airstream: difficult, and then some. I loosen the bicycle clips and ask, "Why? To see what comes out of trying?"

"Yeah. Also, trying is a necessary state of mind to be in when I play the music. If it's too easy, then it's somehow not music. Trying is part of the craft as well, and the craft output is an indication of an attitude to work."

Evan's pre-occupation with preserving total responsiveness to the moment, to the here-and-now gestalt, ties in with his interest in Sufism.

"Yes, there is a general Sufi notion like that — that you must always take into account not only the correctness of an idea, but the precise circumstances of its application. Then again, at the same time, the music was moving that way anyway. It wasn't a question of forcing the music to fit a certain kind of intellectual pre-occupation of mine. If that were the case I'd have found myself isolated from the rest of the community, and that's not the case.

"It's a really nice working mood to start with. Your only responsibility is to occupy that real stretch of time as fully musically as you can. You can't be said to have done something wrong, though that doesn't mean some nights aren't better than others."

"That could turn into a sort of amoral hunting licence," I muse, remembering the old post-Oriental let-out for all slipshod and self-indulgent cats: 'Well, that's where I'm coming from at the moment, man'.

"I would never use that as an excuse for shortcomings as a musician," says Evan. "I've tried to stay sensitive to the possibility of things being wrong because I'M doing something wrong. That's all part of working in real time. You can stop and reorientate yourself to the real requirements of the music — or, if you feel particularly strongly that the responsibility for what's going wrong is not with you but with the other musicians, then you can try to pull them more to where you're moving. This give-and-take thing in a group-playing situation is happening all the time, from levels that are barely perceptible up to the point where they would communicate to the outside. There's a whole scale, from the unconscious to the conscious."

COLLECTIVE improvisation has been tagged with more social and political significances than the League of Nations: musical maoism, utopian democracy, organic freedom, the finest ego-dissolver since square-bashing. Evan's approach is more pragmatic.

"The prime motive in the involvement is to make some music. I wouldn't talk about egolessness in reference to this. I'd talk more in terms of power hierarchies and their absence in our way of doing things. You arrive as one individual in a group of individuals with certain personal capacities, and the group expectation of you is about the same as its expectations of the other individuals. There's no chain of command as such — beyond what the natural relationships from individual to individual are anyway. You're not working within a hierarchically defined system. That's a political model in a way. You can see it that way. I wouldn't mind that."

Free music abounds in theoreticians. *Musics,* the textual flagship of the Musicians' Collective, projects a vast spectrum of ideologies onto the blank screen of the music itself. Anthony Braxton's critique of Western culture in which 'a mono-dimensional language is used to evaluate and distort a multi-dimensional music' has resulted in some of the most costive music-writing in the canon.

"Enough to turn your shit to concrete?" suggests Evan. "Well, the writers have discussed that among themselves, and that's become known as the I-Have-Seen-The-Lions-Of-Longleat type of review. No, that's only one side of *Musics*. The encouraging thing is its survival. What it seeks to do is to speak to the converted and convert them still further into one or another factionalism within the body of the converted.

"I mean the music is an arena in which these ideas vie with one another for people's support. There's a danger there that you're not actually helping to illuminate what the music is, but using the music to illuminate truths or untruths in other disciplines. Political ones, anthropologial ones — a subtle difference. That's just another example of The Big Lie of Academicism."

He shrugged. "That's all right. People make a living out of Big Lies. I don't see that we're offered too many alternatives beyond monasticism or something. In general, people are forced to live Big Lies, but what's interesting is the way they accommodate Small Truths."

"And do you see your role as a musician as being an educator?" I ask.

"For myself. Playing music is a process of self-education. Beyond that — I dunno. If I resent politicians as a separate professional class, then I would also resent educators as a separate professional class. I would look to be in some natural relationship with other individuals. They make what use they can of the product of my craft."

He thought for a moment, testing the idea on himself. "What use do I make of music? If I try and tie it down, it's hard. I use a lot of different kinds of music for different things. Perhaps I use it to keep me positive.

"Maybe my music could help to keep other people positive as a force that keeps you going on, as opposed to thinking that it's not worth living this life. It either speaks to some capacity in the other person to relate — or it doesn't. I'm not interested in brainwashing people into accepting this as something they SHOULD like. WHY they don't like it is another question. Why are we in a mess, why is there a National Front, why do we throw newspaper away when we could recycle it?"

"Are you implying that the people who aren't into your music are into conspicuous waste?"

He burst out laughing. "No no no — I'm just saying you can ask why to a lot of things and not get a very easy answer."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Music Improvisation Company (Incus 17); The Topography Of The Lungs (Incus 1); Collective Calls (Urban) (Incus 5); Alexander von Schlippenbach, "Pakistani Pomade" (FMP 0110); London Concert (Incus 16); Alexander von Schlippenbach, "The Hidden Peak" (FMP 0410); First Company Recording (Incus 21); Second Company Recording (Incus 23); Saxophone Solos (Incus 19).

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DECEMBER: 1st Edinburgh College of Art, 2nd Town Hall, Middlesbrough, 3rd Leicester Polytechnic, 4th Chancellor Hall, Chelmsford, 8th C. F. Mott College, Prescot, 9th Maidstone College of Art.

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THE TOOLS OF

Electric mouth harp: blow by blow account

THEY USED to call it the Mississippi saxophone, or the cryin' iron. More simply, it was the mouth harp or gob-iron, the cheapest, humblest do-it-yourself age in the book.

There's no way you can produce more music for less money than with a mouth-harp and the beauty of it is the instrument's total democracy. When Mick Jagger buys a mouth-harp he gets the same one you get. I'm amazed that there aren't any harps in the New Wave, because there's nothing better for low-budget music.

The standard harps are all made by Hohner: the Echo Super Vamper and the Blues Harp, though the U.S.-only Marine Band (hmmm, maybe Jagger *can* buy a harp you can't) was a favourite with many of the great bluesmen.

The Blues Harp differs from the Vamper in that the reeds are ready loosened and softened, so that you can play one straight out of the box, bends, trills, wails and all. If you put too much pressure on a brand new Vamper you'll probably blow one of the reeds right out, which means that they have to be "blown in" (i.e. played fairly gently) for the first few days. On the other hand, a blown-in Vamper will last longer and sound better than a Blues Harp.

Anyway, what we've got on the agenda this go-round is the transformation of the mouth-harp into *electric* instrument. Anyone hip to the work of mouth-harp bossmen like James Cotton, the late Little Walter or Paul Butterfield or the J. Geils Band's Magic Dick will know that all these men play fully-fledged electric harp, achieving a sound as different from the ordinary harp sound as electric guitar is from acoustic.

The best way to amplify a harmonica is by close-miking the instrument (cupping a mike to the harp in your hands) through a small but sophisticated amplifier like the Fender Champ and then — if your budget stretches that far and the size of the place you're playing warrants it — re-miking that amp into the P.A.

This gives you as much control over your sound as a guitarist has over his. You can manipulate the tone, the amount of distortion necessary to produce that swooping, raw sax-like sound, give yourself a hint of reverb, even (though the very thought makes me gag) add in fuzz, wah-wah, phase-shift, octave-dividers and all the other techno-flash war toys.

There are two problems that you'll find yourself facing with a set-up like this, though. The first is . . . *skreeeeeeeeeeeek* . . . feeback from your mike to the amp because of inadequate shielding (I know *nothing* from physics, but bear with me, okay?)

One solution is the use of the Hohner harp mike, a little cardoid pickup in a plastic shield which clips over the harp and eliminates most of the feedback.

The harp mike's drawback is that it gets between you and the instrument, making the use of techniques such as hand-vibrato, fanning etc., impossible. It also cuts down on the facility with which you can shuffle the harp around in your hands, but it makes for a better *sound*.

The other major difficulty is liable to crop up for singers who play harp. If they're perpetually clutching one mike to play the harp through, this means that they're going to have to sing with another mike on a stand, which is going to cut down on the possibility of doing hot moves, leaps, poses and the like.

Small wonder, then, that Lee Brilleaux — to name but one — prefers to blow his harp into the same microphone he uses for singing. The result of this is that the harp sound lacks a lot of the bollocks and raunch that a Champ would give it, but it's a hell of a lot more convenient. Judging by the harp sound on "Be Seeing You", Brilleaux uses a harp amp in the studio, unless the sound he achieves there is another example of Nick Lowe's production ingenuity.

Still, if you've got the bread and the facilities and you want the best possible live electric harp sound, the Hohner harp mike and a Fender Champ'll see you right every time.

ONE THING that guitar players can be guaranteed never to agree on is strings (another subject is guitars) for the simple reason that everyone's requirements are different,

Instruments: by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

and there's no such thing as the universal ideal string.

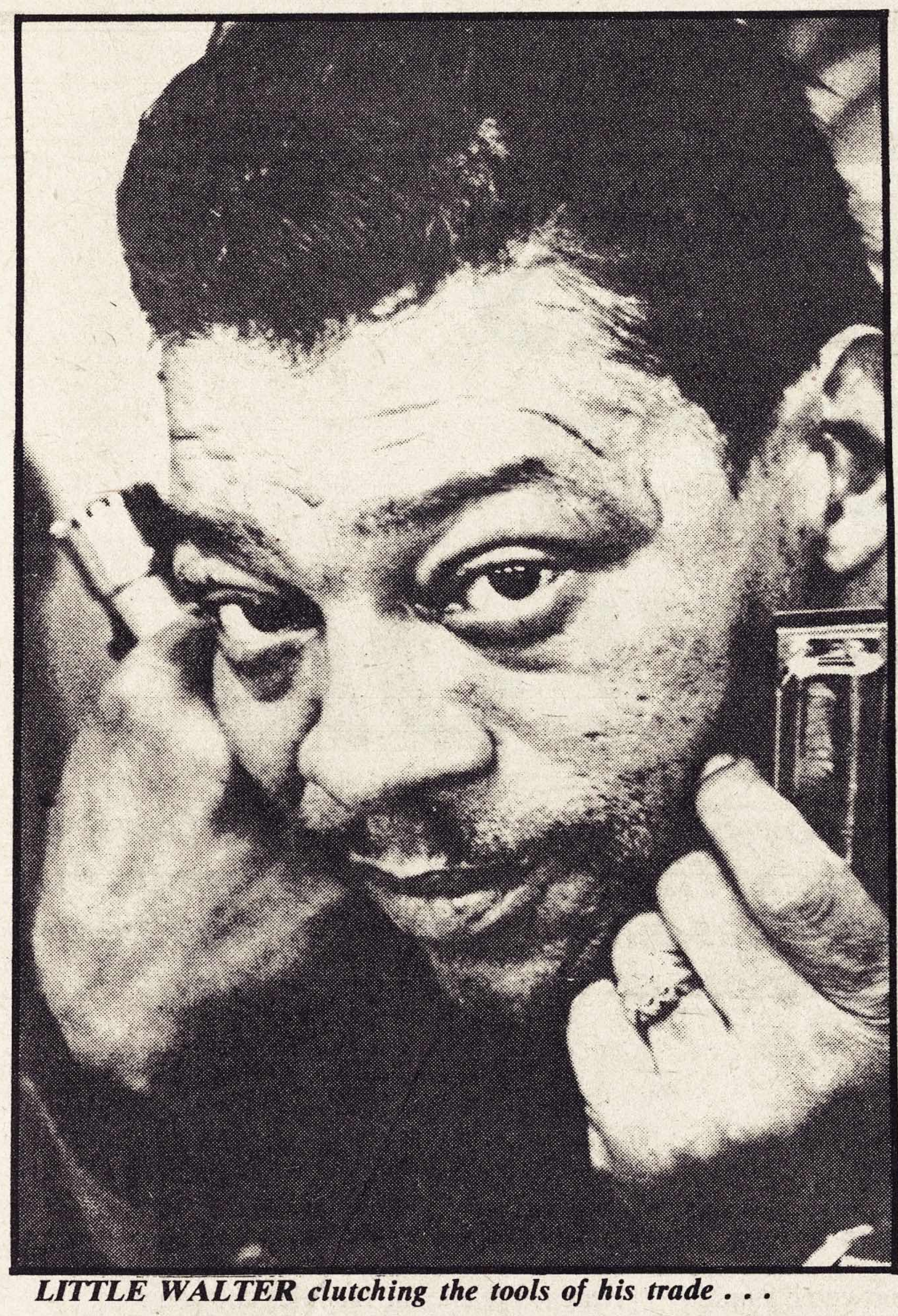
For starters: the heavier a string is, the fuller it'll sound and the longer it'll last. Contrariwise: the lighter a string is, the easier it is to bend and finger. Heavy strings cut your fingers to pieces if you try to bend them too far, and light, superlight and ultralight strings rattle, break easily and sound thin unless you jack the volume right up.

Another vital factor is the degree of magnetic response in any given electric guitar string, because the volume and tonal qualities of the string are directly related to the magnetic response.

Rule of thumb: if you're playing slide, use heavy strings. For straight rhythm, try mediums, and for lead, you'll be best off with lights. If you play all three and you've

NO DICE. Fresh from the triumphant global tour No
Dice, the world's premier rock 'n' roll band, are preparing
for the release of their new triple album set.
Advance orders in excess of 10 million built up as the band
stormed their way across America and Europe and on into
Russia, China, Japan and Australia. It is expected to
become the first album to appear in every single home in
each of these territories.
Roger "Peaches" Ferris, Dave "Deezal" Martin, Gary
Strange and Chris Wyles were joined on the album by
guests and friends Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan, Paul Simon,
John Lennon, Elton John, Rod Stewart, Stevie Wonder
and Robert Plant, as the tracks were laid down in the
recording studios owned by the band's management
team and set high up in the Andes mountains of Peru.
The album opens with a dedication from world leaders
including President Carter, President Breshnev and
Prime Minister Jim Callaghan thanking No Dice for their
work in setting up the World Home for Aging Rock 'n'
Roll Stars.
Following the release of their new album, their 28th
release in the last 3 years (all have been certified silver,
twenty went gold and the last 8 were recorded platinum
sellers), No Dice are planning to buy Brazil and spend the
winter relaxing and writing.
Guests in the band's new retreat, it's rumoured, will
include Princess Margaret, Margaret Trudeau, Jackie
Onassis and Britt Ekland, but lead singer "Peaches"
refused to confirm this. "I can't say who'll be flying in.
We only bought Brazil 'cause I wanted to own a football
team and the other lads drink a lot of coffee".
NO DICE

THE TRADE



LITTLE WALTER clutching the tools of his trade . . .

only got one guitar, you're screwed.

Personally, I'd advocate Fender Rock'n'Roll Light Gauge for electric guitar — they're not as ludicrously elastic as the Ultras Extras and Supers of this world, but they stay in tune under heavy pressure and they're pretty durable. Happily (cross fingers, touch wood) I've never yet broken one in public.

For acoustics, Ernie Ball's Earthwood Rock And Blues Gauge fulfil a similar function: bendy enough to get a tiny bit flash but not so thin that they sound soggy and weedy and 'orrible like too many light gauge strings do.

One piece of self-education that I'd recommend is to practise new licks with strings one degree heavier than the ones you normally use. If it's an intricate piece, you'll find that by the time you've bled, sweated and wept your way through it on heavy strings, once you revert back to your usual gauge, the lick will be the proverbial piece of piss to play.

It may also train you not to get too reliant on superlights. If you get used to pushing that extra bit harder to get those bends and slurs, you can move up to a slightly heavier string and you'll be rewarded by less tuning problems and string breakages, and a more powerful tone/volume response. Plus the strings won't deteriorate so fast and you'll have to change 'em less often, which means that you'll have more bread to save up for a new Seditionaries T-shirt.

WHILE WE'RE on the subject of Care and Feeding Of Your Strings (be nice to them and they'll be nice to you): for clear, pos'tive vib-ra-tion, mon, the diameter of your strings has to remain constant from end to end.

This means that if you've got globs of dust, sweat and glurrrk of various sorts clinging to the strings, the vibrations will be off (this is what we musicians mean by the phrase "bad vibes, man") and you won't get a true move higher up the fingerboard, which will mean that you'll sound like electric toothache. If your strings are grimy, wipe 'em off with a soft, moist cloth. If possible, do so immediately after playing.

Even more serious: if the wire winding on an E, A, D or G string has come loose and frayed, THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO CHANGE THE STRING. Otherwise you'll sound disgusting no matter how good your guitar and amp are.

Strings tend to wear and deteriorate at different rates, depending on which ones you play hardest and most often, but if you replace the first casualty of a well-worn set, you'll find that the new string will respond with such power and brilliance that a note on that string will stick right out of a chord, and make the other strings sound really dull and drab. If you can afford it, change all your strings at once (this'll also give you the opportunity to clean bits of the guitar you can't get at with all the strings in place, like the headstock, nut, bridge and pickups.

New strings tend to expand and thereby flatten in pitch when you put them on (the problem is exaggerated still further with ultra-light strings), so its advisable to give them all a good tug and stretch to get most of the "give" out of them as you put them on. I definitely wouldn't recommend changing your strings immediately before playing, as you're liable to get a nasty surprise from them onstage, and there's nothing that looks as dumb as some schnurdo standing around endlessly retuning his guitar between (or — even worse — *during)* numbers.

Put 'em on a few hours before and play them in before confronting your public. Otherwise they'll be yelling, "Get on wiv it, ma-a-a-a-n!" at you while you nervously whisper "Gimme a D" and go bla-doink bla-doink bla-doink — and you'll deserve it.

What to do when you break a string on stage: if you're a Big Star, a roadie will come scuttling obsequiously onto the stage and hand you another guitar, ready tuned, for you to resume your recital upon. At the end of the number, your original guitar will be returned to you, also tuned up and ready to play.

If you don't have a spare guitar (or a roadie), you're screwed. All I can suggest is that you have spare strings on the stage where you can get at them easily, and that you practice changing strings as rapidly and efficiently as possible. Always carry on until the end of the number, even if you have to play your licks a different way on different strings to hit the note that you want.

The way B. B. King handles it is to get other members of his band to solo while he changes the string. Alternatively he does his "I'd like to tell y'all a little story, ladeez'n gemmun" routine, and goes through his rap about why his guitar's called Lucille. Unless your guitar is called "Irving" and is a legend in its own time, I wouldn't recommend this particular ploy.

Finally, just keep this in mind. The state of your strings can make the difference between a good gig and a lousy one. If you've got the right strings on and they're clean, in tune and new enough not to break, then that's one less thing you have to worry about while you're concentrating on the thing that matters: playing the best music that you've got in you, getting the people dancing and giving them a buzz to take home with them.

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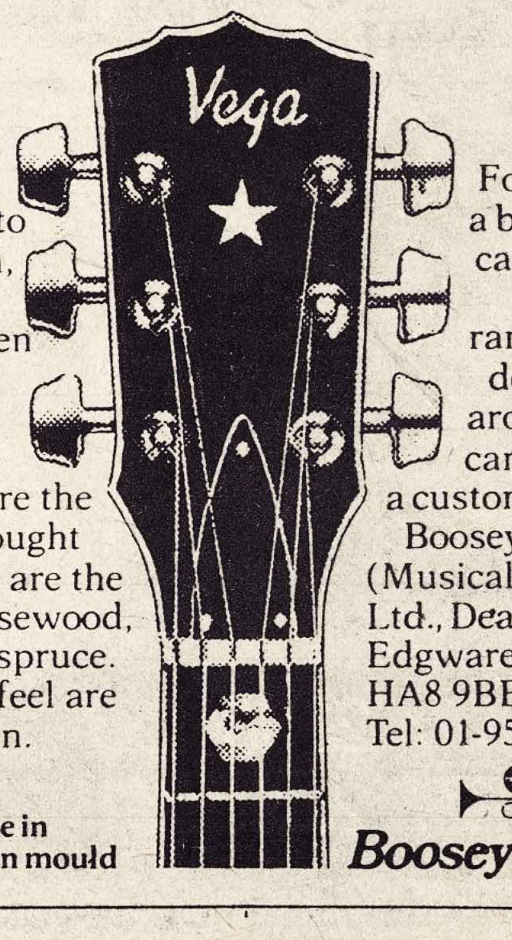

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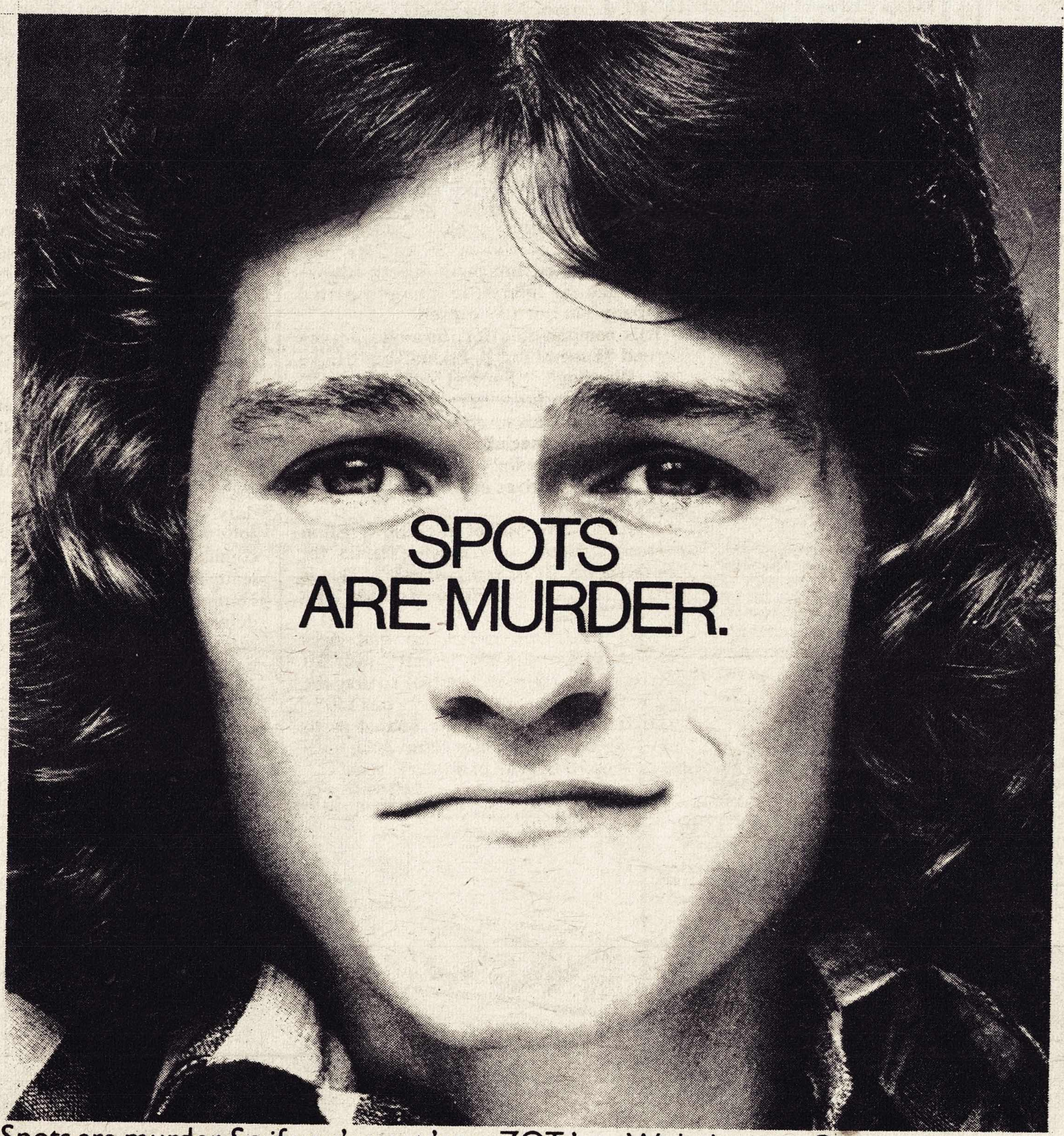

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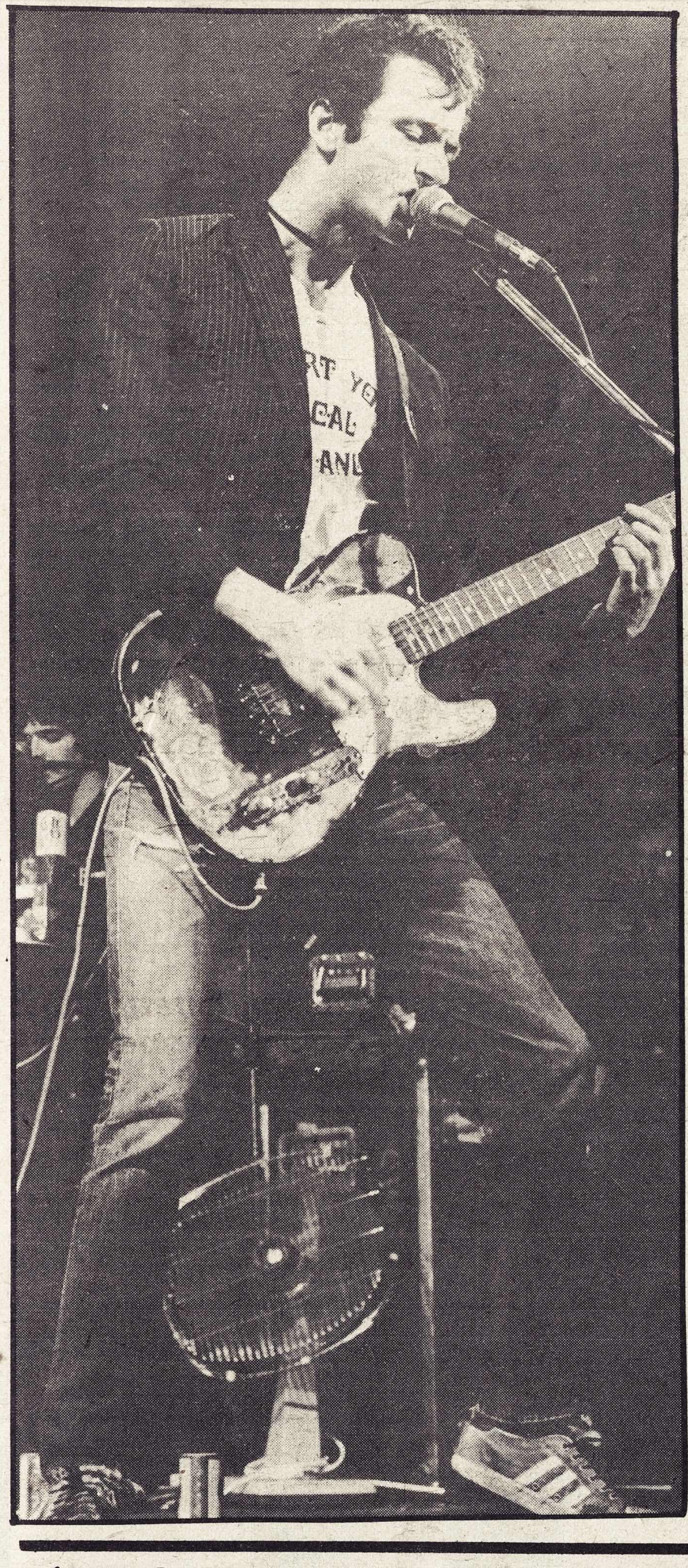


So something *did* change (hardly for the better)

The Strangers

ROUNDHOUSE

WIPING HIS face with a towel, Hugh Cornwell snaps angrily into the mike, "We didn't come here to be spat at. It's very difficult to play when you're being spat at."

So *that* was why The Stranglers are playing so badly.

Enthusiastically, they'd opened their first show of a five-night residency at London's Roundhouse with "No More Heroes", and then within 15 minutes put across another two of their most popular numbers, "Bring On The Nubiles" and "Sometimes".

Theoretically at least it's the type of material on which to build an excellent set, but the sound is appalling and their playing little more than amateur.

It leaves the majority of the audience deflated and unimpressed, and the sight of Cornwell blaming them for this dreadful performance not surprisingly results in some harsh verbal exchanges.

"So what d'ya come for if you don't like it?" Cornwell ineffectually concludes, and without waiting for the expected reply the band lurch into another number, equally as awful as the preceding songs.

Over the last year The Stranglers have emerged as the most successful recording band on the periphery of the New Wave. But then watching them at The Roundhouse it occurs they might be little more than a regular chart act — a notion borne out by the fact that they are seemingly one of the country's worst live acts.

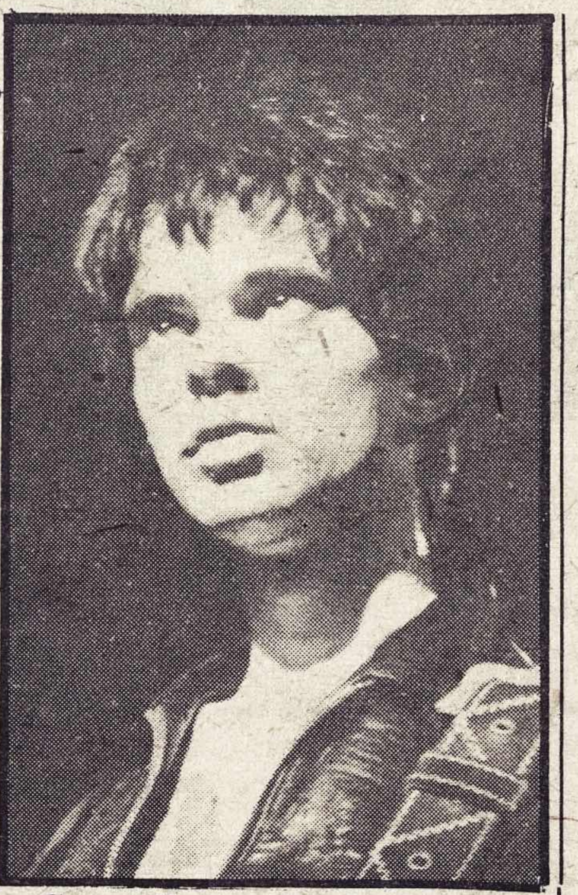
From playing the two albums and reading the reviews, I had anticipated seeing one of Britain's most exciting acts. And where better for them to perform than the Roundhouse, the venue where they first attracted the praise of the London press as support to Patti Smith?

Their show should have been a triumph, a display of this tremendous collective talent we had all been led to believe existed; instead it was a gloomy homecoming for four guys who played as if completely drained of inspiration.

Cornwell is struggling through most of the set, his gaunt face reflecting his mixed emotions, going from anger to frustration, belligerence to violence, until eventually he is a desperate man.

As he lashes at his guitar and feebly attempts to solo with erratic, brittle lines, he is a pitiful sight, and one that strangely the other three band members ignore. Bassist Jean Jacques Burnel nonchalantly shimmies off to Cornwell's right, taking every other lead vocal, while Dave Greenfield keeps his eyes firmly down on his various keyboard instruments, and drummer Jet Black slogs out the leaden fours nearly all night.

Among other pieces, they play "Hanging Around", "I Feel Like A Wog" and other selections from the first and



Cornwell (left); Burnel (above).
Pix: GUS STEWART

second albums, and even include a new song, "Five Minutes".

But every one is a monotonous testimonial to The Stranglers' apathy: repetitive dross that insults the instrumental energy and ability they project in the studios.

It hits Cornwell the hardest, who at one point tells the capacity audience (hardly any of whom appear to be punks) "This is as quiet as being in The Red Cow on a Wednesday night ... *something better change.*"

Of course this is a cue to the number of the same name, and although it is one of their better performances does little to relieve the tedium.

How they have the nerve to return and play two encores, "Peaches" and "Grip", is beyond me and it's at this desperate point Cornwell completely disgraces himself.

Having derided his own fans, he now bleeds all over the stage, telling the crowd that the gig nearly didn't happen because of power cuts imposed by councils.

Needless to say this is fatuous, and just another bullshit excuse for what is in reality an appalling show.

Tony Stewart

Clear round for Joan

Joan Armatrading

HAMMERSMITH

AS ANY regular user of London's Underground rail network can testify, not all of the strolling troubadours who jostled for recognition in the balmy '60s were wiped out by the bitter winds of the '70s.

A great many of the hardier specimens simply bought platform tickets and dispersed among the myriad interchange passageways that honeycomb the city's subsoil.

Between about 10 am and midnight on any day of the week there is probably more live music to be heard beneath London than in it.

Now it may be just that I've attended one or two untypical gigs recently, but it seems to me there are signs that some of the breed are venturing overground again.

Richard Digance and his mate (whom he introduced as Russ Conway, but don't believe that one) are two cases in point; the former an adequate picker and unexceptionally pleasant singer, the latter the better guitarist and silent straightman (except for a spot of Cockney burlesque).

The fact that Digance writes his own songs puts him a cut above the surrogate Bob Dylan/ Arlo Guthrie brigade, but such numbers as "It's Gonna Be Alright On The Night", "Working Class Millionaire" and the mandatory one inspired by a trip to Amsterdam, "The Barrel Organ Man", are unlikely to interrupt your rush to catch the next eastbound train to Leytonstone.

For the captive audience at the Odeon they were good enough to ease the long wait for Joan Armatrading.

In many ways this lady is part of the same tradition, although the quality of her songs, her far-from-average voice and the fact that she can now afford a group of extremely able accompanists has lifted her into a class of her own.

Without running off on any individual ego trips, the members of her band all fulfilled their respective roles over and above the call of duty, the most obviously impressive contributions coming from Jerry Donahue, lead guitarist, and Quipman Dennis, saxman/flautist, who delivered one particular brief sax solo that was as singularly entertaining as the song it bisected.

Joan herself has an even stronger voice than one might expect from record; pliable

● *Continues over page*

'Elton quits' bore

Elton John

WEMBLEY

THIS WEMBLEY CHARITY show was the first time Elton John had played onstage with a band since August last year.

Primed for sociological observations I travelled up to Wembley Empire Pool to witness the Elton John phenomenon as it stands near the end of a year when, with all the power of the two sevens clashing, rock music has been re-born. Would, I mentally inquired, the likes of Elton now be seen as merely the Frankie Avalon of the '70s?

By the end of the show, not only did I see that Elton John has substantially more to him than that, but also he had announced his retirement from stagework and, in a somewhat obscene display that browned off every member of the audience, dragged Stevie Wonder onstage, stuck him on a stool, and left him there until he seemed to understand that the number, "Bite Your Lip" from "Blue Moves", would not end until he had at least displayed a little of his prodigy bit.

China, Elton's backing band, is the group formed by guitarist Davey Johnstone and keyboardsman James Newton-Howard, both of whom worked in the last John stageband, with bassist Cooker LoPresti, drummer Dennis Conway and guitarist Jo Partridge.

Their support set indicated they occupy a jazz-funk slot and that they are fond of splattering their sound with top.

The audience is, in a word, *s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t*, and includes a high proportion of not necessarily young executives who probably regard Elton as a splendid concept in car entertainment.

Entirely in punk existentialist black, Elton sports true urban guerrilla chic in his multi-zippered leather jacket, pants and beret. In keeping with his visual presence, Elton's onstage antics are remarkably low key for much of the set, playing with China as a band-member with no prima-donna over-the-top piano-stool acrobatics.

The concert starts with Elton solo at the piano, and "Better Off Dead", from "Captain Fantastic". He quickly runs through "Daniel", "Roy Rogers", a rather slight little number for the Goaldiggers' Association (one of the charities benefiting from this show). "Where To Now, St Peter?", "Tonight" from "Blue Moves", and "Shine On Through", a new soul-esque number EJ's just recorded with Thom Bell producing. On it John utilises the most extreme white soul edge of his voice. It is an attractive soul blues.

During "Tonight" another piano-player manifests himself at the opposite end of the stage to Elt.

As it ends the rest of China join him — for it is James Newton-Howard — and, as Elton's piano suddenly increases vastly in volume, the hall becomes filled once again with their very slick sound. Two svelte young men and a dark-haired lady appear stage right to boost the vocal backup sound.

Good grief!!! Suddenly you realise that not only is Elton halfway through "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" but that it's also sounding and feeling very good indeed. (Its stretched-out ending, though, is *far* too long and ultimately self-defeating.)

"One Horse Town", off "Blue Moves", is obviously a worthy additon to the EJ live repertoire. With Newton-Howard highlighted it presents a bitchenheimer of a rockin' intro. Davey Johnstone — who, even if somewhat flash, has always been one of the better '70s English rock guitarists — vacuums your brain clean as his storming guitar corkscrews softly through your nervous system. The bassist is also very good, presenting thundering, almost reggae-influenced licks.

Anyway, I suppose that in a way none of this really matters.

You all know what happened by now. After "Levon" from "Madman Across The Water" Elton announced his retirement.

"I haven't been touring for a long time. And it's been a painful decision whether to go back on the road", he told the cheering audience. "But I've made a decision. And this is the last show I'm gonna do. There's a lot more to me than working live."

Unlike most of the national press, I didn't see any girls crying.

Elton then sings "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me". Coming directly after The Announcement this seems very dramatic stuff indeed. A near-patriotic frisson runs through the audience.

It is followed, however, by "Meal Ticket" and the grossly commercial "Philadelphia Freedom". As the last number marked the point where Elton's career and my interest in it largely parted company I'm not too wowed.

It is compensated for, however, by the segued "Funeral For A Friend" and "Love Lies Bleeding". "Funeral For A Friend" was the first long intro number Elton introduced into his set. It was also probably the best. It, especially when linked with "Love Lies Bleedin'", is a great rockin' number that forgives errors like "Philadelphia Freedom".

It marks the end of the show. Elton returns: "Thanks very much. Thanks for your support. It's been fantastic". This is all very serious. "Here's one for you", he sighs — "Your Song".

Then Kiki Dee comes up and sings "Don't Go Breakin' My Heart" with Elt and then they conspire together to drag the hapless Wonder out for "Bite Your Lip".

Odds are currently being settled as to how long it will be before Elton John once again reappears on a rock'n'roll stage.

Chris Salewicz

the file series
MUNGO JERRY
2 record set

Joan in fine fettle — tall in the saddle, even. Pic: GUS STEWART.

● From previous page

too, capable of intense outbursts of passion and a full-throated richness that fills the theatre, or plaintive moments of quiet introspection that might well be drowned by a less sympathetic band.

Paradoxically though, it was during the most forceful songs that she tended to become unintelligible, not because of the band or faulty amplification, but because of the very roundness of her tones.

Coupled with the fact that she seemed a bit wary of the audience, singing more to herself than to the house, her overall presentation was probably better appreciated by the already converted than by uncommitted parties like me.

The fact that the show was being filmed by BBC for *Sight And Sound* (and was therefore subjected to erratic lighting and other distractions) didn't help matters much either.

Still, even if I found it difficult to digest the finer points of all of her 15 songs (mainly drawn from her last two A&M LPs) for the most part I was totally captivated by this versatile lady, making special note of "Woncha Come On Home" and "Mama Mercy" as the highlights of the two extremes of her gentle-to-robust changes.

I'd never seen Joan before so I can't compare the show by her own standards. However, I got the impression, as much from her own attitude as from one or two overheard remarks, that this night was not one of her greatest performances.

It still seemed very fine to me.

Cliff White

Dave Edmunds The Motors

ROUNDHOUSE

DAVE EDMUNDS, near-mythical, guitar-hero, producer, Welsh hermit, hits London. Nick Lowe has returned to the fold and Rockpile are at full strength.

Chalk Farm Roundhouse is packed; it's a rare and special occasion for Dave Edmunds' disciples and the audience is fleshed out by contingents of "Actually I quite like The . . . ." Motors fans.

This should have been a magical evening.

Opening the show were The Flying Aces fronted by ex-Man Martin Ace, (female) George Ace with yet another ex-Man Phil Ryan.

Soft-rock, harmony vocals over thoughtful, intelligent compositions, unfamiliar enough to drive the substantial rock 'n' roll element of the crowd into the bar.

Clever, but ultimately stagnant music.

The only song that clings to my memory is "I'm In Love With You", probably because of the stunningly original title.

The Motors were the outsiders on this bill, partly because they weren't Welsh, partly because they were So Loud.

Launching the set with two true grit rockers, "Bring In The Morning Light" and "You Beat The Hell Out Of Me," they churned out interminable riffs of appalling severity and pace, slipping into lower gear only for "Cold Love."

This musical assault could have been very monotonous, even brain-damaging, but this band carry if off with unexpected style.

There's one simple reason for this; the singing. Three front-line vocalists crooning in unison high above the basic rhythms, Nick Garvey's clear, powerful voice leading the way, lift The Motors' sound into a whole new area.

They're doing new things with old things and that's more difficult than it sounds.

Even if "Dancing The Night Away" became slightly laboured second time round, The Motors showed their enormous capacity and need only more material to fuel their potential.

After a lengthy and embarrassing introduction from a Mr. K. Vinyl, Rockpile wandered casually on to the stage. Special applause from the audience for Edmunds, small, self-affacing, almost blushing with appreciation.

The first noticeable thing about Rockpile on stage is the apparent antiquity of their instruments (particularly Lowe's bass) and the sparseness of their equipment.

Sure enough, the Rockpile sound came out thin, tinny, beaty, eminently suitable for good-time rockabilly but palling in comparison to The Motors' fat wall of sound.

Both Edmunds and second guitarist Billy Bremner are naturally static stage performers and the odd pose or pounce from Nick Lowe didn't constitute a visual feast.

Conclusion from these complaints — Rockpile lack punch.

Which is a pity because this is something of a (cliche time) super-group.

Lowe was given plenty of room for lead vocals on his own material, notably the excellent "Heart Of The City." Even Bremner took a solo spot for his forthcoming single and for "Mess Of Blues".

This isn't a show-case for Dave Edmunds, this is very much a three-man front line held together by the drumming of Terry Williams.

Edmunds himself concentrated mainly on older material. "Ju Ju Man," "Get Out Of Denver," "Let's Talk About Us', "Back To Schooldays" and "I Knew The Bride" were taken from the "Get It" album, but only the latter is really a new song.

These were mixed with old standards like "Promised Land," "I Hear You Knocking" and two versions of "Down Down Down."

It was not an adventurous show. The musicianship was impeccable, but the sound often distorted the higher reaches of the guitar solos. Despite the talent on show, the only startling aspect of the set was Nick Lowe's lurid green jacket.

A good time was had by all but, like I said, it should have been a magical evening.

Kim Davis

The last days of Spex??

X-Ray Spex

MARQUEE

AFTER Tom Robinson. Poly Styrene is the "new" rockstar of the month, right?

Well, I know that Tom's been feeling the strain, but then Tom has massive talent and belief to sustain him. I'm not sure how much of either quality X-Ray Spex possess — and judging by this performance it looks as if the pressure may almost have buckled Poly Styrene right under.

The instant the band hit the stage the audience went berserk, but the response seemed to bear scant relation to what was being played. The energy certainly wasn't reflected onstage.

X-Ray Spex remind me of nothing so much as the last days of T. Rex. Not that they're musically similar, but the spectre of Marc gamely dragging around a bunch of jaded sessionmen is echoed in little Poly's desperate huffing and puffing in front of an extremely competent but lacklustre combo who look for all the world like four sessionmen with dyed hair.

I honestly expected to be thrilled, but it's hard to get excited about a little group with only one gear — a shade under top — and only one sound; just one dreary rhythm guitar tone and one unvarying sax style; one frail visual focus who slumps exhaustedly onto the drum riser at every opportunity, and one lead voice which blasts away at full volume like a drowning woman crying for help.

Occasionally Poly Styrene would rise above it and hit an edge of galvanising passion, but most of the time she just seemed weary. Sure, the five-minute break to fix the P.A. didn't help, and neither did the heat — but without being able to hear a single word, I couldn't really see anything to make X-Ray Spex front-page news.

Maybe I should have asked their fans — but they all looked too tied up with the pogo a-gogo to notice.

Nevertheless, it would still be gratifying to see a woman with negligible sex appeal make it as a star — especially one with a brace on her teeth.

Phil McNeill

Steve Hillage

SHEFFIELD

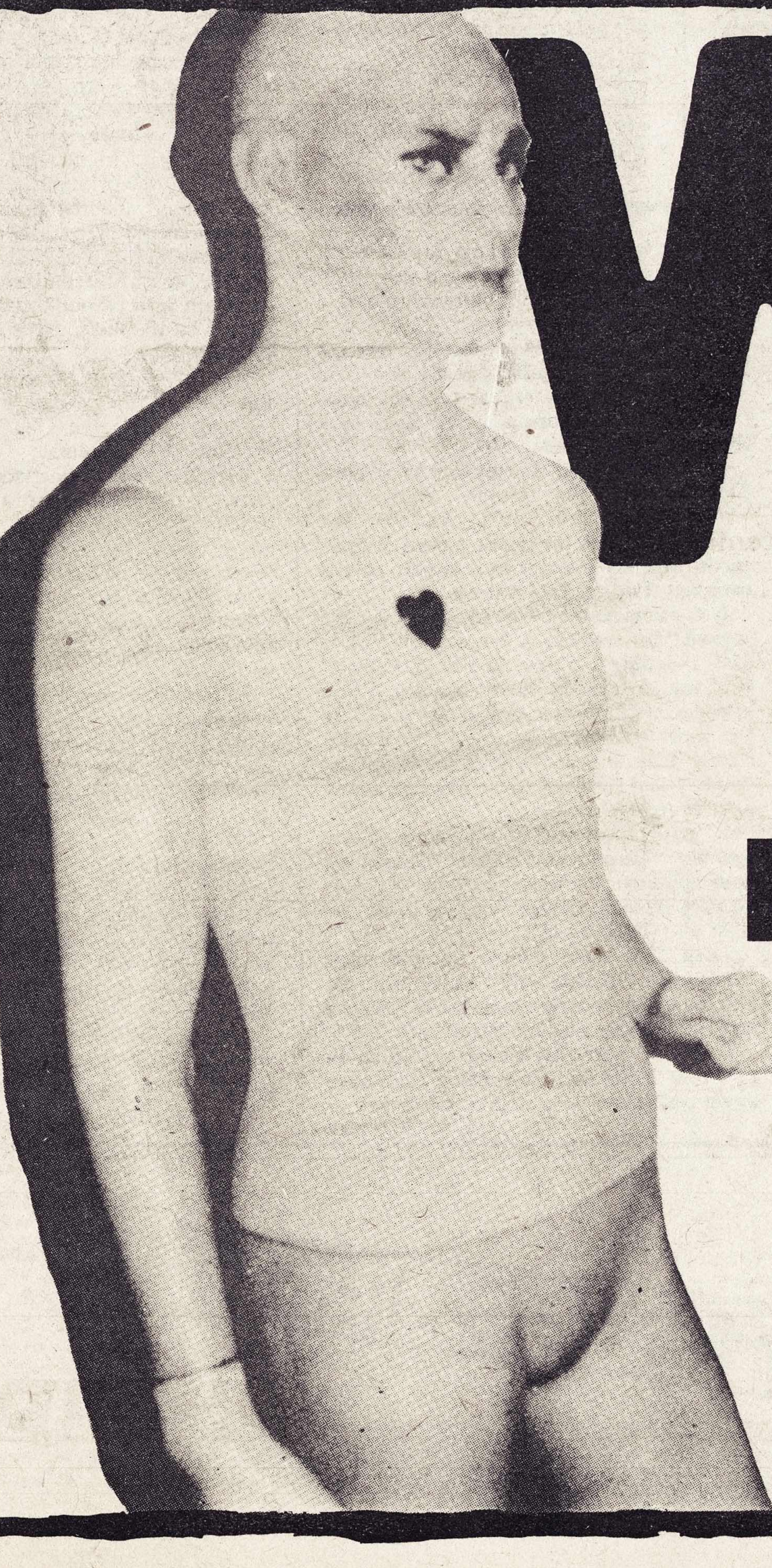
AND NOW, ladies and gentlemen, may we present, for your delectation, the Virgin "Axe-Heroes for '77" package! *(Applause).*

Featuring, on my left, a little-known curiosity from Atlanta, said to be none other than Lowell George's favourite guitarist! *(Mild applause)* And on my right, a partially-interesting old hippy from London, said to be in tune with none other than the cosmic vibrations! *(Wild applause).*

It's a pretty good idea on the face of it, mind you.

What matter if Hillage and Phillips have little in common stylistically? They're both guitarists of some repute, and the guitar-freaks Hillage attracts (as opposed to the pot-head pixie element) would probably be impressed with Phillips' virtuosity.

However, it's unlikely that, given his present stance and



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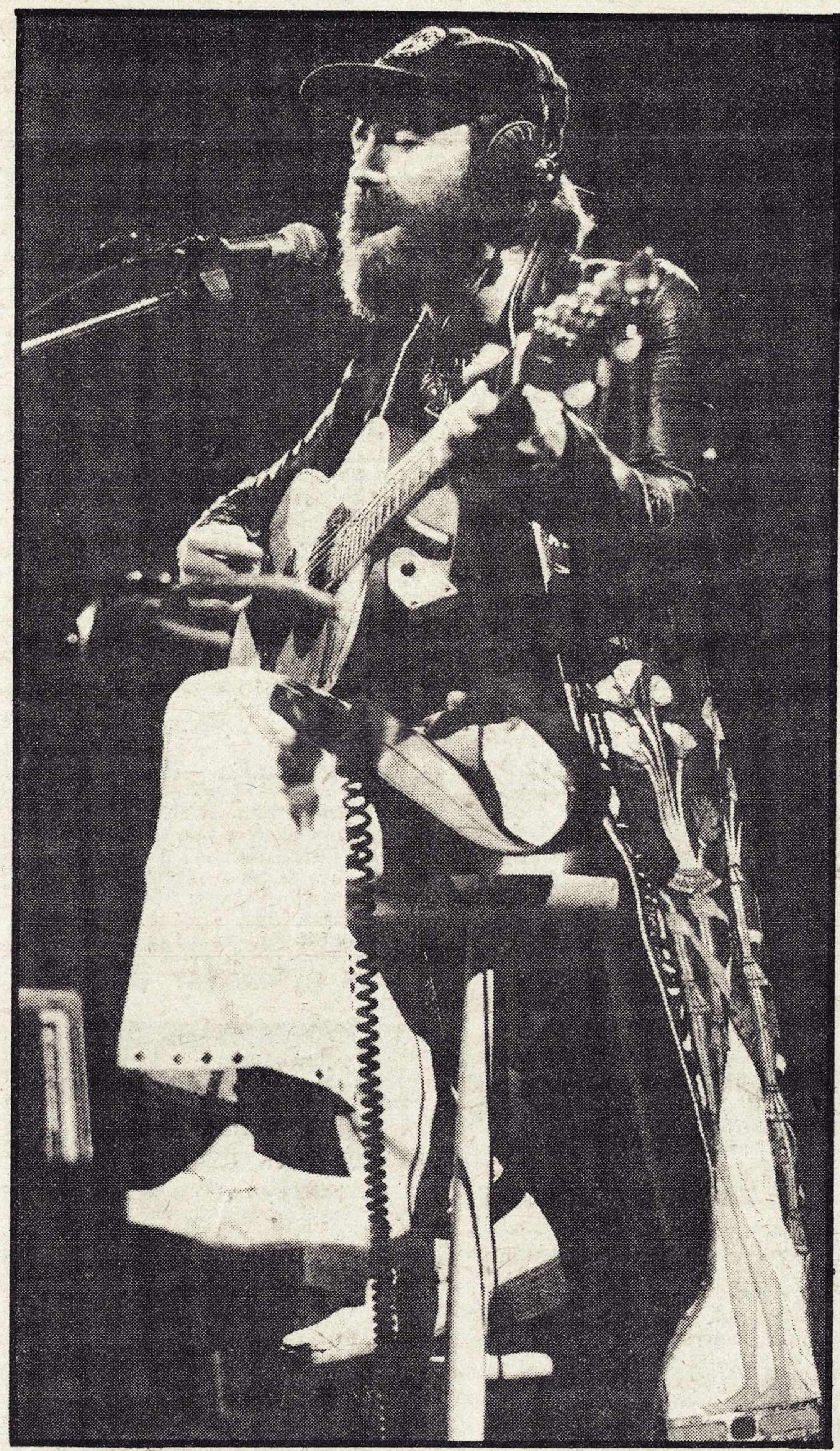
HARVEST



Roy Harper *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

musical format, **Glen Phillips** will ever transcend the status of cult-figure and achieve the recognition many believe he deserves.

His stage presence, for starters, is absent to the point of being negative; he's presumably one of the "let the music speak" school, which, fine as it is in certain musical fields, is detrimental in today's rock world.

Probably the most unassuming stage-user I've come across, his movements consist of shuffling from foot to foot, pivoting on first one, then the other, as if trying to find an elusive equilibrium.

Musically, too, he lacks spice. The backing band of Bill Rae (bass), Doug Landsberg (drums) and David Wilson (rhythm guitar, el. piano) lay down what is generally a straight 4/4 boogie with minor variations, sometimes fast, sometimes low, over which Phillips struts his stuff with a single-mindedness bordering on the obsessive.

It's as if the audience had wandered in on a rehearsal: Phillips spoke for the first time after the fourth tune (his whole set was instrumental), getting a few sarcastic cheers for his trouble.

Even then, all he did was introduce the fifth tune.

His band are doubtless competent musicians — the barefoot Landsberg especially — and Phillips himself plainly deserves the adulation afforded him by some, but to be quite honest, the lack of both memorable tunes and visual interest makes his performance one of the least interesting in musical history.

Without grooming, he will remain the province of the few.

Hillage's position is rather interesting: striking out with a commendable disregard for formularised repetition, he recently jettisoned the cumbersome "L" band and cut his latest album with the help of a black funk rhythm section.

The question is, can his followers keep up with his changes in musical direction? And more fundamental than that, are Hillage and funk compatible?

We may never know the answer to the first question.

Hardly surprisingly, Hillage played safe, taking a large part of his set from the previous albums, thereby ensuring the loyalty of his fans. However, this threw some interesting light on the rhythm section of Joe Blocker (drums) and Curtis Robertson (bass), who were forced to play a sizeable percentage of unfamiliar material.

To their credit, they handle old stuff reasonably well, although there are some gaps in the overall sound which can't be covered up by Miquette Giraudy's spacey synthesisings.

Still, it's mildly amusing to hear "Electrick Gypsy" funked up in this way: all aboard for the cosmic consciousness disco?

Naturally, the newer material, such as "Motivation", sounds the more natural, the encore of "Not Fade Away" especially encouraging.

Unlike before, Hillage seems acutely aware of band democracy, laying back and letting Blocker and Robertson share solo-space to good advantage. Blocker's solo in "Saucer Surfing" was one of the pleasant surprises of the concert, eliciting a deservedly rapturous reception (although his enervatingly ornate fills on some numbers detracted at times from their continuity).

Steve Hillage, of course, was Steve Hillage, for better or for worse.

Personally, I've never been too impressed by either his image or his musical style, though I'll admit there's no guitarist working strictly in the rock field with anything remotely like his command of electronic doctoring.

But he can be *so* embarrassing. Introducing the band members, he leaves himself out and substitutes "the audience" (presumably for the vibes, man). A voice in the crowd cries out, "Who're you, then?"

"Well, who *am* I?"

"Steve Hillage!" (roared by a thousand throats).

"That's my *name*, but who *am* I?"

We get the picture, Steve.

Andy Gill

Roy Harper

BIRMINGHAM

ROY HARPER sits on a red stool looking like a lonely nightclub comic lost in a bad joke. His gaze grills the audience. His head sports a green cricket cap. His ears sprout headphones. The ageing raver has returned.

In the spring of this year, Harper's concerts were dogged by illness. The duration of this tour suggests a healthy concern for the man's physical welfare. Tonight, the rooster on the stool, he makes a frail and peaceful figure.

Birmingham is the second gig on a brief British tour, designed to promote Harper's forthcoming eleventh LP, "Commercial Break".

Proceedings open with bubbles of feedback belching into the sound and blotches of smoke engulfing the stage. The smoke gets up your nose, impedes vision, and clears. Meanwhile Black Sheep bolster their confidence by steadily removing faults from the gnarled sound.

Throughout the evening Harper divides his set between old and new material. The songs from "Commercial Break" provoke a direct emotional response because their imagery is consciously more accessible than before.

"Cora", a piquant love song, demonstrates this. In 1969 Harper visited Cuba, meeting there, a woman called Cora. The song recounts their relationship through despair and dream, with the notion of sexual union blocked by the clash of two worlds.

Another strong song is "Sail Away", dedicated to Harper's generation. It questions the position of the ageing singer through the light of personal experience. A similar theme is echoed in the ebullient "Ten Years Ago". Unlike many of his contemporaries, Harper isn't afraid to confront the changes of time passing.

"Sail Away" is also his new 45 — less immediate but more substantial than "One Of Those Days" — and the second verse, which EMI have omitted from the single, is the key to the song: *"You may sometimes misconceive/seeing elders quietly leave/and accusingly/pointing say they failed/while in turn yourselves hang nailed/on the landmarks of your own dreams."*

On this night's evidence Harper and Black Sheep are a happy band. The transition is complete: from a one man rock and roll band to one man *in* a rock and roll band.

Henry McCullough and Andy Roberts twin fervently on acoustic and electric guitars, often balancing Harper's brisk but gentle finger-picking with more forceful passages.

At Leicester in February, I saw Roy Harper and Black Sheep on the "Bullinamingvase" tour. After a passive and limp performance; I left disappointed. Harper in decline?

Birmingham scuppered such a theory. Harper is in the ascendant with a bunch of penetrating songs.

Malcolm Heyhoe

JAZZ DIARY

TENOR TITAN Stan Getz is still packing them in at Ronnie Scott's, sharing the bill with Brazilian singer Tania Maria on her first visit to the U.K.

The Globe Unity Orchestra will be playing at London's Collegiate Theatre on 1st December, Leeds Playhouse on 2nd, Hurlfield Campus, Sheffield on 3rd, the Phoenix Theatre, Leicester on 4th, Keele University on 5th, and the Royal Northern College, Manchester on 6th. In existence now for a decade, the band fields the most explosive line-up of improvising talent around, and non-attendance will be judged as insanity.

The Jellyroll Blues Band are playing every Friday at the Southampton Arms, Camden High Street, admission free. Greenwich's Albany Empire season continues with Sax on 22nd November, Don Weller's Major Surgery on 29th, and the Mike Osborne Quartet on 6th December. Edinburgh's Platform programme at the Nicky Tam Tavern continues with Don Rendell on 16th November, Turning Point on 23rd, and tenorman Bobby Wellins on 30th.

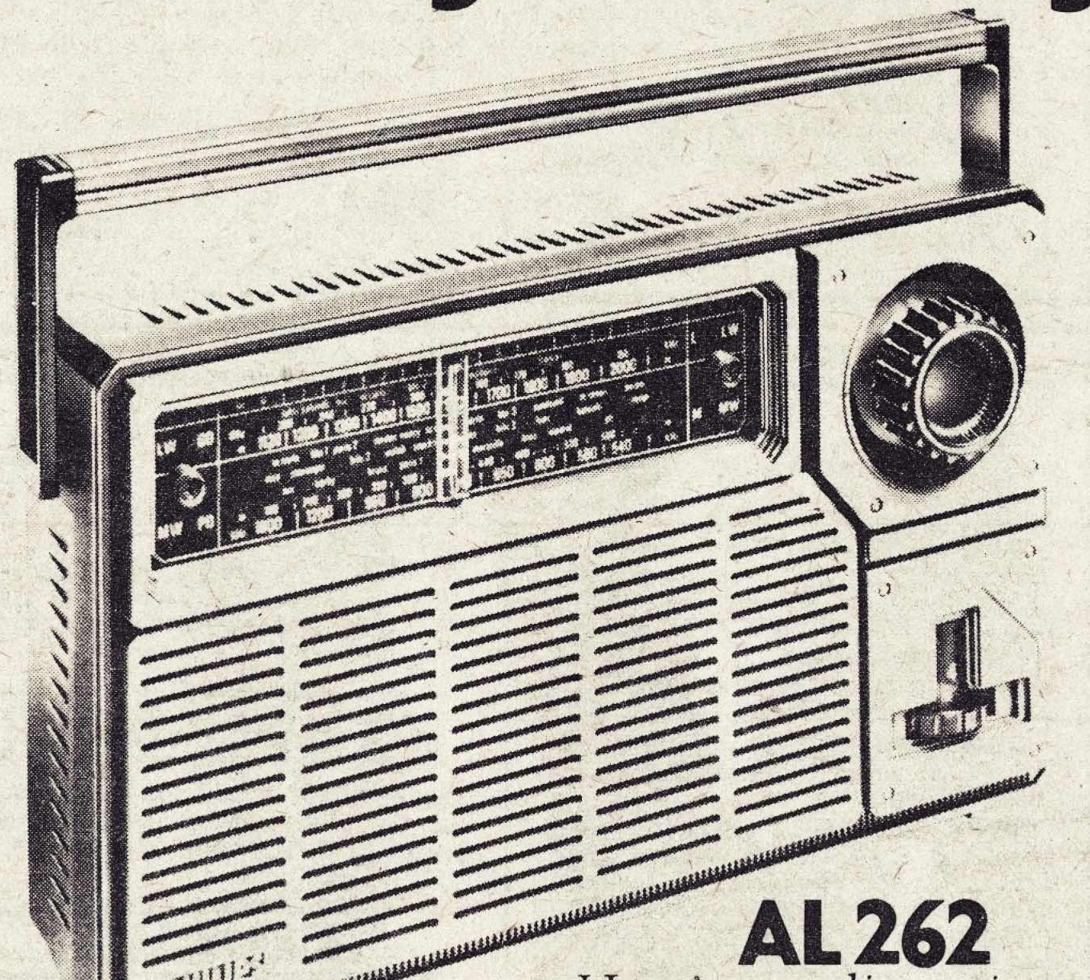
The US Galaxy label has an interesting bunch of releases, with "Just For Fun" by Hank Jones, "Essence" by Shelly Manne, "Fancy Free" by Richard Davis, "Thank You Thank You" by Roy Haynes, and "Waiting For The Moment" by Stanley Cowell.

Among the current crop from Fantasy is one outstanding double-album from Ron Carter, "Piccolo", and a good follow-up from guitarist Kenny Burrell on "Ellington Is Forever, Volume 2".

Latest in the welcome deluge of albums from altoist Elton Dean is "Happy Daze" by his Ninesence unit on the Ogun label. Scheduled for November release is "Inner Voices" by McCoy Tyner on Milestone. The settings include 13-horn big-band, vocal choir and piano-guitar duets.

Brian Case

Philips. Beautiful sound you carry around.



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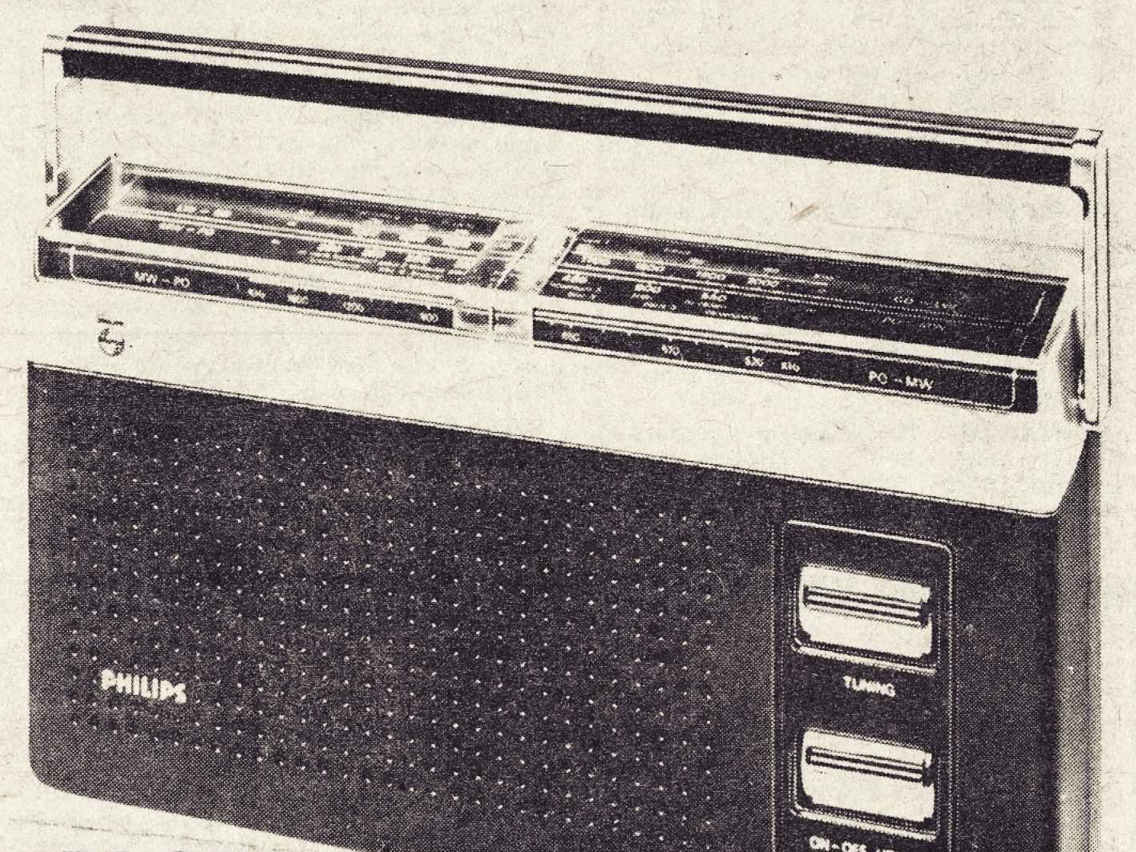

AL 162 This LW MW baby weighs in at just under 18oz. The orange roller control stands out nicely against the grey matt silver case. Sturdy wrist strap and earphone as standard.

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LONDON & SE

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THE UNITONES (dance band) require bass guitarist for regular work — semi pro. — Tel: 648 9748.

WINCHESTER HAMPSHIRE boarding schoolboy vocalist seeks lunatic band loving Floyd, Noowave, Gong, Spector (gosh). — Write: Plug, School House, Uppingham, Rutland.

BASSIST, DRUMMER wanted for good time rock band in Oxon Bucks area. — Phone, Gordon Brill 7716 or John Haddenham 291294.

ALL MUSICIANS form band, starting from nothing, to invent unpopular new music. Male/female. — Write: Phil, 24 Freshfield Place, Brighton.

AMBITIOUS NEW wave band, Nuclear Rouge, need aggressive young drummer and bassist. — Phone Martin Chorleywood 4491 or Simon Gt. Missenden 4397.

DRUMMER WANTED, original songs plus own arrangements (18/21). — North London evenings 6-7pm. — Phone: Ian 628 0969.

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DRUMMER WANTED for embryonic jazz/rock group. — Phone 229 5830 or 359 6485 after 5.00.

ANARCHIC TASTELESS music freak, classically trained, lyricist, strained vocalist, seeks similar amateur musicians (M/F). — John, 52 Golders Manor Drive, NW11.

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VERSTAILE DRUMMER for working band. — Ring Roger Gravesend 56406.

BASSIST REQUIRED for inventive rock band with own material. — Phone Hemel Hempstead 63551 between 9 am and 5 pm. Ask for Steve.

NIGEL DORRILL songwriter, musician, requires bassist and lead guitar for recording; also gigs required. — 13 Soho Street, London, W1.

BASS WANTED for new wave band. Must be interested and willing to rehearse. — Phone Ian after six, 952-4374 Edgware.

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ZAPPY BASSIST for ambitious high energy semi pro band, work waiting. — Woking 69927.

OH BASS player near N.4. Listen to my songs, verily let us form a baaand r'n'b style. — Phone Julian 800 9003.

SCHO ROCK invasion not new wave. Need dedicated mobile lead keyboard bass vocals. Experience unnecessary. — Call Eric, ring daytime 01-965 0357.

GUITARIST KEYBOARDS needed for newer wave Dubrock group. Influences: Patti, Scratch, Youth, Ramones to fuse reggae and rock energy. — 599 3741

ENERGETIC KEYBOARDS and preferably vocals required for creative varied fun rock band. — Phone evenings 01 445 5235 Finchley based (make your fortune).

BASSIST WANTED to help form semi pro rock band. Vocals an advantage. — Please phone Robert 870 5032.

GUITARIST, into Pirates and Costello seeks competent musicians to form band. — Patrick, 25 Vauxhall Grove, SW8. Or place in band.

BASSIST WANTED for new wave band, own transport helpful, love of Patti Smith essential. — Phone Ian Nutley 2432 evenings. Ta!

PEOPLE, EITHER into original material or wanting to create band 'phone 01 852 8791 evenings — please serious buds only. No time wasters. — Barnard, 29 Excersior Gardens, SE13 7PS.

DRUMMER AND keyboard player wanted for Maidstone based rock band, vocals an asset, transport a must. — Maidstone 55557.

DUNE BUGGY type band seeks serious 67 orientates. Bass, drums. Pros or thereabouts. Must be willing to vomit. — Witham 515101.

SWANK NEED a guitarist. Must be good, no wankers or old farts. — Ring Gary on 274 5079.

BASSIST, SINGER, songwriter, wanted for under 19 new band, SW London area. Into Bowie, Roxy. N.W. — Phone Martin evenings 673 3181.

LEAD GUITARIST/Lyricist wanted for new wave band under 18. North London. — Ring 446 0514 (George) after 5 pm.

EX-NAMED new wave band want good bass with good equipment for gigs. Phone 01 778 6600 evenings (SE20).

DRUMMER NEEDED. Clash are tops but how many Clashes does the World need? Enthusiasm sufficient. Be different. Adrian 01 567 6655, Ext. 553.

MANAGER NEEDS sexy female vocalist plus backing groups — Punk/Rock'n'Roll. Ring John Fletcher or Howie Bossick — 01 653 6622 immediately.

VOCALIST AND organist needed for young Reigate band. Anyone considered but no timewasters. Own material. Work available. Phone Horley 71991.

GUITAR (LEAD), for anarchistic, eccentric, nihilistic, venomous, ugly group. Play no tunes, rythms, beats. Just twangs away. W12 spots. Ring Sue 01 937 1234 X 7251.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer (good gear) need other musicians to form rock band. No punks or funks. Good gear essential. Phone Harlow 30626.

ARE YOU loud, tight, ambitious? Drums, Bass/vocalist needed for R & R / Newwave combo. West London area. 01 567 2550 after 6 pm.

BASS, VOCALS wanted for RMS, old wave rock band with Hendrix, Stones, Cream, Who, Free influences. Phone Tak, Aldershot 23418.

ADVENTUROUS SAXOPHONE player required for rehearsing new wave band. Enthusiasm essential. Contact Jezz 01 734 8242 Ext 256 (day), 01 556 2205 (evenings). Don't delay, we need you.

PUNK DRUMMER wanted for energetic new wave band. Willing to rehearse, work waiting. Phone Nick 01 994 3870.

UNBIASED MUSICIANS required for writer of songs. Young record company interested. All instruments required. 01 883 0232.

FEMALE VOCALIST into Iggy, New Wave, wants to form band. Anyone write, pros or not! Lust and life essential. Dolly, St. Paul's House, 87 St. Paul's Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.

HOWARD BOSSICK requires punk drummer for future gigs in Croydon area. Must be fast, pogoing type. Ring 01 653 6622.

SONGWRITER, GUITARIST into Yank 'noowave' stiff and R & B seeks competent musicians to form band. Patrick, 25 Vauxhall Grove, SW8.

DRUMS PLUS someone who can play 'em wanted by mucho tight band. Ring Jim 01 272 5873 or John, Hornchurch 54515, Pronto!

MOTORHEAD AND Pink Fairies type band need one helluva drummer. Must be good. No square. Phone Steve 01 992 6582 6—8 pm, ta!

WILKO STYLE + 2nd guitarist required for punk / R & B band. No hippies or pros. Ring Andy 01 850 2910 (after 5 pm).

MANIC DRUMMER. Male/female for punk band. Transport essential. Phone Lance, 01 200 0202 or Steve 01 958 5047.

POWERFUL DRUMMER required for rock band. Phone Bruce on 483 39700.

CREATIVE MUSICIANS aged 15-18. Keyboards, brass, etc. Female vocals required. Own instruments. North London. Contact 01 348 0443 (7—9 pm).

MUSICIANS WANTED bass, drums, keyboards, to form contemporary rock band. South Bucks area, no pro's or punks. Little Chalfont 4287.

MAKE "METROSECT." Vocalist / guitarist with songs, seeks young amateur musicians to form band. Phone Steve on 01 253 9039, evenings between 6—9.30.

RHYTHM GUITARIST vocalist wants to join / form band with lead / bass drums. North London. No punks. Bill, Lea Valley 761170.

SECOND HAND bass player wanted. Four fingers o.n.o. Phone Graham 01 736 5219 anytime. Yes, even you!

GUITARIST, INEXPERIENCED into Blackmore, seeks band to learn with, 18-20. Call Rob after 7.30 pm 01 603 5006.

BASS AND drums (17-18) for forming band, some original material, vocals an asset, experience not necessary. Phone Dave 01 609 2606.

BASSIST WANTED to form beat group. Phone Christine 01 960 6238 before six or contact Ronan, 26 Quex Road, London NW6.

LEAD GUITARIST (18) wishes to join / form band. Into: Zeppelin / Purple / Punk. Own axe and wheels. Phone Chris Leatherhead 73756.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD singer/writer. Single and gigs lined-up, needs tight band to join him. Good guitarists / bassists / drummers please ring 01 727 9475/6.

LEAD GUITARIST 22, writes, sings, tap dances, good gear, very experienced — seeks good, modern band. Phone Steve 01 727 4984 evenings.

AUDITION WANTED for vocalist seeking work with Roxy Music, Bowie type band. Backing or upfront. No punk considered. Ascot 24957.

YOUNG GUITARIST seeks rock group into 10CC, Pink Floyd, Genesis, Ramshackle, Ledzep, Supertramp. Not into Linda Rondstadt unfortunately. Brett Luton 67314.

FEMALE VOCALIST with powerful range seeks bluesy jazz group to sing with. Has had experience in professional singing. 01 607 1628.

17-YEAR-OLD lead vocalist wishes to join outrageous band, Bowie style, has no gear as yet. 01 499 6321 Ext 308.

ALIVE GUITARIST (German) singer / songwriter, pro, own gear, keen to join noisy London new wave band — Now! Phone Bernd St. Albans 68911.

BASS/VOCALS into Kingfish and country/rock. At present no professional future. Must have transport. Versatile good bloke wanted now! Phone John 01 727 7451.

BASSIST or guitarist for duo pops, standards pubs, clubs, living Tooting-/Clapham area. Transport essential. Adam 01 937 5432 ex. 351.

GUITARIST/VOCALIST wanted for funk, Danan band keen to learn and practice. Farnham area. Steve, Runfold 2200.

PSYCHEDELIC BUGGY operator needs bassist percussion. Original material work waiting good chance to join professionals. — 112 Church Street, Witham, Essex.

KEYBOARDS FOR band combining new wave energy with old wave musicianship. Transport essential. Work waiting. — 01-977 5437. Kingston area.

CELLIST, own teetch, seeks synthesisers, congas, Damien Dunnington, guitars, saxophones for jazz-reggae band, froghopper. — Stevie, 105 Cardigan Street, Oxford.

BASS DRUMMER lead guitarist Hendrix, Lizzy original band. Write or call:— 14 Batley Road, Enfield, Middx.

HONEST JOHN Plain wishes to form punk/country band. Write to:— 27 Castelaine Road, London W9.

PUNK GUITARIST/Writer to form nucleus of band with me. Call round Saturday. — Mal, 7 Turnour House, Walburgh Street, London E1.

VOCALISTS WANTED

HEAVY ROCK vocalist required, must also play some rhythm, and be a male! S.W. London only. Aged 18-22 years. 01 874 8662.

YOUNG PUNK singer wanted for punk band just formed. No experience. Phone after 6 pm. 01 607 7796.

LUNGS NEEDED: Powerful vocalist, male / female, wanted for tight blues rock band. Want to have a blow? Phone Mick — Bracknell 27381.

WORK WANTED

THE BEST rhythm and blues harp player anywhere urgently wishes to join working band and also wants any session work. Phone Jim 794 2184.

NEED GUITARIST rhythm/lead 17. Will "Do anything you want to do" get in touch. Ring evenings Dartford 25664.

TASTEFUL ROCK guitarist (21) seeks heavy/melodic outfit with pro outlook pref N/London area. Have gear/transport. 0707 56946 (Potters Bar).

AL GAE. Punk bassist. No experience. No axe. No good. One man clique. Into geography and soft animals. Seeks similars. 01-549 1366 Ext 239.

VOCALIST RETURNING to scene after long break. Into Zeppelin from 'Thank You' to 'Kashmire' contact Ray, 36 Petten Grove, Orpington, Kent 34874.

DRUMMER with guts, into rock. Good Premier kit but no transport. Phone Steve 01- 851 3753.

VOMIT, HUNGRY singer seeks band must gob well. Safety pins only need apply. No teds or hippies. Daytime 01 727 8070.

LEAD GUITARIST seeking immediate work with good rock dance band. Pro' experience, read, write, plenty good ideas. Phone after 6pm. Snowden Mason 455 7145.

HEAVY IMAGINATIVE guitarist seeks punk or new wave band. Ring 01 656 6338 after six, thank you.

YOUNG BASSplayer doing live gigs and albums seeks session work, also plays guitar, violin and sings. No time wasters. Phone Nick 040 23 70031.

VOCALIST/GUITARIST with power, looks, Gibson, original songs; looking for together band. interested in anything that rocks. Kevin 01-688 3048 anytime.

LEAD GIUTARIST 17, have axe will travel. Punk, pop, rock, blues, jazz. If arm twisted folk. Phone Brett, Luton 67314.

DRUMMER WANTS group in Brighton. Punky reggea. Phone Carl, Handcross 400768.

ROCK GUITARIST wants to join / form R & R — R & B — Blues band. Stones, Cream, Yardbirds, etc. Doubles bass. Muswell Hill. Andy 01 883 1872.

THE FASTEST harmonica in the West and the best. Rhythm and Blues, Country, Rock Session, work live, work stupefaction guaranteed. 01 794 2184.

DRUMMER AND vocalist want to join London punk group. Both demented girls. Phone Sheerness 2977 or Eastchurch 508 after 5 pm.

OI! ANY of you bands need a charismatic vocalist? Well here I am. Don't delay, order one now! Special offer — 0480 63512.

GOOD DRUMMER, most styles, seeks band — abundance of time! Phone Rick Erith 39620.

KENYAN VOCALIST, poor but loaded with ideas, seeks to join ambitious funk blues type group. Any area. 136 Waterloo Road, Middlesbrough.

BASS GUITARIST, 20, seeks serious amateur local band playing intelligent heavy rock, Free, Purple. Own gear. Brian Horley 4000 evenings.

RHYTHM GUITARIST seeks band, no experience, but enthusiastic, anything considered. Bob 01 689 3544 (Croydon).

COMPOSER/WRITER seeks band, singers, to collaborate in making modern / popular songs and music. Ring Ben Mustafa, 01 977 7584 Ext 239.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMS, BASS, KEYBOARDS, (competent) to join Purple/Melodic Rock influenced guitarist. Ambition essential. Phone North Trowbridge (0225) 782285.

"MUDDY VILE and the Vomits" seek talented musicians to build punk band. Write 69 South Devon Road, Beacon Park, Plymouth.

WORK WANTED

KEYBOARDS PLAYER into electronics needs work, both musical and technical. North Devon and West Somerset. Phone Captain Electron-Brayford 407

KEYBOARDS PLAYER and guitarist seek existing unit. Flexible. Mainstream rock preferred. Anything within 20 miles. Work essential. Axebridge 732030 evenings.

SYCAMORE SMITH is on the folk circuit again and looking for work. Ring George Fareham 31469.

GUITAR PLAYER seeks band, duo, electric or acoustic. Own gear and transport. Some experience — Phone Ron c/o Falmouth 315857 daytime.

FEMALE INTO BeBop Deluxe. Love to form/join group. Some guitar/vocals. Amateur. Heavy rock influenced. 37 Second Avenue, Bath.

PISSED OFFpunk student? Looking to play drums with a band. Charles Llewellin, Willis Hall, Parry's Lane, Bristol. Room H16.

DRUMMER, EXPERIENCED, wants working band preferably pro or near. Rock/funk, into Steely Dan, American music. Willing to move. 0716-415247.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

BIRMINGHAM AREA. Musicians with own gear/transport to form Ry Cooder or similar style band. Telephone, evenings 021-783 5451.

NEED RHYTHM guitar for new H.M./N.W. group 'The Third Reich' gigs promised. Telephone 021-262 4070 — ask for Jumping Dave Leer.

BLUES HARP player needed to work on old and new blues tunes, with guitarist. Phone Loz, Coventry 76728.

DRUMMER, BASSIST wanted 17-20, Leicester area, work in the near future. Write: Gray, 19, Albert Street, Melton Mowbray, Leicester.

FIREFLY REQUIRE drummer and keyboards. Work waiting. 021-777 7179. 111 Sandford Rd., Moseley, Birmingham 13.

BOSS RADIO require funky drummer, tenor, sax and keyboards. Oxford 773273.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS to form 'Free' type band aged 14-19 in Nottingham. No experience needed. Nottingham 264436, ask for Pete.

YOUNG EXPERIENCED guitarist with own material seeks new established band. New wave or rock. Own gear, transport. Robert Wyllie, c/o Henderson, 6 Thornhill Rd., Derby.

CRAPPY CHRIS requires 'musicians' to join punk group Verbal Diaorrea, gigs lined up. Must look agressive. Ring Leicester 412024.

ROCK DRUMMER and bass still wanted. Enthusiasm and ability essential. Only loonies need apply. Phone after 6pm. Andy 0777 702780.

VOCALISTS WANTED

IAN GILLAN type bods or Ian Gillan wanted for heavy band. Twilight Alehouse Rule. Phone after 6pm. Andy 0777 072780.

WORK WANTED

BASSIST 17, seeks local rock band. Play anything from Eagles to Zep, Queen to Sabs. No time waster or pro's. Baz, Burntwood 6730, after 4.30.

FELT TIP, an aggressive punk singer wants group. Can't sing a note, must be in Leicester area. Ring Leicester 712083. 6pm onwards.

EXPERIENCED GUITARIST seeks working pro-minded band, no punks — 0905 20102.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

KEYBOARDS, GUITARIST, drummer, female vocalist wanted. Loners welcome. Rennaissance/Genesis. Aggresive overtones. Mike, 49 Peyton Avenue, March, Cambs. March 55465.

GUITARIST OF limited ability and no experience, seeks bass drums/vocals with own gear to form band just for kicks. 14 St Andrews Lane, Necton, Norfolk.

PUNKS WANTED to form group with guitarist into early Stones, early Who, MC5, Pistols etc. A Jones, Cambridge 55671.

LONELY VOCALIST seeks band. Male or female preferred. Could this be you? Help wipe out cliche rock. Next stop suicide. 0480 63512.

AMATEUR BAND forming, needs drums, keyboards, guitarist to join bass and guitarist. Into all kinds of rock music. Anything considered. Haverhill 2133

BASSIST REQUIRED for rock band. N. Essex area. 60's style. Experience, transport, equipment essential. Phone Adrian over weekend. Coggeshall 61852.

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST WANTED by rock-pop group. Work available. Must have own PA. Ring Andy. Terrington St John 430.

WORK WANTED

DRUMMER-EXPERIENCED for 9 years. Seek band or group. Played all types, own transport, good gear, double vocals. Hickley 611455.

I WANNA become a new wave vocalist, no experience or equipment, just youth and energy: 16 Huddleston Way, Sawston, Cambs.

ROCK DRUMMER wants to joint band. Willing to rehearse. Phone after 6pm. Luton 503132, ask for Adrian.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

VOCALIST/LYRICIST wants to sing in new wave band, anywhere, ready for gigs. Tel. Ripon 2572.

ALL GIRL band into Bowie/New Wave (already gigging) seek good energetic determined female lead-/rhythm guitarist. Phone 0904 29502.

I LOVE both new waves, noise, sound, music. I'm 15, let's do something. Colin, Collinswood Buildings, Collingwood St., Newcastle 1.

DRUMS AND guitarist wanted to form group with bassist and guitarist. Into Mott, Bowie, Feelgoods and new wave.

DRUMMER AND vocalist wanted to complete rock band Bacup/Burnley area. Telephone Peter, Bacup 5108 after 5pm.

DRUMMER wanted for non-pro rock group own kit, 15-19, playing Cooper, Bowie, Mott, Beatles, and own material 073 582230.

DRUMMER WANTED for rock band recording own material, must be willing to rehearse stage act with bass and keyboards.

KEYBOARD PLAYER, also vocalist, needed for funky jazz rock band. Manchester area. Phone Ray, Saddleworth 3606.

SCHOOLGIRL BITCH need good punk guitarist. Must have gear, no breadhead. We've got material and gigs. Phone Paul Accrington 385531.

BASS, DRUMS, rhythm vocalist wanted for new wave band. Male/female must have own gear and lots of enthusiasm. 41, Delacey Drive, Bolton, Lancs.

ANGEL PERFECT requires incompetent musicians, enthusiastic amateurs. Embarrassed and ambitious. Either sex. Brian 666840, Newcastle on Tyne.

INTERESTED IN starting band with guitarist (21), any standard, any instrument/vocals, Into Television, Poco etc. Sale, Manchester area, Phone 962 7714 (Paul).

MANCHESTER: LEAD guitarist needed for new wave. Also possibility of a bassist. Own material. Phone 061-663 1651 about 6pm. The (?).

AMBITIOUS MUSOC (17-21) wanted. No experience needed but must be prepared to work hard. Hurry up, phone Brian, Sheffield 662537.

BASSIST REQUIRED for funky commercial band. Work available. Recording possibilities. Harmonies an asset. Phone Aycliffe 2522 or Northallerton 70462.

DRUMMER/GUITARIST seek bass-/vocalist, own transport, also practice place — Liverpool. Into R & B, Rock — anything productive — Phone Geoff 220 2850 after 6pm.

VOCALIST NEEDS male new wave guitarist/bass/drummer, play instruments reasonably well. Age 17/22 — no ties — no messers — Phone 740 9313.

THE STARS are our future. Are they yours? Our spacecraft is about to take-off, Drummer, Bass — be on it. Phone 23609 (Leyland, Lancs).

PATHETIC DRUMMER and bassist wanted for rock, folk, blues group. Average age 16. Must have own equipment. Durham 61733 — evenings.

VOCALISTS WANTED

FORCEFULLY YOUNG vocalist required for excellent new band, influences range from progressive to punk. Merseyside area. Dave 051-677 8671.

WORK WANTED

GUY WANTS to join band as singer. Punk/soul, good looking. Will sing for experience. Living in the capital, Liverpool. 051-722 0837.

ROCK VOCALIST seeks band into Gillan, Mercury, Rodger, no gear but will buy. Kev, 25 Fairways Avenue, Benton, Newcastle NE7 7UB.

VOCALIST SEEKS rock band. Newcastle area. Own gear. Zeppelin, Frankie Miller, Blues. Just moved from Scotland. Birtley 406698.

AMBITIOUS VOCALIST/songwriter. Sorry no previous experience. Very Willing, anything accepted. Please contact Pete (17), 27 Lascelles Rd., Harehills, Leeds.

LEAD GUITARIST and bass guitarist seek punk band. Local area. Tel. Pete, Bacup 5108 after 5pm.

SONGWRITER/GUITARIST seeks to form group with music writer. A Speakman, 19 Hall Nook, Penketh, Warrington, Cheshire.

RHYTHM LEAD guitarist wants to join/form band. Rock or new wave — Mick, Chesterfield 77232 Ext 306 — 9-5.00 Monday to Friday.

IAN REDMAN seeks good band who need vocalist. Must be into Genesis and Led Zeppelin. Around Northwich area. Phone 0606 2899.

NEW WAVE vocalist and lyricist (17) seeks adventurous band into Anarchy. Robert, 46 Heslington Lane, Fulford, York.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

NEW WAVE musicians for band, own gear, prepared to sing. Ask for Colin, Top Flat (left) 45 Cleghorn Street, Dundee.

DRUMMER FOR jazz/rock band, must be proficient, fast, and experienced in music Age 19. Phone Livingston 39959.

DRUMMER AND keyboards wanted to form Pink Floyd/Status Quo type band. Must be beginners. Any sex (16-18) Cardenden area. 29 Keir's Brae, Fife.

BASSIST AND drummer wish to form R&B/Rock 'n' Roll Band. Plenty of work waiting. Gear would help. Scotty 031 226 2747 or Alan 031 441 4800.

WORK WANTED

GLASGOW GUITARIST (23) wants jamming band, slick and stylish, into Meters, Crusaders, S. Dan etc. Phone Dave Wright 041 336 1053 (office hours).

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

PUNKS WANTED to form band. Female/male into new wave, to start band. Songs, own gear, ideas. David, Newport 215017 4-10 pm.

LEAD GUITARIST (second) and drummer to join existing rock band. No ties — 18-25. Steve, 7 The Avenue, Cwmavon, Port Talbot, Glam.

DEDICATED PUNKS bass, drums needed right now. Ain't got much stuff but we'll try. Write first: Lindsay, 8 Woodland Terrace, Mount Pleasant, Swansea.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted for punk band. Age 15-18. Experience not essential. Own guitar, bands amplifiers. Cardiff, sense of humour. Chris (Adamsdown, Cardiff) 490133.

WORK WANTED

SAX PLAYER wants to join/form new wave band. Some songs, own van. Tim Lubran, 3 Bank Cottage, Llangybbi, Llampeter, Dyfed.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

ARE YOU female? Can you play lead / bass / rhythm? Are you into new wave? For serious fun, ring Dublin 887606.

JOE BLOBS require two female instrumentalists — guitar or keyboards. Into Zappa, Tull, Kansas, Hurry offer ends soon. Phone Vince (01) 791259.

GIGGING THREE piece new wave band require vocalist and keyboards player. Phone Dublin 592456.

THE FANTASTIC Jamie Stone Band require top class keyboard player immediately. £70 per week to start. Dublin 972741/972664.

GUITARIST/SONGWRITER very original, seeks bass, sax, back-up vocals, keyboards, to form group. Experience unnessary. R&R Drummer. Everything answered. Clash, Ballyagran, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, Eire.

6

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

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- ☐ IRELAND
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NAME

DAYTIME TEL. NO.

ADDRESS

There are gigs and there are gigs; and there are those that enhance the quality of Life itself. You scoff? You shoulda been there . . .

After all these years, still a Miracle

Smokey Robinson

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

BILL-TOPPERS usually command a bigger stage area and more musicians than opening acts, but on this occasion the position was reversed for **Viola Wills** with her 10-piece band and family of singers.

Although the quantity involved in her performance was no match for the quality of Smokey Robinson, her set was far more entertaining than on the previous times I've seen her and may possibly signify a belated breakthrough for this talented lady.

Or perhaps not.

There's an elusive divide between that which succeeds and that which doesn't, a barrier that isn't necessarily simply a question of musical ability.

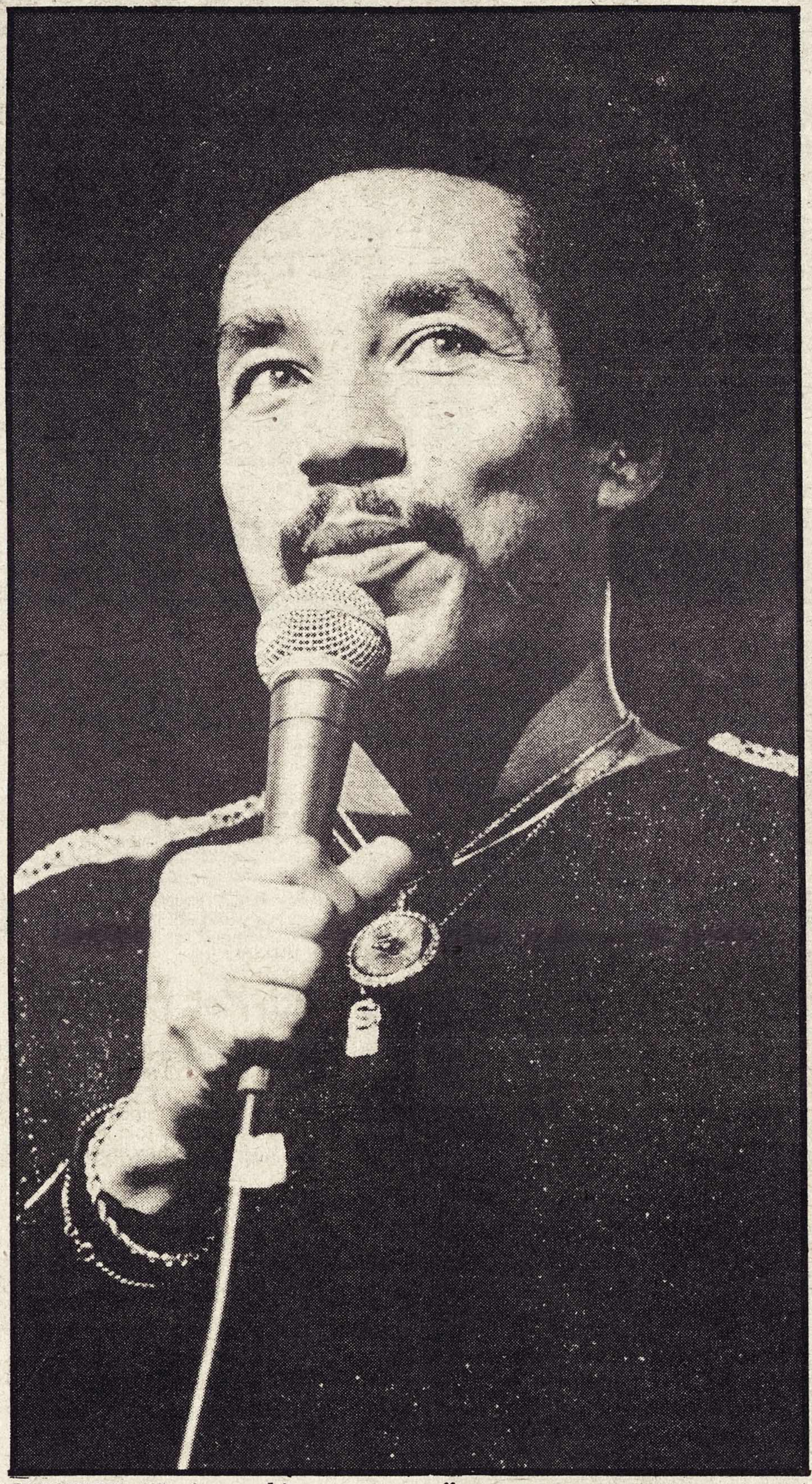
It's more to do with that old saw, "some folks got it and some folks ain't." I'm not altogether sure that Ms Wills has got it, whatever that abstract concept may be.

The same goes for her three sons, The Ivys, who are not to worry The Jacksons with their fun routines, and for her daughter, Regina Ivy, who nearly sang as well as her mum on this, her professional debut.

That Smoky Robinson has got it has been beyond dispute for the last 15 years and any thoughts that he may have recently been losing it were immediately dispelled by his magnificent performance.

Add to that the impeccable backdrop of his nine-piece Quiet Storm Orchestra (seven male musicians, one or two of whom also sang; two female singers, both of whom also toyed with percussive instruments), possibly the most subtle group of sympathetic accompanists I've ever seen, and you've got one hell of a show.

I don't want to go over the top about the band but they *were* perfect foils for Smokey, complementing his delicate vocal dexterity with shifting moods that always enhanced and never intruded on what he was singing.



SMOKEY: *"Let's see, this one goes . . ."* Pic: GUS STEWART

Therefore I'd like to hear a round of applause for Pat Henley (who introduced 'startime' with a fine version of "Don't Leave Me This Way"), Ivory Stone (the other singer, who also danced a step or two), Smiling Wayne Tweed (bass), Scotty Henderson (drums), Michael Jacobson (cello & sax), Fred Smith (flute & reeds), Sonny Burke (various keyboards), James 'Alibe' Sledge (congas, other percussion and, as Frank Zappa would say, flambe vocals) and the guitarist who's nearly as renowned as Smokey himself, Marv Tarplin.

It's a shame that Marv didn't allow himself a few more prominent licks; apart from that the accompaniment was solid gold.

As for Smokey, he was genuine platinum. Without doing much more that positioning himself in the centre of one of the Odeon's walkways twixt stage and auditorium and letting his soul do the talking he justified every tribute heaped on him.

If there's to be any reservation about his performance it's that he didn't have time to sing more than half a dozen of his innumerable '60s classics.

But then, despite memories, one can't expect a creative artists to live entirely in the past. At least when he performed old Miracles' hits he sang them as if they mean as much today as they did way back when (which of course they do) and didn't reduce them to the kind of throwaway medley that is common fare among many established survivors.

For the first six numbers he reaffirmed his solo credentials ("Open", "I Am, I Am", "Baby That's Back Atcha", "Agony And The Ecstasy", "Quiet Storm", and "Vitamin U") in a segment that was musically superb but suggested that the entire show was going to be a clinical presentation of his best records.

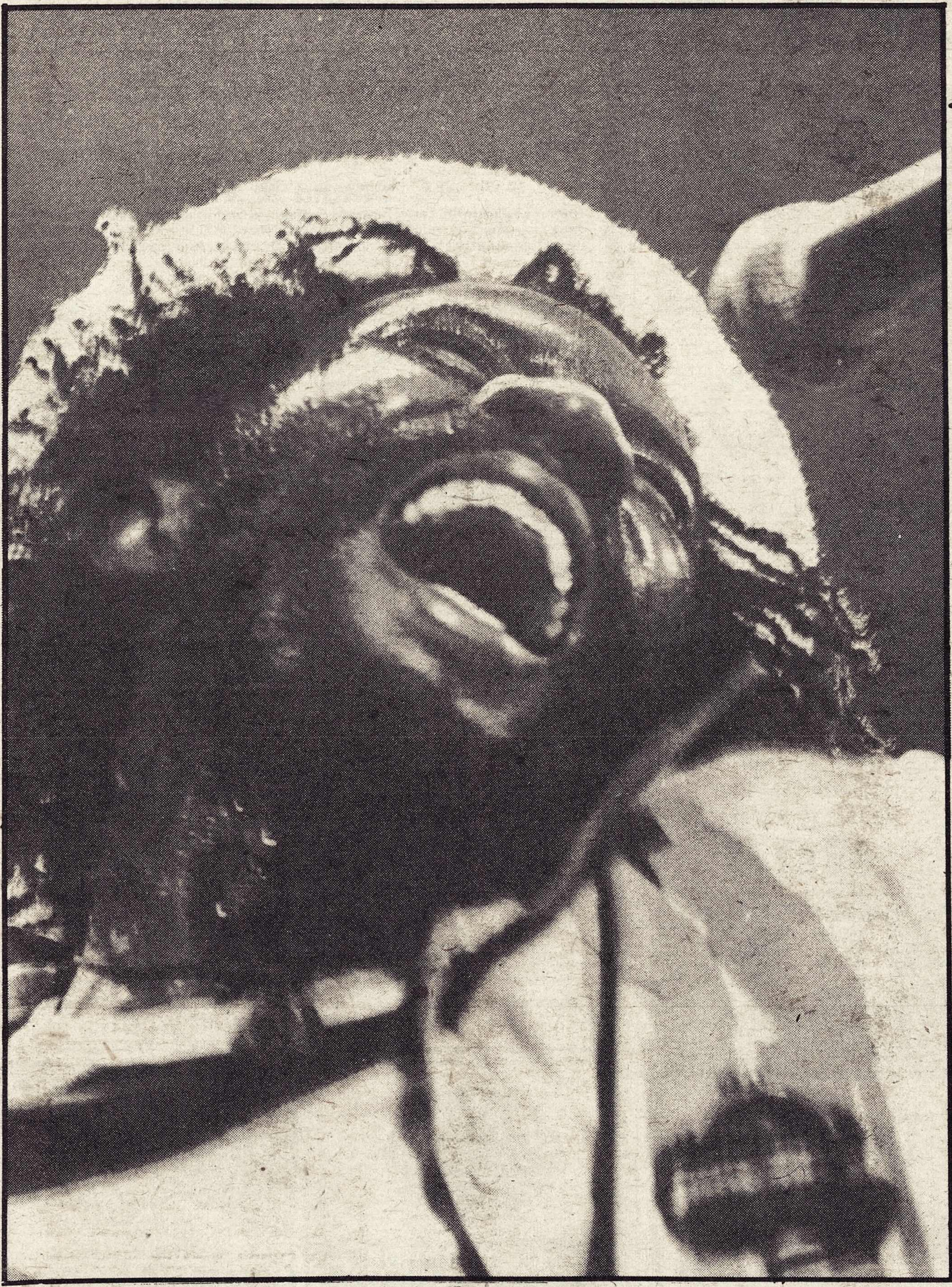
The impression was instantly dissolved in a stunning version of "Track Of My Tears" that reduced me to a sloopy jelly, brought forth squeals of orgasmic delight from dark corners of the theatre, ended in a standing ovation and introduced the oldies segment. From thereon he couldn't lose.

Admittedly the bit where he invites 'requests' seems a farce since several hundred people shouting at once just allows him to go right ahead and perform whatever he's already rehearsed. (Though this impression was shown to be erroneous by his second show, when he performed several different numbers.)

He'd chosen the right songs and therefore proceeded to slay the packed house with "Ooo Baby Baby", "Shop Around", "Micky's Monkey", "You Really Got A Hole on Me" (sheer bliss) and "Tears Of A Clown".

"Baby Come Close", from his first solo album, was another vocal *tour de force* that provoked widespread collapse of stout parties and although he partially lost comtrol of the audience during his closing numbers (his latest disco hit, "Big Time", and a complex piece of larynx strumming which I think was called "Happy") it was a satisfied crowd that finally rose to acclaim Smokey Robinson as a remarkable talent.

Cliff White



WINSTON RODNEY: *"Gi' us a chewn Smokey mon."* Pic: DENNIS MORRIS

Dry and heavy in the ozone

Burning Spear

RAINBOW

IN THAT it (a) got me truly into reggae, and (b) has continued to stand as a symbol of the truth and beauty that all great Art aspires to, Burning Spear's music has played an important part in my existence for the past couple of years.

For some weeks beforehand, therefore, I'd been worried that if I looked forward to this gig too much I might somehow emit negative vibes and blow it for everyone concerned.

I needn't have worried.

Last Wednesday, at the Rainbow in Finsbury Park (where the crowd seemed older, hipper and perhaps more affluent than the audience that, say, Bob Marley draws), Winston Rodney — still performing as Burning Spear though his two erstwhile co-vocalists have now departed — gave a performance that confirmed his right to be ranked as a giant of contemporary music; he was right up there in the charisma stakes with Jagger and Lennon.

Support act, the highly visual British outfit *Steel Pulse*, ran through their Marley/Sly Stone roadshow reggae with ability and talent, fusing together many different strands of JA recording technique; particularly memorable was a beautiful, lifting acapella introduction to their "400 Years".

After the interval, Aswad, Rodney's back-up band, performed a warm-up number, before Rico saxist George Lee and renowned reggae trumpet sessioneer Bobby Ellis (currently to be heard on Culture's "Two Sevens Clash" as well as Spear's last album, "Dry And Heavy"), plus congaman Philip Fullwood, arrived onstage to boost the outfit to a nine-piece.

One of the prime facets of Spear's recorded music is the humility in Rodney's vocals — humility fortified by a sense of inner strength, mind you, that helps make the music virtually ego-less.

It caused something of a surprise then to see Rodney leap out of the wings positively dripping Star Quality.

Also, though it seemed at odds with the cerebal voice issuing from the speakers, the bearded singer/songwriter was virtually rivetting: deeply polished black DM lookalike high boots, light khaki breeches and safari jacket, light and dark blue shirt topped off by a scarlet and white straw lampshade hat that he occasionally gesticulated with, or, as during "Tradition", rested on the mike-stand to resemble a front-stage scarecrow, thus letting his locks swing free.

The really Big Question, hough, the really heavy one, was: did Winston Rodney have to lean back and tear his throat apart to sustain those US soul-influenced low notes?

Hell no: just like you knew he would if Winston were really as cool as you suspected, he could hit them hand-holding his mike and leaning down into the photographers' pit.

Not only that but he was also into a non-stop wall-to-wall smile which underlined the mellow beauty and warmth of the music.

Though Aswad's sound is a very reasonable approximation of the album backing, providing all the appropriate mantra-like qualities, Rodney's presence is such that you don't really find yourself checking out too much other than the man himself.

Both the horn section and the band, though, did more than just a job: a little of themselves is laid on the line with every single note. Rodney, it seems, provides inspiration to audience and musicians alike.

The hits just keepa comin': "Marcus Garvey", "Live Good", "Slavery Days", "Invasion", "Jordan River" . . . everythin taken from the "Marcus Garvey" and "Man In The Hills" albums, with nothing at all from "Dry And Heavy".

The vocals don't appear to cause the least effort whatsoever. All those times you've listened to the albums and wondered if there wasn't double, or even triple, tracking going down, and now you appreciate that all that is just part of the Rodney vocal gymnastics.

Some exquisitely beautiful moments were provided when the vocals sounded as though they were being split into several segments of high and low octave levels and then harmonised as a whole. On the lines that punctuate and drive along "Jordan River" great booming, echoing sounds emerged from his throat to fill the whole auditorium.

It was moments like this that no doubt accounted for the almost intense sense of peace pervading the whole theatre. "Ah feel *so-o-o-o* nice all over. Do you really feel nice like I do? Let's work together . . . together . . . together". Rodney sighed, his music achieving a near-telepathic contact with the very core of your existence, taking you over, loosening you up and utterly blissing you out.

And all the time, he trotted out some boss club dance steps, in the midst of the most soul-edifying sounds you've ever heard at a gig.

Without any phallic snakes, without any dry ice, with only a crowned lion-embellished rasta flag for the "Man In The Hills" encore, Winston Rodney gave the most awe-inspiring show I've seen in a long, long time.

If you know of anyone with any bootlegs please let me know.

Don't kill the lion.

Chris Salewicz

marquee

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A SHARK IN JETS CLOTHING

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: JOHN OTWAY & BAND
BARNSTAPLE Chequers: LONDON
BARROW Maxim's Disco: S.A.L.T.
BEDWORTH Folk Club: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BELFAST Northern Ireland Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / THE ACCELERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE TUBES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: FOUR TOPS
BOGNOR Ocean Bar: THE DEPRESSIONS
BOLTON Amethyst: WHITE FIRE
BRIGHTON Dome: SLIM WHITMAN
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
BRISTOL Crockers: WAVES
BRISTOL Granary: TATUM
BRISTOL Stadium 'Dog House': HARD UP / STONEY
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: SCENE STEALER
BUXTON Railway Hotel: CHASER
CANVEY ISLAND Monico Club: MUNGO JERRY
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: LEFT HAND DRIVE
CARMARTHEN Trinity College: KRAKATOA
CASTLETON Cheshire Cheese: JUNE TABOR
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: ADVERTISING
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Warwick University: TYLA GANG
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: TRIBUTE TO ERROLL GARNER
DUBLIN Stadium: SUPERTRAMP
DUBLIN Trinity College (doubling BELFAST Polytechnic): CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
EDINBURGH George Square Theatre: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
EXETER Groucho's: KATY & THE GIANTS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
HANLEY Gaiety Bar: MERLIN
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: JAH WOOSH
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
HULL College of Education: LITTLE BOB STORY
LEEDS Polytechnic: FIVE HAND REEL
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LIVERPOOL The Shipperies: BODY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: NATIONAL HEALTH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GONZALEZ / RED HAYWORTH
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: HANDBAG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FURY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: CONTEMPT
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: PROPAGANDA
LONDON ISLINGTON City Arms: THE ACTORS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: IGNATZ / REZILLOS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: STEEL PULSE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX / THE MOONLITERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE STUKAS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ALEX WELSH BAND
MAIDSTONE London Tavern: LOVE AFFAIR
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: GARY GLITTER
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: SHAM 69
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
MILTON KEYNES The Netherfield: ST. ELMO'S FIRE
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: LUCIFER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE RUNAWAYS / 999
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: THE BUZZCOCKS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Langley Mill Club: MODESTY BLAISE
PENZANCE The Garden: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
PORTSMOUTH The Centre: JOHN MARTYN
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: ROKOTTO
POYNTON Folk Centre: VIN GARBUTT
PRESTON Guildhall: ELKIE BROOKS
READING Target Club: TIGER LILY
ROMFORD White Hart: WHIRLWIND
ROTHERHAM Windmill Club: XTC
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: BETHNAL
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: TONY BENNETT
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: BURLESQUE

Two of the autumn's top tours open this weekend, and both are already sold out. STATUS QUO (above) play their first gigs at Stoke on Sunday followed by Southampton (Tuesday and Wednesday). And THIN LIZZY (below) set out at Newcastle (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday and Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE DRIFTERS
WHITEHAVEN Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
WORCESTER Bank House: GARBO / CELLULOID HEROES
YORK Oval Ball: THE CRUISERS

Friday

ABERDEEN University: THE DARTS
ABERYSTWYTH University: THE CHIEFTAINS
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: AGNES STRANGE
AYR Darlington Hotel: OZO
BAMPTON Village Hall: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BARNSLEY Civic Centenary Hall: SON OF A BITCH
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: ROKOTTO
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CLIFF RICHARD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOLTON Technical College: S.A.L.T.
BRIGHTON Sussex University: JOHN MARTYN
BURTON 76 Club: STRIDER
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
CARDIFF University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
CHARD The Dolphin: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: SKINTIGHT
CLIFTON M.E.L. Social Club: FOSSIL
COLNE Municipal Hall: MIKE HARDING
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: STEEL PULSE / FREERIDE
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BRITISH LIONS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
DERBY Assembly Rooms: TONY BENNETT
DERBY Bailey's: GARY GLITTER
DUBLIN Stadium: SUPERTRAMP
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: TRICKSTER
GALWAY Leisure Lands: THE STRANGLERS / RADIO STARS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE RUNAWAYS/999
GUILDFORD Surrey University: BARBARA DICKSON
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: TYLA GANG
KEELE University: THE BUZZCOCKS
KETTERING Central Hall: XTC
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: BURLESQUE
LANCASTER University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER University: JOHN OTWAY & BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE DRIFTERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SPLIT ENZ
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: SAD CAFE
LIVERPOOL Red Star Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: YACHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: IGNATZ/KRAKATOA
LONDON CAMDEN Queen Elizabeth College: KEITH CHRISTMAS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: FREDDIE HUBBARD BAND
LONDON City University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GONZALEZ/OPERATOR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: DEPRESSIONS
LONDON ELTHAM Avery Hill College: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE TUBES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STEPASIDE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
LONDON HIGHBURY Ladbroke House: JAM TODAY/DIRE TRIBE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON LAMBETH Town Hall: X-RAY SPEX / BLACK SLATE
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI/THE SKUNKS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON N.6 The Wellington: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TERRY QUAYE'S MOONSPIRIT/JOY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE's RAINBOW/KINGFISH
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: CIMARONS
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: THE NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: NO DICE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LONDON STRAND King's College: LONDON
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: LANDSCAPE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: AMAZORBLADES
MANCHESTER University: CHINA
MARCH Cromwell's: BLACK GORILLA
MARGATE High Cliff: FRUIT EATING BEARS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE ADVERTS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THIN LIZZY
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/MEAL TICKET
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: FIRST REFUSAL
PONTYPOOL Leisure Centre: THE 'O' BAND/TRAVELLER/EAST SIDE WEST
PRESCOTT C.F. Mott College: THE MOVIES
PRESTON Samlesbury Memorial Hall: HARD-UP HEROES
REDDITCH Stickey Wicket: STAGE FRIGHT
SALFORD University: THE ENID/PAT TRAVERS BAND
SALISBURY Tilsbury School: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: SHAM 69
SHEFFIELD Broadfield Hotel: RADIO EARTH
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: FIVE HAND REEL
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: BREAKDOWN
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
STIRLING Univeristy: ELKIE BROOKS
STOKE Jollees: FOUR TOPS
SUNDERLAND Mecca: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: WILKO JOHNSON
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: TATUM
WINCHESTER Art College: THROBBING GRISTLE

Saturday

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: BLONDIE / XTC
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: RAG MAN'S TRUMPET
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CLIFF RICHARD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STARSTRUCK
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: THE DRIFTERS
BLACKPOOL Opera House: SHOWADDYWADDY
BOLTON Technical College: THE MOVIES
BRADFORD University: ALAN PRICE
BRISTOL Granary: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BUDE Headland Ballroom: STAMPS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS / FLIGHT 56 / RICKY
CANTERBURY Kent University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CHESTER ABC Theatre: MIKE HARDING
CHIPPENHAM Flamingo Club: SKINTIGHT
COLCHESTER Essex University: BURLESQUE
COLCHESTER Windmill Hotel: MUNGO JERRY
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JOHN OTWAY BAND
DERBY Bailey's: GARY GLITTER
DUBLIN Bellfield University: RADIO STARS
DUBLIN Stadium: SUPERTRAMP
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: STRIFE
DUNDEE Maryatt Hall: THE DARTS
EWELL Technical College: BLACK GORILLA
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: MOON
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THIN LIZZY
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: MOTORHEAD / SON OF A BITCH
GLASGOW University: BETHNAL
GREAT STUKELEY Camelot Club: LOVE AFFAIR
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
HATTON Clive's Club: BULLETS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ARKITRON / EL SEVEN
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
HULL University: THE ADVERTS
ILFORD Barons Club: SADDLE TRAMPS
KINGSTON Polytechnic: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEICESTER R.A.F. North Luffenham: STAGE FRIGHT
LEICESTER University: CHINA
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: SPLIT ENZ
LIVERPOOL Netherton Park Hotel: QUAD
LIVERPOOL Swinging Apple: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: S.A.L.T.
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ELECTRIX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GONZALEZ / OPERATOR
LONDON DAGENHAM North-East Polytechnic: LONDON / THE ONLY ONES / TANYA HYDE
LONDON E.C.4 Ludgate Cellars: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON FINSBURY Town Hall: DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: MATCHBOX
LONDON HACKNEY Spooky Lady: IGNATZ
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE TUBES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE WASPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STEPASIDE
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: THE ENID / CONTEMPT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE ACRE / ALLIGATORS

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: WHIRLWIND
LONDON NORBITON The Grove: CLUTCH
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: THE NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW / KINGFISH
LONDON School of Economics: NEIL ARDLEY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: BODY HEAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: FLYING ACES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's SPITERI
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: SAMSON
LOUGHBOROUGH University: PAT TRAVERS BAND
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE RUNAWAYS / 999
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: THE BUZZCOCKS
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
MANCHESTER Wythenshawe Forum: AFTER THE FIRE
MARGATE High Cliff: HOOKER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: KRAKATOA
MINEHEAD Clouds: MERLIN
NEWARK Palace Theatre: REDBRASS
NEWCASTLE Eustace Percy Hall: PENETRATION
NORWICH East Anglia University: TYLA GANG / LEFT HAND DRIVE
NOTTINGHAM University: FIVE HAND REEL / HERON
OXFORD College of Further Education: NO DICE
OXFORD Lakeside Centre: TIGER LILY / KEN LIVERSAUSAGE
OXFORD Polytechnic: MUSCLES / GARBO / CELLULOID HEROES
SHEFFIELD University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
SOUTHAMPTON Saints: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
SOUTHAMPTON University: YACHTS
SOUTHEND Boston Hall Hotel: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SOUTHEND The Minerva: THE CRUISERS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
STOKE Jollees: FOUR TOPS
STOKE Queens Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: DYNAMITE
TORQUAY 400 Club: ROKOTTO
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
WAKEFIELD Technical College: LITTLE BOB STORY
WIGAN Casino: SAD CAFE
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: THE STUKAS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: FAST LYNN
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: MATCHBOX
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: IDLE JACK
BRIDLINGTON Spa Theatre: GARY GLITTER
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: COLOSSEUM II
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
CORK City Hall: THE STRANGLERS/RADIO STAR
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: FOUR TOPS
CROYDON Greyhound: THE BUZZCOCKS
DUMFRIES Balcastle Hotel: OZO
DUNSTABLE Civic Theatre: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THIN LIZZY
GLASGOW Shuffles: THE DARTS
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
HARROGATE Royal Hall: TONY BENNETT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: DYNAMITE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
LIVERPOOL Centre Hotel: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/GLOVER
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: SAD CAFE
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: SPLIT ENZ / CORTINAS / XTC
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: SCHOOLGIRL
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: SWINGLE II
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN & THE GROOVE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE RUNAWAYS/999
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FAST DRIVER
LONDON ISLINGTON Jolly Farmer: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: KILLJOYS/THE SKUNKS
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: MIKE HARDING
LONDON Marquee Club: ILLUSION
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND/DAVE TURNER
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: JOHN OTWAY & BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: TREVOR WISHART / PRIDE / THE FALL
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: SHOWADDYWADDY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: CHINA
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: BURLESQUE
NORTHAMPTON Repertory Theatre: ALAN PRICE
NORWICH Theatre Royal: MUD
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: JOHN MARTYN
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: MAGNA CARTA
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE TUBES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: PAT TRAVERS BAND
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALFORD University: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
SCUNTHORPE Davenport Berkeley Hotel: JUNE TABOR
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: CAROL GRIMES & SWEET F.A.
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDIODS
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: ARCHIE FISHER
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
STOKE Trentham Gardens: STATUS QUO
YEOVIL Duke of York: MERLIN

Monday

ABERDEEN Ruffles Club: OZO
ABERTILLERY Rose Hayworth Club: BULLETS
BELFAST Festival: FIVE HAND REEL
BIRMINGHAM Barberella's: GARBO/CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: PAT TRAVERS BAND
BOSTON Folk Club: BILL CADDICK
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
CANTERBURY Kent University: PENETRATION
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: INDEX
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: SUMMER WINE
COVENTRY Locarno: BLONDIE/XTC
COVENTRY Mr. George's: CADILLAC
DEWSBURY Pickwicks Club: LONDON
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SPLIT ENZ
EDINBURGH Odeon: THIN LIZZY
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE DARTS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
GLASGOW City Hall: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
HEMSWORTH The Beeches: MODESTY BLAISE
HERTFORD Castle Hall: THE ENID
HUDDERSFIELD The West Riding: THE SNEAKERS
HULL Annabella's: THE MONITORS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
LEEDS Polytechnic: CHINA
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Unicorn: ST. ELMO'S FIRE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CHER & GREGG ALLMAN
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: WILKO JOHNSON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BEN SIDRAN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS / SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL / SCRUFF
LONDON EALING Technical College: HOT VULTURES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MEDIUM WAVE BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: KEITH CHRISTMAS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE STUKAS / THE PLEASERS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEVE LLOYD PAUL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: FALVIUM
LONDON Palladium: ARETHA FRANKLIN / THE REAL THING
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PETER SARSTEDT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE BAZOOMIS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: ROKOTTO
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GARY GLITTER
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
PRESTON Moonraker: HARD-UP HEROES
RUGBY Emmaline's Club: MUSCLES
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: BODY
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: MIKE HARDING
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: HEATWAVE
SWANSEA University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
SWINDON The Affair: ADVERTISING

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: THE DARTS
BELFAST Festival: FIVE HAND REEL
BELFAST Queens University: JOHN MARTYN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE BUZZCOCKS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SHOWADDYWADDY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM University:SUBURBAN STUDS / STEEL PULSE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: BULLETS
CARDIFF Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: ROTAVATORS
CHELTENHAM Tramps: FLAVIUM
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: FOUNDATIONS
COVENTRY Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
EDINBURGH Odeon: GARY GLITTER
HERTFORD Castle Hall: MIKE SMITH
HIGH WYCOMBE Newland Club: THE CRABS
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: LONDON
KEIGHLEY Knickers Club: DEPRESSIONS
LEEDS "F" Club: WILKO JOHNSON
LEICESTER Tiffany's: AMERICAN TRAIN
LEICESTER University: LITTLE BOB STORY
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PICKPOCKET / BAZOOMIS
LONDON EUSTON Green Man: ELECTRIX
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE PLEASERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ADVERTISING / YACHTS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: CADILLAC
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TYLA GANG
LONDON Palladium: ARETHA FRANKLIN / THE REAL THING
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BLONDIE / XTC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: THE CRUISERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GRAND HOTEL
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Ballroom: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: SPLIT ENZ
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T. DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OXFORD New Theatre: ALAN PRICE
PENZANCE The Garden: SHAM 69
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: EATER
ROCHDALE Alder Hill Theatre: MIKE HARDING
ROMFORD Golden Lion: HOT VULTURES
SHEFFIELD University: CHINA
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: STATUS QUO
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: AMAZORBLADES
WREXHAM Cartrefle College: KRAKATOA

Wednesday

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: STEEL PULSE
BELFAST Queen's University: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
BRADFORD University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
BRIGHTON Dome: ALAN PRICE
COLERAINE Ulster University: FIVE HAND REEL
CORBY Nags Head: STAMPS
DUBLIN Stadium: JOHN MARTYN
DUNDEE Caird Hall: GARY GLITTER
DUMFERMLINE Kinema: THE DARTS
DURHAM University: FABULOUS POODLES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: RY COODER
HAINAULT Old Maypole: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: WARREN HARRY
ILFORD Oscar's Club: BETHNAL
KEELE University: SPLIT ENZ
KETTERING Freewheeler: MUSCLES
KINGS LYNN Norfolk Art College: ROKOTTO
LEEDS Town Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THIN LIZZY
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: COLOSSEUM II
LIVERPOOL University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS / TRADER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE TUBES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ADVERTISING
LONDON TWICKENHAM Queen Mary's College: THE MOVIES
MANCHESTER Merry Go Round: TRAPEZE
MANCHESTER University: LITTLE BOB STORY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
OXFORD New Theatre: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
PORTSMOUTH Dryad Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: HORSLIPS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: STATUS QUO
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: EATER
SOUTHAMPTON University: CHINA
SWINDON The Affair: PENETRATION
TORQUAY Gatsby's: SHAM 69
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GORDON GILTRAP BAND

On The Road

XTC SOLO AND WITH BLONDIE

XTC support Blondie in their three British concerts during the coming week (see Gig Guide for details), and have gigs in their own right at **Rotherham** Wimdmill (tonight, Thursday), **Kettering** Central Hall (Friday), **Newport** Stowaway (November 17), **Llandrindod Wells** Pavilion (18), **London Kensington** Imperial College (19), **Paisley** Silver Thread (23), **Falkirk** Maniqui (24), **Edinburgh** Clouds (25), **Liverpool** Eric's (26), **Nottingham** Katie's (27), **Swindon** Affair (28, 29 and 30), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (December 2) and **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (3).

KRAKATOA'S NEW MEMBER

KRAKATOA have acquired a new member in former Sassafras lead singer Terry Bennett, who joins Roger Adams (guitar), Hans Zimmer (keyboards), Nigel Glocker (drums) and Dave Poxon (bass) in the line-up. Together they play **Carmarthen** Trinity College (tonight, Thursday), **London Camden** Music Machine (Friday), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (Saturday), **Wrexham** Cartrefle College (15), **Retford** Porterhouse (18). **York** Technical College (19), **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (24), **Ripon** College of Education (25), **Ilkley** College (26), **Brighton** Alhambra (30), **London Ealing** Technical College (December 1), **London** North-East Polytechnic (2), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (3) and **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (4). More gigs are being added.

LURKERS GET NEW BASSIST

THE LURKERS have acquired a new bass player in Kim Bradshaw, who recently left Australian band The Saints due to differences with the other members. He takes over in time for an extensive tour this month, starting at **Nottingham** Katie's (tonight, Thursday), **Keele** University (Friday), **Manchester** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Croydon** Greyhound (Sunday) and **London Wardour St** Vortex (November 15). Rest of the dates are still being fixed.

STEELE PULSE GIG SHEET

STEELE PULSE have completed their dates with Burning Spear, and return to touring in their own right with gigs at **London Oxford Street** 100 Club (tonight, Thursday), **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (Friday), **Birmingham** Aston University (November 15), **London Strand** Kings College (18), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (19), **London Camden** Dingwalls (22), **York** University (24), **Brighton** Sussex University (26), **London Hackney** All Nations Club (December 3), **Nottingham** Katie's (4) **Southampton** University (7) and **London** 100 Club (22).

CADO BELLE AROUND BRITAIN

CADO BELLE have a busy schedule during the next month. The Scottish band play **London Camden** Dingwalls (November 17), **Bedford** College (19), **Birmingham** University (26), **Bradford** University (30), **Wakefield** Unity Hall (December 1), **Bishops Stortford** Hockerill College (3), **Doncaster** Outlook (6), **Welwyn Garden City** Campus West (7), **London Camden** Music Machine (8), **Newcastle** University (9), **Hamilton** Bell Technical College (10), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (12) and **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (16).

ANOTHER NAZARETH DATE

NAZARETH have added another date to their British mini-tour, which opens at the end of this month and takes in **Manchester** Apollo, **Glasgow** Apollo and **London** Rainbow. The extra gig is at **Coventry** New Theatre on Saturday, December 3, and tickets are on sale now.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN and his band (Keef Hartley and Rod Clements) are to play a string of **London** dates during their current British tour. They are at City University (November 16), Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (18), Islington Hope & Anchor (21), Camden Dingwalls (23) and Kensington Nashville (24).

SPLIT ENZ have added four dates to their current tour — at **Blackburn** King George's Hall (November 30), **Edinburgh** College of Art (December 1), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (4) and **Maidstone** College of Art (9).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have switched their gig on November 26 from **Liverpool** Empire to **Southport** New Theatre . . . and **BRITISH LIONS** move their **Liverpool** show on November 18 from Eric's to the University, while their gig the previous night (17) in **Swansea** is cancelled.

RICHARD DIGANCE is special guest on Elkie Brooks' concert tour, her second this autumn, which opens at **Preston** tonight (Thursday).

TRAPEZE are newly booked for **Watford** College (November 18), **Peterborough** Focus Club (19), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse with Pat Travers (20), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (21) and **Southport** Dixieland Showbar (24).

BOYS OF THE LOUGH have added two more dates to their previously-reported British tour, opening in **York** on November 19. They are **Birmingham** Town Hall (December 6) and **Liverpool** Eric's (9).

PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT, whose new single "Angel Town" has just been released by Chrysalis, makes a rare concert appearance at **London** Collegiate Theatre on November 22.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE
Prince Consort Road, SW7
Saturday November 12th at 8 pm. in the Union Concert Hall

THE ENID
+ CONTEMPT + Disco & Bar
Tickets £1.00
Saturday November 19th
X.T.C. + RUMBLE STRIPS
Tickets 75p
Advance tickets from Ents Tickets, I.C. Union, Prince Consort Road, S.W.7.

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OLD THEATRE
LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON ST.
ALDWYCH WC2
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NEIL ARDLEY
UNIQUE SOLO QUADROPHONIC PERFORMANCE
+ "SISTER SUN" REAL ALE BAR
Saturday 12th November at 7.45 p.m.
£1.00 advance from LSE Union Shop and Theatre Bookings. £1.20 on door.
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GULL RECORDS No.
Nov. 18th: "Users" + Soft Boys"
Nov. 25th: "This Heat"
Nov. 26th: "Sad Cafe"

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+ Support

Friday Nov 11th £1.50
KRAKATOA
+ Tush

Saturday Nov 12th £2.00
CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
+ Support

Monday Nov 14th
RICHARD HELL & VOIDOIDS
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
THE LOU'S NEO DON LETTS
Advance tickets on sale now — £1.50

Tuesday Nov 15th £1.00
BETHNAL
+ Neo
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday Nov 16th £1.00
PLANET GONG
Featuring Daevid Allan + Support

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING 8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 13th
BUZZCOCKS
+ LURKERS & D.J. PETER FOX
Sunday Nov. 20th: **BURLESQUE**
Sunday Nov. 27th: **TOM ROBINSON BAND**

CASTLE HALL, HERTFORD
Monday 14th November
In Concert
THE ENID
Doors open 7.30 pm. Licensed Bar
Tickets £1.20 available at the door

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Saturday November 12th
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THE ONLY ONES TANYA HYDE
Tickets N.U.S. £1.00, Guests £1.20
Nearest tube: Barking.

PICKWICKS
Bradford Road, Dewsbury
Every Monday 8.00 — 12.00

Mon. Nov. 14th
THE DEPRESSIONS
Plus Supports

Mon. Nov. 21st
BURLESQUE
Plus Supports

Nov. 29: STEEL PULSE

RESIDENTS D.J. FILTHY SPIKE SPERM
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THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
are appearing at the
ALHAMBRA, BRIGHTON
Thursday November 10th & 17th
Be There!

ENTS COMMITTEE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LODON
115 New Cavendish Street, W1.
presents on
Friday November 11th at 8 pm
Sole appearance of
CAROL GRIMES SWEET F.A.
+ HEAD OVER HEELS
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Sounds by Oasis Records. Licensed Bar.

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Tuesday 15th November at 7.30 pm
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+ THE OUTSIDERS
Tuesday 22nd November
TYLA GANG
+ TONIGHT
Bars *Food*

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DEAD BOYS
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ACTORS
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Manchester Road., Huddersfield
Every Tuesday 8.00-12.00

Tuesday Nov. 15th
THE DRONES
Plus Supports
AND DIRTY DJ
SPIKE SPERM

Tues. Nov 22nd.
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
Plus Supports
Nov 29: BURLESQUE

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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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RICO
STEEL PULSE
BARRY MYERS - RECORDS
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CHALK FARM, N.W.1
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REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
RDB

Mon. Nov. 7th: THAMES POLY, WOOLWICH
Wed. Mov. 9th: ROCK GARDEN, COVENT GDN
*Fri. Nov 11th: WEST RUNTON PAVIL., CROMER
*Thurs. Nov. 17th: MUMBLES, SWANSEA
*Fri. Nov. 18th: LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
*Mon. Nov. 21st: CASTERWAYS CLUB, PLYMOUTH
Tues. Nov. 29th: TRAMSHED, WOOLWICH
Fri. Dec. 2nd: ST. MARY COLLEGE, TWICKENHAM
*Mon. Dec. 5th: JENKINSONS, BLACKPOOL
*Fri. Dec. 9th: CITY POLY
*Sat. Dec. 10th: ST. ALBANS CITY HALL
*Sat. Dec. 17th: THAMES POLY, WOOLWICH
Thurs. Dec. 22nd: SPOOKY LADY, HACKNEY, E15
*Fri. Dec. 23rd: FRIARS, AYLESBURY
Sat. Jan 7th: DINGWALLS CAMDEN
Sun. Jan. 8th: FFORD GRN. HOTEL, LEEDS
Fri Jan. 13th: SOUTHBANK POLY, LONDON, SE1
Sun. Jan. 29th: ROCK CLUB CHELMSFORD

*Supporting **BRITISH LIONS**

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STATIC DAMAGE
Friday Nov. 11th
ABBOTT
Saturday Nov. 12th
PUNCH LINE
Sunday Nov. 13th
GRAND HOTEL
Tuesday Nov. 15th
IRON MAIDEN

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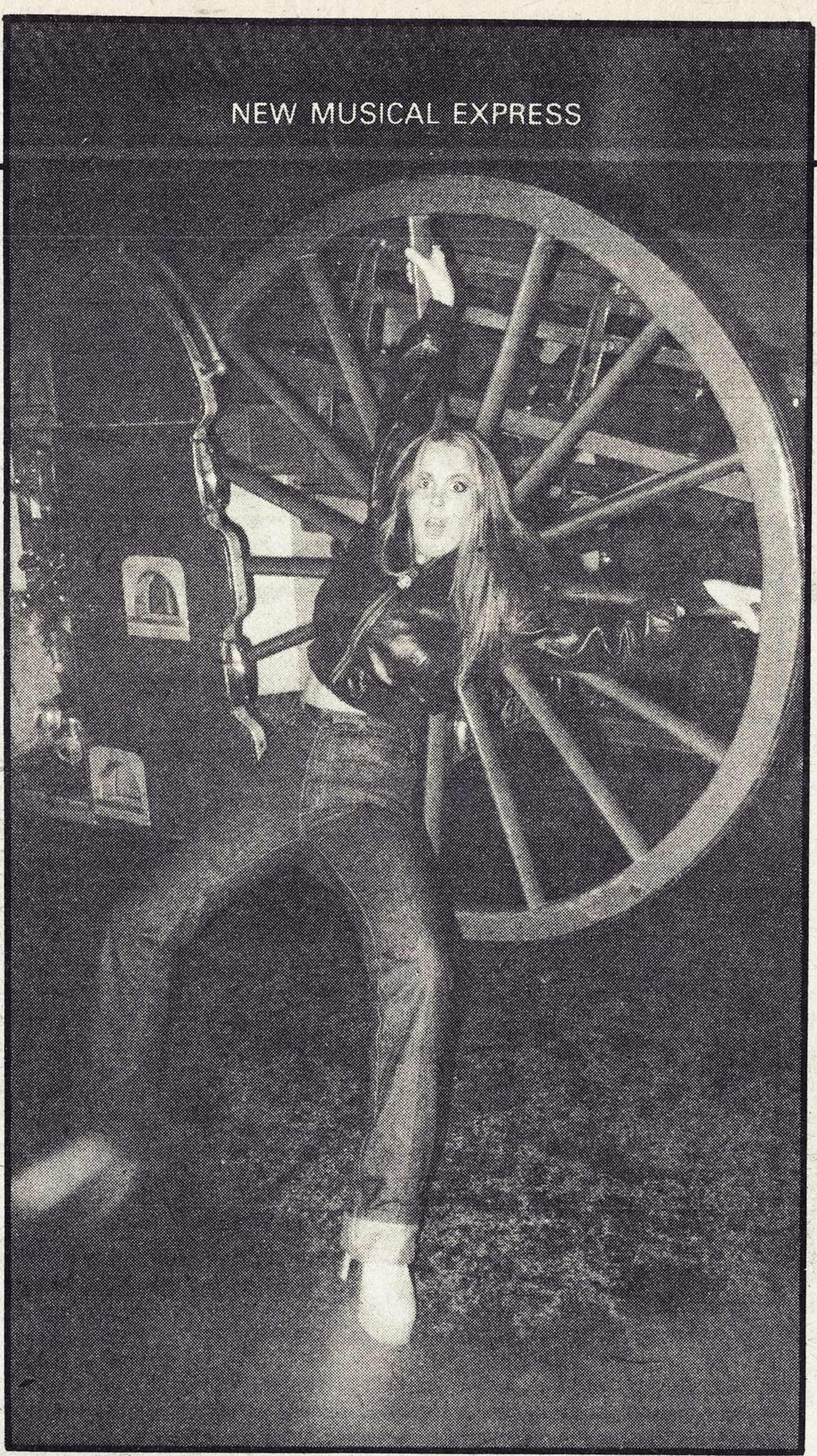
100 Oxford St., W.1.
Thursday November 10th
STEEL PULSE
+ Supporting Show
8pm-1am — Bars & Food
Thurs. Nov. 17th
Danny Ray & Eclipse

MORE LIVE ON PAGE 74

Been a broad lately ?

(No, but I've seen The Runaways in Belfast)



Sweaty bitch models new FORD — it's cheaper by the LITA.

The Runaways

BELFAST

BELFAST BREAKS your heart.

However, the shell-shocked streets temper your compassion with pure molten terror; there is the very real possibility that at some point in the duration of your stay it will also break everything else you got.

We're told, after being searched by hotel security with troops as back-up, that it's the one place to stay since the only other hotel got burned down.

"That was three days ago. Don't worry, they probably won't bomb this one again until we've built it up a bit more."

Lita Ford wants to take a photograph of the soldiers, but Suzi Quatro's spiritual kid sister dissuades her in no uncertain terms.

"Just watch it here, Lita," Joan Jett snarls, and one of the soldiers shouts out a good luck message for The Runaways' Belfast gig.

Lita riles angrily. "That guy said we suck!"

"He said, *'Good luck!'* ", Sandy West sighs. "Big mouth."

"I wanna *plaaaaaay!"* Joan Jett agonises, and what seems like an interminable wait for the night and the gig to come around is spent sipping screw-drivers and talking about the band's excitement at being able to play their first date of their European tour to the continent's rock-starved forgotten kids.

"The opening gig's always a bit rusty, but those kids are gonna lift us above all the problems," Joan asserts.

In the changing room pre-gig Joan shouts at the latest recruit to The Runaways (blonde, quiet, girl-next-door Vicki Blue) as she listens with understandable first night nerves to the bellowing, chanting, impatient hordes out in the street waiting to get in.

"Start sweating, bitch!" Joan advises Vicki, and then turns to me and her voice is a gentle, confidential whisper. "Gotta break the new girl in," she smiles warmly.

Under that leather biker's jacket beats a heart of pure gold. Now that Cherie Curry has departed, Joan Jett is fronting one of the hottest teenage rock outfits on either side of the Atlantic.

Treading the planks in front of an audience of Belfast kids — one of the greatest rock crowds I've seen — The Runaways pump out 13 songs with the kind of hard, sharp, fast and furious energy that the majority of English punk-bands aspire to but never achieve.

Sandy West displays palpable muscle-power thrashing seven shades of sweat out of her kit and bawling The Troggs' "Wild Thing" and Lou Reed's "Rock And Roll"; Lita Ford slashes out slabs of head-banger chords; Vicki Blue nails down a bass-line with the conviction that Jackie Fox would have loved; and, best of all, Joan Jett sings "American Nights", "Cherry Bomb", "Is It Day Or Night?", "Your Drive Me Wild", "Queens Of Noise", and other debauched gems for slightly tarnished teens, including Venus And The Razorblades' "I Wanna Be Where The Boys Are".

Joan Jett also sang a song that will be on their soon-to-be-released third album called "Wait For Me", which was the most moving thing I've seen since Iggy did "That's How Strong My Love Is" in Copenhagen.

This one song turned a great gig in to a *classic* gig and if I weren't so tough I swear I would have cried.

When they came off stage after the "Cherry Bomb" encore, (expect a surprise when they do this in the rest of the U.K. — sorry, I'm sworn to secrecy) the girls were soaked in sweat, spit and totally exhausted.

Joan Jett drags herself up off the dressing-room floor to go out front to talk to and sign autographs for the hordes of Belfast kids waiting to meet The Runaways.

"I sang my balls off tonight," she grins. "Or my guts out ... or whatever ..."

Tony Parsons

Supertramp

EDINBURGH

THE COMPELLING Supertramp brand of angst-propelled melodicism is, I guess, both familiar and established enough not to warrant further detailed descriptions here. However, with the last album at times coming perilously close to a retread of "Crime Of The Century", the question for us concerned 'Tramp fans is, where do they go from here?

If the end *is* nigh for Supertramp, they're doing a masterly cosmetic job on the cracks.

There's much that's instantly endearing about Supertramp. Their albums have been full of strong melodic songs, precision turned, finely arranged and delivered with appealing intensity. This show is a reflection of that careful forethought and emotional vitality. (It's probably costing Supertramp to do this tour — salute them for doing it.)

The sound is absolutely superb — everything clear as a bell. More plus points for intelligent lighting and use of back-screen and slides: a sunrise for starters and the familiar "Crime Of The Century" logo to close, plus an exhilarating and intriguing collage of glimpses of doom-hinting photos during the build-up of the "Fool's Symphony" finale.

But it's not all in deadly earnest — engaging touches of humour are also well in evidence. There's the dancing penguin and ape at the end of "Asylum", the megaphone sporting 'RIGHT' and 'QUITE RIGHT' during "Bloody Well Right", and John Anthony Helliwell's own brand of laughter provoking showmanship. Nice touches, and full marks for presentation all round.

But somehow the whole affair fails to ignite properly into, say, the breathtaking splendour that is a Genesis concert, and from time to time the good effect of the controlled dynamics and pleasing lack of flash was undermined by the distinct feeling that Supertramp are playing it just a little *too* cautiously.

There's an overall feeling of *deja vu* about the material, for instance. Three-quarters of "Crime", half of "Crisis" and only four tracks from "Moments", and nothing at all from outside those strict confines. And when you see John Anthony Helliwell stroll to the back of the stage and carefully arrange his jacket over a chair *during a number,* you begin to wonder who's running the show — the band or the songs?

And really, it would take so little to cut out these doubts. It isn't that they lack urgency or ability — all they need is the decisiveness to take a risk and cut loose once in a while. (And that applies as much to choice of material as to its execution.) Why so little of Helliwell's excellent sax contributions?

A little more fire in the belly and Supertramp would have that extra surge to lead the field with the best ot them.

Ian Cranna

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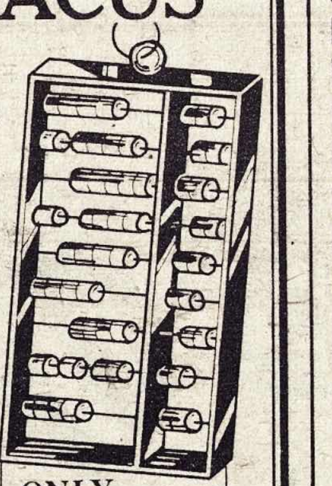

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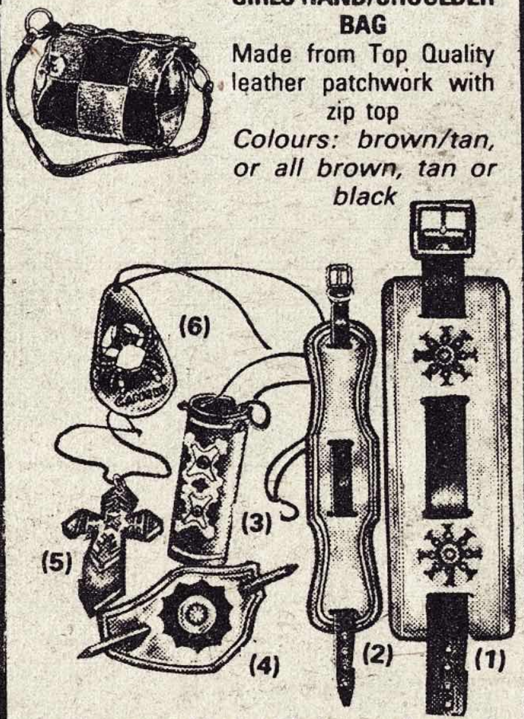

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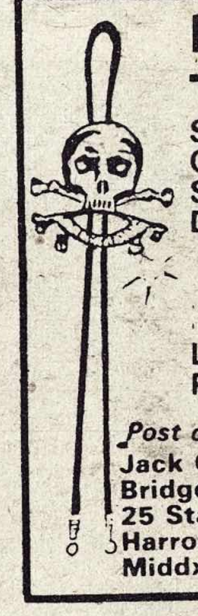

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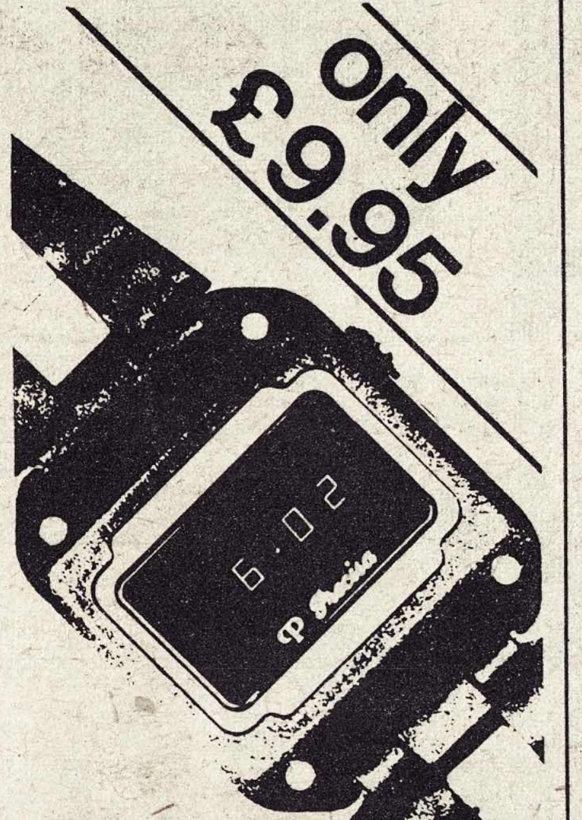

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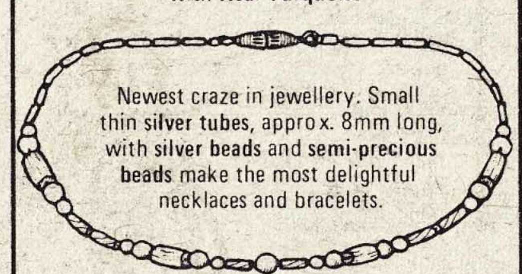

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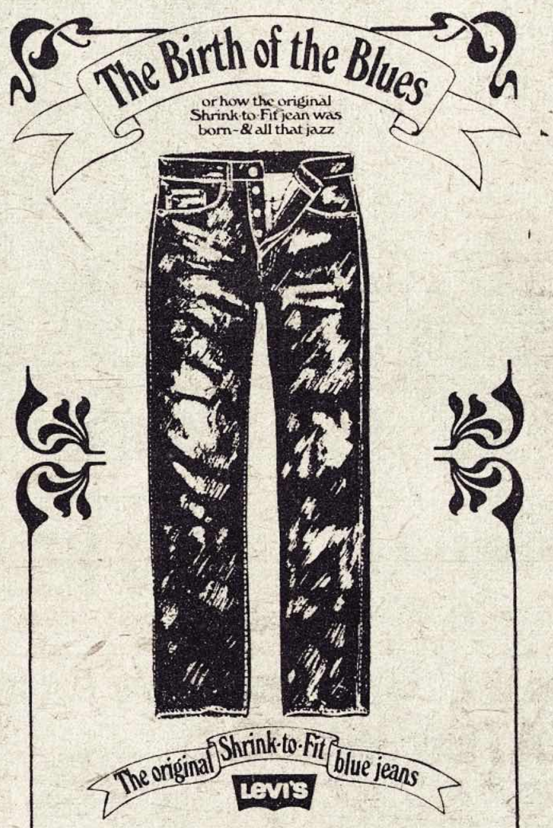

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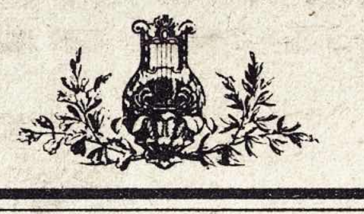

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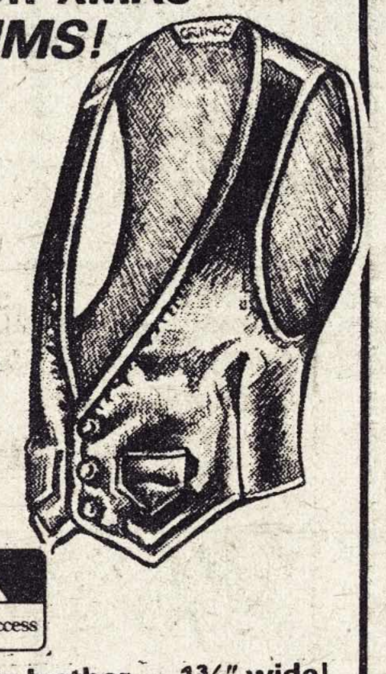

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WE HERE at King's say Elvis is stiff.
A. STUDENT, King's College, Cambridge.

Thank you, A., and welcome to another controversial, fun-filled, deeply serious and sociologically illuminating Bag. We shall be cruising at around 15,000 feet. Kindly observe the "No Gobbing" sign. And now... our first letter...

OVER THE past month I've seen constant references in *NME* to a Swedish political party called the Regeri described as a cross between the National Front and Hells Angels. Well, let me put the record straight.

There is no such thing as a political party called the Regeri, However there are groups of car freaks known as Raggare who are decidedly right wing but in no way an organised political party (you do not vote for Raggare).

They spend the nights cruising around the city in their posh American cars getting pissed, assaulting people, and being generally unpleasant. They have a reputation for picking out people they don't like (mostly left wing groups) and attacking them. It used to be immigrants, now it's punks. I suppose you could call them the Swedish equivalent of Teds (raggare, like Teddy Boys, are rock 'n' roll freaks).

In Gothenburg (where I live) there hasn't been any trouble since it seems I'm the only hard-core punk rocker around. In Stockholm, however, after the Sex Pistols had played, they ripped the safetypins right through the faces of a couple of chicks. They even bet money on who could get the most pins.

Then about 300 of them attacked The Stranglers (somewhere in the south of Sweden) and smashed up their gear, causing them to blow out the remaining dates of the tour at short notice. It sure makes you feel good when you've hitch-hiked all over the country to see them, only to find out it was all in vain because of a bunch of violent thugs. It made me so furious I felt like kicking someone's face in but that would make me no better than them, right? *(Right — Ed)*. Then there was the incident with The Jam in Ronnesby (I saw them the night before in Malmo and they were great). It's sickening, innit?

Don't get me wrong. I'm not condemning the Raggare for what they are all of them are not like that, I used to know some a few years back and they're nice guys once you get beyond the facade). I'm just asking why? I mean, people just ain't *born* that way. The main problem for Swedish youth is boredom.

Hearing "London's Burning" seems like a joke if you live over here. I have all the respect in the world for Joe Strummer — but when it comes to "boredom", he just doesn't know what he's talking about. You've got everything in London: pubs, clubs at least 5 good bands a night and great radio and television (by Swedish standards anyway). We're lucky if we get one rock show a month on the telly and then it's usually commercial trash. The radio plays an average of one hour of rock music a day, if that. There is no pub scene whatsoever. *(Ain't even no pubs — Ed).*

Over here we have the same problem as you — unemployment — but the dole-money is so good some people claim they get more money on the dole than they would if they were working. Yes, we've got money alright but we ain't got nothing to spend it on. So where do we get our kicks, then? Not surprisingly we turn to the only thing left, booze and violence, and I for one don't blame the Raggare one bit for the way they behave. I mean they're bored out of their brains but they like to pretend they're enjoying themselves, and then when they see someone actually having fun they get desperate to prove that their way of having fun is the only right one.

It's sad. It's bleeding tragic, but I don't know what to do about it. Do you?
BRANDY, Gothenburg, Sweden

Yeah. First off: keep on keepin' on and never mind the bollocks. Second off: don't wait for U.K. messiahs to come down from The Westway with ten punk commandments. Third off: form a band — CSM

HAVING COMPLETED reading the *NME* Consumers Guide to the Seventies (sic) I have come to the conclusion that this was not so much an assessment of rock music (1970 — October 1977) but an exercise in terms and definitions. (e.g. Lester Bangs discussing what is Heavy Metal and what is not.) Certainly much of the music of this era does seem to be the product of proven formulae and market research, but Pre-Punk Rock music wasn't that bad.

The Rolling Stones could at least match the high energy music of the Stooges and the MC5 on "Exile On Main St.". Led Zeppelin, The Who and Rod Stewart and The Faces were still gigging and putting out good albums at the beginning of the seventies. No mention was made of the excellent Allman Brothers and Little Feat. Neil Young wasn't that easy to listen to, or hip for that matter, on his classic "On the Beach" And "Tonight's the Night" albums. Van Morrison was still making fine albums, and to crown it all Bob Dylan came back and made what was probably his best album ever, "Blood on the Tracks". The Stones may have fallen from grace as creative artists in this period but so has Iggy Pop (who may yet live to write Nick Kent's obituary) on the strength of his last two albums.

Y'know you guys up in King Reach Tower constantly re-writing the history of rock, reminds me of Orwell's *1984* where Winston Smith had to keep up-dating back numbers of *The Times* in light of current events. I suspect it'll soon be time to do hatchet jobs on some of these Punk Rock Bands.

The Sex Pistols' basic formula seems to be stretched pretty thin these days — Johnny doesn't even sound very angry raving about the Berlin Wall, but why should he?

And then with the new perspective appearing with the demise of Punk rock it will be time for another version of the story in weekly parts). And so it goes, but where it's going no one knows.
LOU SPEED (DUMB) a.k.a. ALEX RUSSELL, Insch, Aberdeenshire.

No falsification, squire. Opinions change, facts don't. Post-dating facts is pernicious beyond doubt, but attitudes change as time goes on. Just as well, or we'd still be stuck with "How Much Is That Dawgie In The Window?" — CSM

"DENIM-CLAD swastika make-up pogoing students'? You sure, Tony? Most of the audience were like that? (Probably got rich lard-assed parents as well, eh). "Broke his nose, maann". But he doesn't get done for assault though. Best wishes to the happy couple. May honesty never cloud their prejudices.
DAVE, Glasgow.

Now, now . . . — CSM

I WOULDN'T have believed it, *NME's* own public avenger Mr. Tony Parsons venturing up to darkest Newcastle to review the visit of The Clash. How could I possibly fail to notice him or disagree with his opinions on the gig?

Well, I didn't fail to notice him, *and* disagree with his review. Firstly, he quotes Richard Hell's view on the "long-haired majority" audience. I find myself in dispute already. I am a Newcastle Poly student yet I feel 70% of the audience for The Clash were (like my companions) Clash fans who hustled their way in. The punters on that night were far more bizarre than those at The Stranglers gig in the same city.

T.P's quote "students were helpless and stationary and quite sickening" came as quite a shock. Presumably he referred to the Jones Guitar Break incident. Well from where I was (2 deep back from the piece of stage Mr. J. frequented) he (Jones) was to blame for the fate of his instrument. During the encore, his strap broke. Strummer held on to the geetar for a while then Jones suddenly sprang to the front of the stage and brandished the offending instrument among those punters within reach. Naturally there was a rush forward and at this point the bouncers (previously conspicuous by their absence) came to Jones' rescue, but at least three times he beat them back and continued to thrash the guitar among the outstretched hands of the fans. And he is *surprised* it got damaged! Come off it, Mick.

FOLLOWING last week's two Bag letters about The Clash in Belfast — one of which in particular, from *Private World* fanzine, was highly critical of the band — Clash manager Bernard Rhodes called *NME* last week to reply. This is his answer:—
THERE'S A LOT of confusion about our gig in Belfast — from all sides. We only know what happened: we were not allowed to play.

We'd taken a lot of trouble to get to Belfast to do so, and the fact that we couldn't play had nothing to do with us; the insurance company was responsible.

We were as upset about it as the kids. Joe did not turn his back on them — that's a load of rubbish. He was just upset. He couldn't speak to each individual in a crowd of 1,600, so he didn't attempt to.

It was also rubbish that the guy couldn't get in without a Students Union card. There were all sorts of people inside, both at the Polytechnic and at Queens.

I thought punks were supposed to have higher thought processes than "long haired hippies". Leave them alone, they've got problems of their own.

And if that fanzine writer really wants his little interview, maybe the NME should give him a break.

Finally, because of the gig not taking place, we were only paid half of what we expected. Our overheads were double what we received.

It's very difficult to put into words something like this, which we feel so emotionally. But we *are* intending to go back to Belfast and PLAY — for both students and non-students.
BERNARD RHODES, The Clash, Westaway etc.

Jones did however display his power over the "Punk-Pop-Kids" by leaning over the section of fans where I was esconsed and saying "Stop the gobbin' you filthy morons" or words to that effect, and it did have an immediate effect and the volume of sputum flying from that section fell almost 100%. Perhaps if Joe or Mick had voiced that rebuke over a mike or stopped returning fire there would have been a complete stop to the matter, (it was no fun down the front, we got our share of it too). Or would that be uncool.

I was in the queue for the bar when the firework was thrown at Hell but I can say that there weren't two hippies in his band. How many spade hippies are there with Rasta-coloured jacket and locks?

Still after all that (if you're still with me) it was one helluva gig and I couldn't detect any lack of passion in the older members.

Just thought I'd put a few things straight (sorry T.P.).
PHILLIP ATYEO, Sunderland.

Still, you have to admit it's a drag to have to write off a vintage Gibson — CSM

NME STANDS for *New MUSICAL Express.* i.e. concerned with music. Today I bought my copy of *NME* from my friendly neighbourhood paper shop. I noticed that for the second week you had had trouble with your printers, and the paper was down to 44 pages. Not your fault, I thought, can't be helped. But when in *Thrills* I found 1¼ pages on another one of your causes, namely bloodsports, I got annoyed. You would have thought that with such little space you would have filled it up with musical articles. And no singles column! Where are we supposed to find that, in *Gardeners World, Exchange & Mart, Financial Times?* Get your priorities right: music reviews before all your causes, whether Anti-NF, Nuclear Power, or Bloodsports. Much as I basically agree with your views, I buy a music paper for music, not this kind of writing. So tighten up, Olde Campaigners. (Can I have a job?).
EDGAR ALLAN POSEUR, Amersham, Bucks.
Fanfare, please: here's the boss. — CSM.
Explanation is as follows: we started the week with a balanced 52 page issue, having pulled out some advertising to provide optimum editorial space. This being so, we had no hesitation scheduling the bloodsports piece, which was designated for some of the earlier pages in our printer's schedule. On the day before press day, however, the problems at our printers (Why's it always me, God?) took a turn for the worse and we were forced to cut back to 44 pages, dropping some editorial and some ads. Editorial cuts had to be made from material not yet processed at the printers, and that's why the singles column (which was late copy) for instance went out and bloodsports (which was early) stayed in. We didn't have no choice — though Godnose we tried, Godnose we suffer Hell here every week at the World's Most Beleaguered Rock Weekly, Godnose yes sirree. (No, you can't. Get back in the Pit.) — N.L.

I SAW them a couple of times last year before they started playing elitist, publicity-conscious riverboat gigs.

I ordered the LP in May when it was first mooted. In the meantime I bought the singles. Today I got me LP. Seven new tracks for £3.89. Never mind the bollocks, MacLaren. At least the puppeteer of the Monkees was a prat with a sense of humour.
LEON, London.
Dunno about that. Have you ever met Don Kirschner? — CSM
No, and neither have you. Stop being irresponsible! — Ethics Ed.
Yeah, but I seen him on telly. — CSM (a trifle defensively).

I COULDN'T give a shit if the singles are on the album, 'cos I got all the B-sides, maaannn.
A. SATELLITE, Trowbridge.
Hang on, The Pistols used to play an old Monkee's B-Side "I'm Not Yar Stepping Stone" didn't they? That must prove something. — PETER TORK.

I'D LIKE to be the first to wish *NME* a Merry Christmas.
EARLY BIRD, Sunbury, Middx.
Sure you can, I'll be generous. — CSM.
IS IT TOO early/late to say/write we hate/love the repeat/new series of *Rock Follies* again?
FRIED SAUSAGE BRIGADE, Glasgow.
Bandwagon Jumpers! — CSM.
I DIDN'T get where I am today by reading your grotty rag.
C. J., GROT Ltd., Perrin House, Dyfed.
Ah. . . quite, C. J. Quite. — CSM.

This week's Bag is entirely CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY's fault. It's about Swedish punks, the NME's various misdeeds, The Clash and assorted other things. It's also the last Bag ever produced in horrible Kings Reach bloody Tower. Yippee. . .

Graphic: RAY LOWRY

PIC: RICHARD YOUNG

WHEN SMOKEY ROBINSON interrupted his Hammersmith concert last Wednesday to introduce "some friends in the audience", the names of Anita Pointer and the Four Tops drew merely polite applause, and that of Stevie Wonder (above, with his wife Yolande) an entirely ecstatic reaction.

Smokey — who gave a performance entirely consistent with his status as one of rock music's living legends (review, page 67) — then revealed that it was Wonder who had come up with the original melody for "Tears Of A Clown".

Though Stevie wasn't invited on stage, he had better luck the following day at Elton John's farewell gig (review, page 63), which was shown on BBC television on Monday. Stevie's bit couldn't be transmitted, since he didn't have a work permit. Officially, he was here on holiday, and as such his L.A. management also scotched tentative plans for him to hold a press conference.

Never mind The Raver here's

teazers

WE'RE not paranoid, honest. *T-Zers* knows it's 1977, not 1984, it's just that as the days go by we have increasingly nagging doubts. OK, the Independent Broadcasting Authority have banned the radio and TV **Sex Pistols** ads, and who could be surprised by that? Us, mate, that's who — and Virgin too, since the objections raised were *not* against the advertisement but the 'product'.

Initially, the ads in question were deemed inoffensive by the IBA but the Independent Television Companies Association thought the *album* (not the ad) "is likely to be offensive to a large number of listeners and viewers." An ITCA spokesperson told *T-Zers* that "Bollocks" wasn't considered suitable for TV advertising because of "the lyrics" (none of which are mentioned in the ad). Virgin were told the ads could not appear "because of the foul *ideas* (our italics) expressed by **The Sex Pistols.**"

"We're not naive enough to have mentioned 'Bollocks' in the ad," bellowed Virgin's PR **Al** 'Stop At Nothing' **Clark,** "However much it may appear in *Play For Today.*" No matter, the Association of Independent Radio Contractors concurred with ITCA and banned the ad, saying that it's possible to produce a "fairly innocuous commercial for a product that would be likely to outrage." The IBA, having no powers to force the ITCA or AIRC to broadcast ads if they don't want to run them, has upheld the ban . . .

That damn album will get sold somehow, though, even if Virgin open their Notting Hill branch for that express purpose. Which is exactly what they did on Sunday afternoon, incurring a 'courtesy' visit by the law. "They did a few knee-bends and then walked off into the gloaming," says 'Big' Al Clark . . .

"I think it's all rather fun, don't you?" counters Virgin grande frommage **Richard** 'Whizz Kid' **Branson . . .**

Great fun, yes, but just why did the Pistols grant Radio Luxembourg an interview after that station hadn't even the decency to *ban* "God Save The Queen", preferring to ignore its very existence? Seems that, no matter what's happened in the interim, Luxembourg was very supportive of the lads in the very beginning. As if in atonement. Luxembourg has inaugurated a New Wave radio show, hosted by **Stuart Henry** each Sunday . . .

And what did the lads have to say for themselves? Not a lot, really, electing to knock Capital Radio and **Bill Grundy, The Carpenters** and 'pathetic wimps'. They signed off with the apocalyptic "Get lost mum, I hate your guts . . ."

After such savagery, it's small wonder that the Pistols were escorted out of Luxembourg by Grand Duchy's Old Wilhelm, particularly since **Steve Jones** dropped his pants outside the radio station's HQ . . .

Rich Kid Glen Matlock, meanwhile, has other things to occupy his mind. Like making music. Sunday night in Plymouth he jammed with **Richard Hell's VoidOids** on "Blank Generation" and **The Stooges'** "I Want To Be Your Dog". "Watch the E-string, it slips," said Hell, handing over his bass. "Uh, that's alright," replied Glen, "I don't use the E-string much . . ."

And in case you missed it on the news pages last week, *T-Zers* invites its readers to savour the irony of **The Rich Kids** signing to EMI. It means that Mr Matlock has now been sacked as a Pistol and hired as a R. Kid by *the same company . . .*

This punk stuff's got to stop, you know. Even respectable Tory MPs like **Anthony Steen** realise that it's undermining THE VERY FABRIC OF OUR SOCIETY!! "If further evidence is needed," wrote Mr Steen in last week's *Liverpool Echo,* "Take a look at the philosophy of Punk Rock with its savage futility and manic depression." Cue **Jimi Hendrix** CRASH! BOING!! . . .

Much squealing of burned rubber as startled motorists check out the huge **Pistols'** "Bollocks" ad in the window of Virgin's Marble Arch store. No doubt the *polis* will react as smartly as those under the instructions of Nottingham's Chief Constable. Four record shops have been raided, had their "Bollocks" sleeves impounded and been informed that, under that obscure 1889 Indecent Advertising Act mentioned in last week's *T-Zers,* the window display is obscene. Given the increasing complexity of Old Bill's current job in multfarious criminal fields, isn't all this just a bit daft . . .?

Stranglers' gigs scheduled for Belfast earlier this week cancelled (just like **The Clash's)** because they couldn't get insurance cover. See also news pages . . .

At the first of their London Roundhouse gigs, meanwhile, rueful **Hugh Cornwell** — realising that **The Stranglers** were going down like the proverbial **Linda Lovelace** — said: "I'm glad we're not a professional band yet . . ."

Did *you* spit at **Johnny Rubbish** last week? He was the man braving gallons of gob at the Roundhouse when doing an incongruous 'warm-up' for **The Stranglers.** It's not a deliberate policy, insists Stranglers' PR **Alan Edwards,** to 'dry the way' for his lads, tho' Mr Rubbish came well prepared, carrying an umbrella. "Part of the act," says Edwards. "He had bottles thrown at him in Wales. I think he really enjoys being a masochist. He's a friend of Hugh's and it was merely intended as a comic interlude. The band find him amusing." J Rubbish climaxed his turn by gobbing back at the audience. He missed . . .

Never mind, they were good on the ever-improving *So It Goes,* together with the **Tom Robinson Band** and a mysteriously cut-short **Free** film clip . . .

So, *Old Grey Whistle Test,* take heed! Annuver sign of the times is that there are so many **Focus, Mike Oldfield, Moody Blues** and **Tangerine Dream** LPs cluttering the nation's bargin bins that most second-hand dealers refuse to buy them at any price . . .

Talking of Boring Old Farts, 1978 is gonna be their year according to **Pete Townshend** (interviewed in U.S. *Gig* magazine). "I'm not afraid to be thought a BOF," says Pete, adding defiantly, "I've been a BOF longer than anyone else."

Meanwhile, on Capital's *Your Mother Wouldn't Like It,* **Townshend** had this to say about his piece in last week's *NME:* "If anyone found it depressing I'm sorry, it wasn't meant to be. It was exhilerating to write. It was a great exorcism, something I would never have gotten out by writing 15 albums. Now, for me, it's great: I've said it, and I can start off from square one again . . ."

Obviously contemplating a move back to his sand pit, **Brian Wilson** has shaved off half his beard in observance of autumn . . .

The second **Derek And Clive** album, "Come Again", due out on Virgin later this month, is so bloody filthy it makes the first disgusting effort sound like a recitation of the Guildford Church Association circular. Virgin's pressing factory will manufacture the record but they refuse to exercise a sound quality control check. "We're now attempting to word the requisite precautionary sleeve stickers," says **Al** "Don't mention me by name" **Clark,** adding ominously, "Wait till you hear the **Joan Crawford** story . . ."

Alice Cooper owns up; he's undergoing hospital treatment for alcoholism . . .

Even if a **Mr John Lydon** has only recently bought an Aston Martin in Walton-on-Thames, you'd hardly expect his mum to be serving behind the bar of The Plough in London Wall (near Liverpool St). But according to **The Jam, J. Rotten's** mum introduced herself to the band, produced a family photo of her brood and asked Weller & Co to sign it . . .

No comment yet from the Home Secretary, following last week's *T-Zers* about **Joe Pearce's** Young National Front publication, but the National Union of Teachers has decided to make an urgent study of the NF's plans to circulate this racist literature in schools. And someone should tell the NF that their new Edinburgh office is in Spittal St and not, as their hand-outs aptly put it, Spittle St . . .

Advert **TV Smith** has written a song called "Back From The Dead" for the next **Doctors** (Of Madness) album. Set to a Kid Strange tune, it's the Dox' first recorded non-original. "TV is the only new wave songwriter who can string two sentences together and still remember what the first one was," says Kid. "Apart from me, of course . . .

The absolutely real, totally phony **Snivelling Shits** gatecrashed last week's tatty **Burlesque** reception and sent scores of innocent liggers reeling from the room holding their noses. The *Snouds* staffers involved rated it a Very Important Piss-up . . .

Amiable **Ted Nugent** on punks: "I'd put a couple of slugs in their chest and see how punky they think that is . . ."

Simon Ainley, currently ploughing round the country as lead vocalist with **Phil Manzanera's 801,** used to front Manchester-based band **Eric Smith Explosion,** who you don't hear too much of these days . . .

Future England soccer supremo **Brian Clough** (you don't seriously think he'll refuse the job, do you?) will not be looking towards Liverpool if Sunday's result is any pointer: **Darts** beat **Deaf School** and **Big In Japan** 15—12. Darts' bassist Thump Thomson was sent off by his own side for persistent swearing . . .

A&M have spent something like $30,000 to bring **The Tubes** over here, and their Hammersmith gigs will be recorded for a live album . . .

Bowie currently knocking around with 19-year-old actress **Suzy Bickford.** He calls her 'Porci' — short for porcelain. *(Yech! — Ed.)* According to her, Bowie's fed up with rock. "He wants to go back to painting," says Porci . . .

And it's goodbye to her and goodbye to Kings Retch Tower, officious jobsworths and stale sarnies. NME's moving. Check out the joyous announcements elsewhere in this ish . . .

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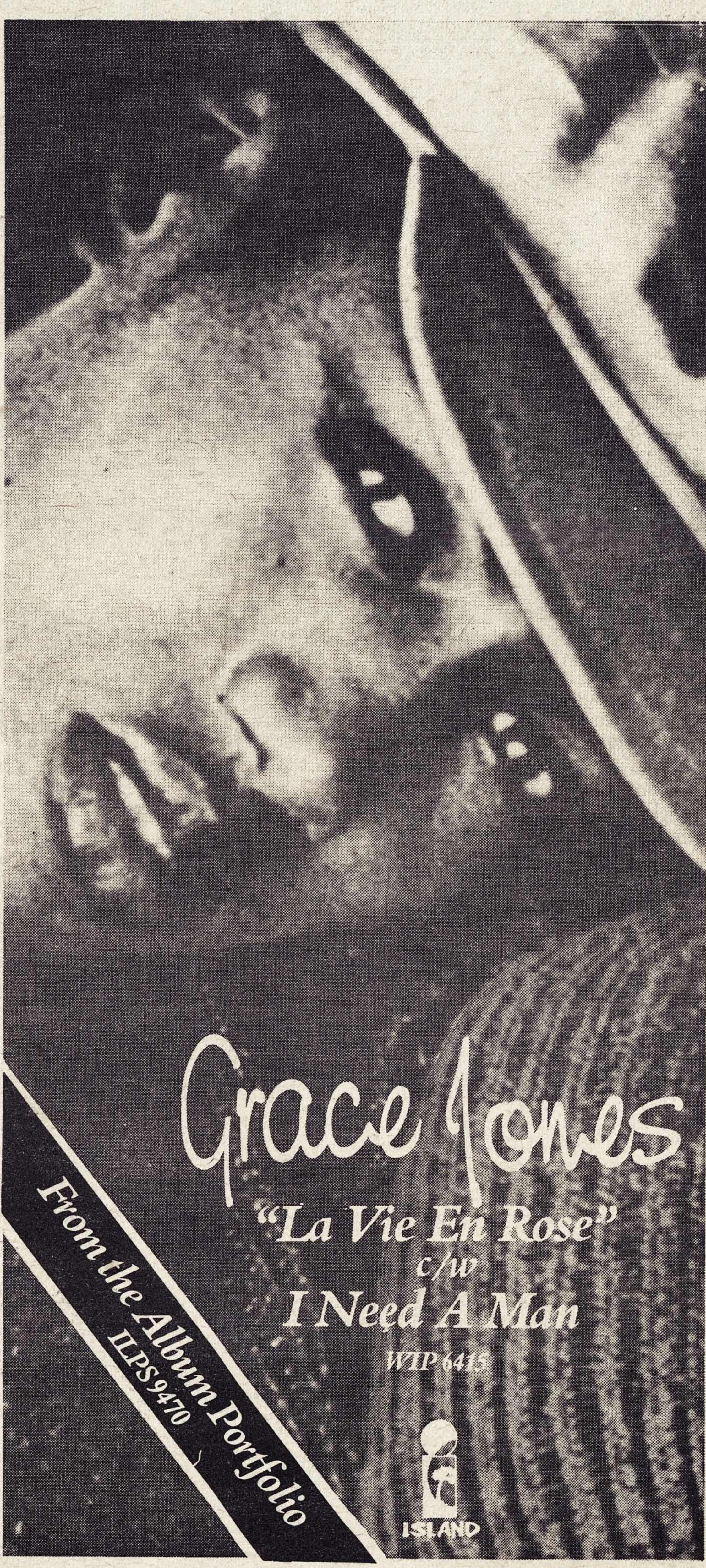

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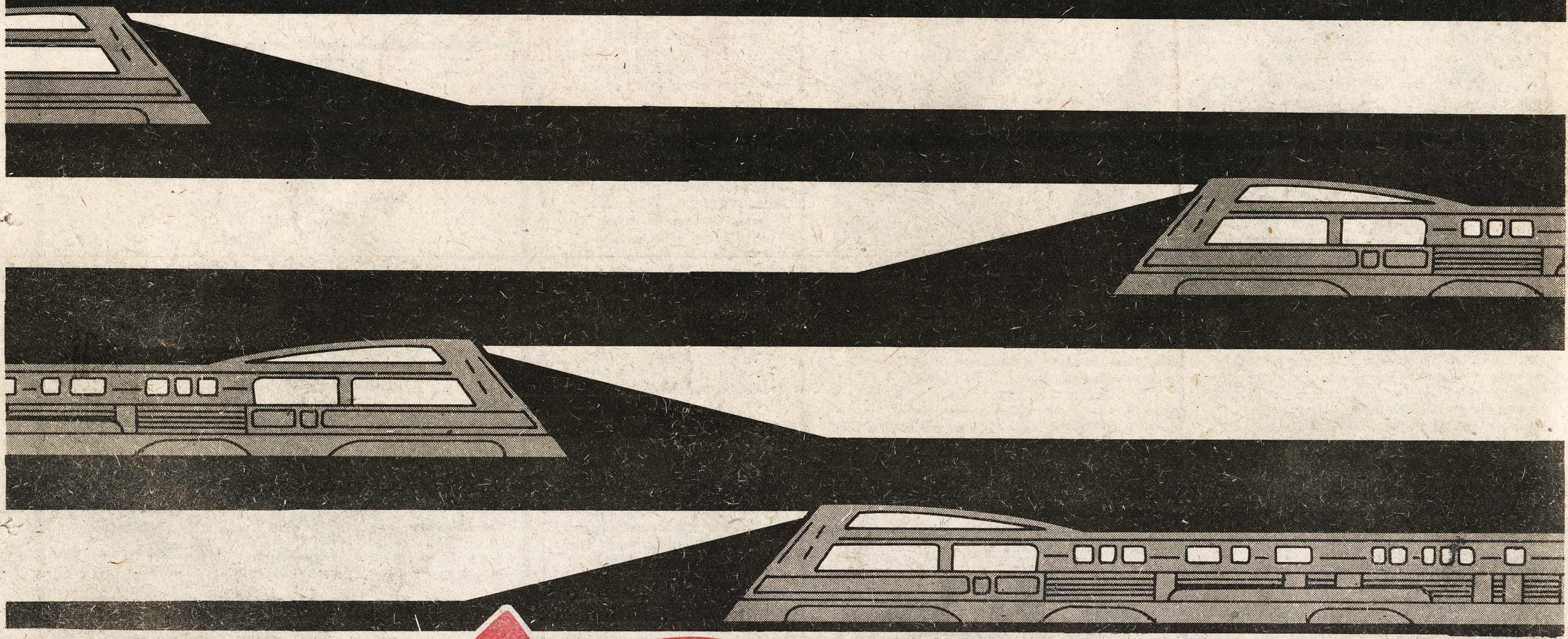

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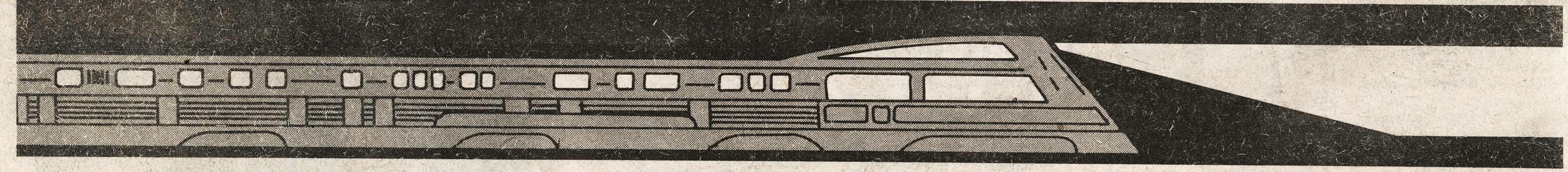

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NOV. 13TH **MIDDLESBROUGH** TOWN HALL	NOV. 19TH **STRATHCLYDE** UNIVERSITY
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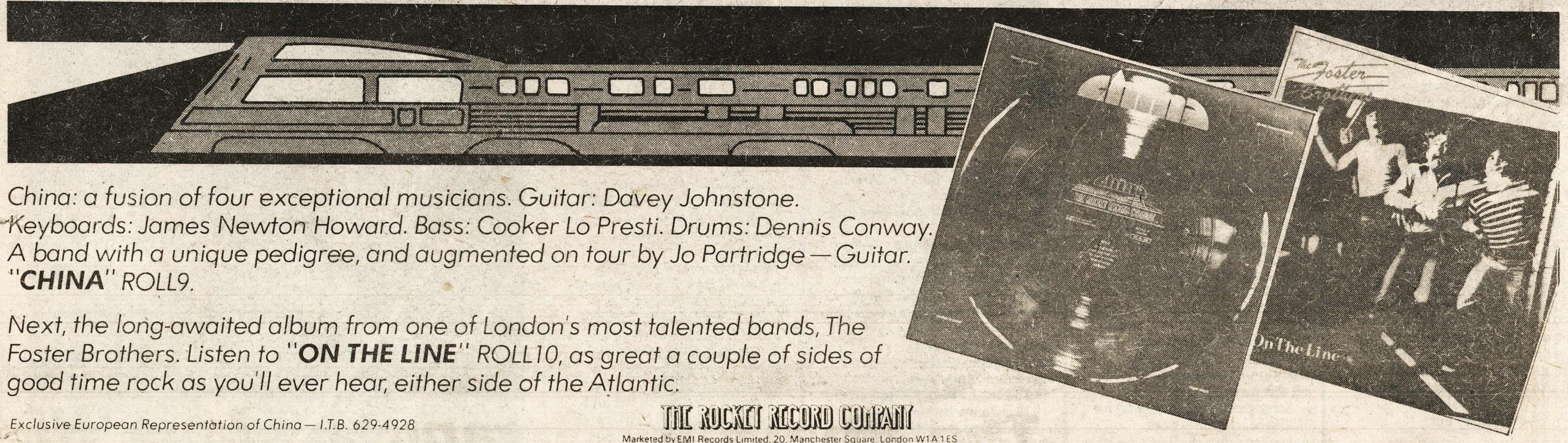

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